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WITH

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## CORRESPONDENCE

OF THE

### HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, January 7, 1760.

You must not wonder I have not written to you a long time ; a person of my consequence ! I am now almost ready to say, *We*, instead of *I*. In short, I live amongst royalty—considering the plenty, that is no great wonder. All the world lives with them, and they with all the world. Princes and princesses open shops in every corner of the town, and the whole town deals with them. As I have gone to one, I chose to visit all, that I might not be particular, and seem to have views ; and yet it went so much against me, that I came to town on purpose a month ago for the duke's levee, and had engaged Brand to go with me—and then could not bring myself to it. At last, I went to him and princess Emily yesterday. It was well I had not flattered myself with being still in my bloom ; I am grown so old since they saw me, that neither of them knew me. When they were told, he just spoke to me (I forgive him ; he is not out of my debt, even with that) : she was exceedingly gracious, and commended Strawberry to the skies. To-night, I was asked to their party at Norfolk-house. These parties are wonderfully select and dignified : one might sooner be a knight of Malta than qualified for them ; I don't know how the duchess of Devonshire, Mr. Fox, and I, were forgiven some of our ancestors. There were two tables at loo, two at whist, and a quadrille. I was commanded to the duke's loo ; he was sat down : not to

make him wait, I threw my hat upon the marble table, and broke four pieces off a great chrystal chandelier. I stick to my etiquette, and treat them with great respect; not as I do my friend, the duke of York. But don't let us talk any more of princes. My Lucan<sup>1</sup> appears to-morrow; I must say it is a noble volume. Shall I send it you—or won't you come and fetch it?

There is nothing new of public, but the violent commotions in Ireland, whither the duke of Bedford still persists in going. Æolus to quell a storm!

I am in great concern for my old friend, poor lady Harry Beauclerc;<sup>2</sup> her lord dropped down dead two nights ago, as he was sitting with her and all their children! Admiral Boscawen<sup>3</sup> is dead by this time. Mrs. Osborn and I are not much afflicted: lady Jane Coke, too, is dead, exceedingly rich; I have not heard her will yet.

If you don't come to town soon, I give you warning, I will be a lord of the bedchamber, or a gentleman usher. If you will, I will be nothing but what I have been so many years—my own and

Yours ever.

---

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Jan. 12, 1760.

I AM very sorry your ladyship could doubt a moment on the cause of my concern yesterday. I saw you much displeased at what I had said; and I felt so innocent of the least intention of offending you, that I could not help being struck at my own ill-fortune, and with the sensation raised by finding you mix great goodness with great severity.

I am naturally very impatient under praise; I have reflected enough on myself to know I don't deserve it; and with this consciousness you ought to forgive me, madam, if I dreaded that

<sup>1</sup> 'Lucanus, cum notis H. Grotii et B. Bentleii, Strawberry-hill, 4to., 1760.' [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Lord Henry Beauclerc, fourth son of Charles, first duke of St. Albans. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> This report proved unfounded. This distinguished admiral, who was the third son of Hugh, first viscount Falmouth, did not die until the 10th Jan. 1761. [Ed.]

the person whose esteem I valued the most in the world, should think that I was fond of what I know is not my due. I meant to express this apprehension as respectfully as I could, but my words failed me—a misfortune not too common to me, who am apt to say too much—not too little! Perhaps it is that very quality which your ladyship calls wit, and I call tinsel, for which I dread being praised. I wish to recommend myself to you by more essential merits—and if I can only make you laugh, it will be very apt to make me as much concerned as I was yesterday. For people to whose approbation I am indifferent, I don't care whether they commend or condemn me for my wit; in the former case, they will not make me admire myself for it; in the latter, they can't make me think but what I have thought already. But for the few whose friendship I wish, I would fain have them see, that under all the idleness of my spirits there are some very serious qualities, such as warmth, gratitude, and sincerity, which ill returns may render useless or may make me lock up in my breast, but which will remain there while I have a being.

Having drawn you this picture of myself, madam, a subject I have to say much upon, will not your good-nature apply it as it deserves, to what passed yesterday? Won't you believe that my concern flowed from being disappointed at having offended one whom I ought by so many ties to try to please, and whom, if I ever meant any thing, I had meant to please? I intended you should see how much I despise wit, if I have any, and that you should know my heart was void of vanity and full of gratitude. They are very few I desire should know so much; but my passions act too promptly and too naturally, as you saw, when I am with those I really love, to be capable of any disguise. Forgive me, madam, this tedious detail; but of all people living I cannot bear that you should have a doubt about me.

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Jan. 14, 1760.

How do you contrive to exist on your mountain in this rude season? Sure you must be become a snowball! As I was

not in England in forty-one. I had no notion of such cold. The streets are abandoned; nothing appears in them: the Thames is almost as solid. Then think what a campaign must be in such a season! Our army was under arms for fourteen hours on the twenty-third, expecting the French; and several of the men were frozen when they should have dismounted. What milksops the Marlboroughs and Turennes, the Blakes and the Van Tromps appear now, who whipped into winter quarters and into port, the moment their noses looked blue. Sir Cloudesly Shovel said that an admiral would deserve to be broke, who kept great ships out after the end of September, and to be shot if after October. There is Hawke<sup>1</sup> in the bay<sup>2</sup> weathering *this* winter, after conquering in a storm. For my part, I scarce venture to make a campaign in the Opera-house; for if I once begin to freeze, I shall be frozen through in a moment. I am amazed, with such weather, such ravages, and distress, that there is any thing left in Germany, but money; for thither half the treasure of Europe goes: England, France, Russia, and all the empress can squeeze from Italy and Hungary, all is sent thither, and yet the wretched people have not subsistence. A pound of bread sells at Dresden for eleven-pence. We are going to send many more troops thither; and it is so much the fashion to raise regiments, that I wish there were such a neutral kind of beings in England as abbés, that one might have an excuse for not growing military mad, when one has turned the heroic corner of one's age. I am ashamed of being a young rake, when my seniors are covering their grey toupees with helmet and feathers, and accoutring their pot-bellies with cuirasses and martial masquerade habits. Yet rake I am, and abominably so, for a person that begins to wrinkle reverently. I have sat up twice this week till between two and three with the duchess of Grafton, at loo, who, by the way, has got a pam-child this morning;<sup>3</sup> and on Saturday night I supped with

<sup>1</sup> Sir Edward Hawke had defeated the French fleet, commanded by admiral Conflans, in the beginning of this winter. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> The Bay of Quiberon. The Admiral arrived at Plymouth on the 17th January, and on the 28th received the thanks of the House of Commons for his signal victory over the French fleet. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> George Henry, earl of Euston, who succeeded his father as duke of Grafton, 14th March 1811. [Ed.]

prince Edward at my lady Rochford's, and we stayed till half an hour past three. My favour with that highness continues, or rather increases. He makes every body make suppers for him to meet me, for I still hold out against going to court. In short, if he were twenty years older, or I could make myself twenty years younger, I might carry him to Camden-house, and be as impertinent as ever my lady Churchill was ; but, as I dread being ridiculous, I shall give my lord Bute no uneasiness. My lady Maynard, who divides the favour of this tiny court with me, supped with us. Did you know she sings French ballads very prettily ? Lord Rochford played on the guitar, and the prince sung ; there were my two nieces, and lord Waldegrave, lord Huntingdon, and Mr. Morrison the groom, and the evening was pleasant ; but I had a much more agreeable supper last night at Mrs. Clive's, with Miss West, my niece Cholmondeley, and Murphy the writing actor, who is very good company, and two or three more. Mrs. Cholmondeley is very lively ; you know how entertaining the Clive is, and Miss West is an absolute original.

There is nothing new, but a very dull pamphlet, written by lord Bath, and his chaplain Douglas, called a letter to two great men. It is a plan for the peace, and much adopted by the city, and much admired by all who are too humble to judge for themselves.

I was much diverted the other morning with another volume on birds, by Edwards, who has published four or five. The poor man, who is grown very old and devout, begs God to take from him the love of natural philosophy ; and having observed some heterodox proceedings among bantam cocks, he proposes that all schools of girls and boys should be promiscuous, lest, if separated, they should learn wayward passions. But what struck me most were his dedications ; the last was to God ; this is to lord Bute, as if he was determined to make his fortune in one world or the other.

Pray read Fontaine's fable of the lion grown old ; don't it put you in mind of any thing ? No ! not when his shaggy majesty has borne the insults of the tiger and the horse, &c., and the ass comes last, kicks out his only remaining fang, and asks for a blue bridle ? *à propos*, I will tell you the turn Charles Townshend gave to this fable. " My lord," said he, " has

quite mistaken the thing; he soars too high at first: people often miscarry by not proceeding by degrees; he went, and at once asked for my *lord Carlisle's* garter—if he would have been contented to ask first for my *lady C \* \* \* \* 's* garter, I don't doubt but he would have obtained it." Adieu!

Yours ever.

---

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington street, Jan. 28, 1760.

I SHALL almost frighten you from coming to London, for whether you have the constitution of a horse or a man, you will be equally in danger. All the horses in town are laid up with sore throats and colds, and are so hoarse, you cannot hear them speak. I, with all my immortality, have been half killed; that violent bitter weather was too much for me; I have had a nervous fever these six or seven weeks, every night, and have taken bark enough to have made a rind for Daphne; nay, have even staid at home two days; but I think my eternity begins to bud again. I am quite of Dr. Garth's mind, who, when any body commended a hard frost to him, used to reply, "yes, sir, 'fore Gad, very fine weather, sir; very wholesome weather, sir; kills trees, sir; very good for a man, sir." There has been cruel havoc among the ladies; my lady Granby<sup>1</sup> is dead; and the famous Polly, duchess of Bolton,<sup>2</sup> and my lady Besborough.<sup>3</sup> I have no great reason to lament the last, and yet the circumstances of her death, and the horror of it to her family, make one shudder. It was the same sore throat and fever that carried off four of their

<sup>1</sup> Eldest daughter of Charles, duke of Somerset. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> Formerly Miss Fenton, the original Polly of the Beggar's Opera. Charles, duke of Bolton, took her off the stage, and, after having children by her, married her. According to Walpole, "after a life of merit, she relapsed into Pollyhood." Two years before her death, she picked up an Irish surgeon at Tunbridge, who, when she was dying, sent for a lawyer to make her will; but he, finding who was to be her heir instead of her children, refused to draw it. Another less scrupulous was found, and she left her three sons a thousand pounds a-piece, the surgeon about nine thousand. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> Caroline, eldest daughter of William, third duke of Devonshire, and wife of William Ponsonby, earl of Besborough. [Ed.]

children a few years ago. My lord now fell ill of it, very ill, and the eldest daughter slightly: my lady caught it, attending her husband, and concealed it as long as she could. When at last the physician insisted on her keeping her bed, she said, as she went into her room, "Then, Lord have mercy on me! I shall never come out of it again," and died in three days. Lord Besborough grew outrageously impatient at not seeing her, and would have forced into her room, when she had been dead about four days. They were obliged to tell him the truth; never was an answer that expressed so much horror! he said: "And how many children have I left?" not knowing how far this calamity might have reached. Poor lady Coventry is near completing this black list.

You have heard, I suppose, a horrid story of another kind, of lord Ferrers murdering his steward in the most barbarous and deliberate manner. He sent away all his servants but one, and, like that heroic murderess queen Christina, carried the poor man through a gallery and several rooms, locking them after him, and then bid the man kneel down, for he was determined to kill him. The poor creature flung himself at his feet, but in vain, was shot, and lived twelve hours. Mad as this action was from the consequences, there was no frenzy in his behaviour; he got drunk, and, at intervals, talked of it coolly; but did not attempt to escape, till the colliers beset his house, and were determined to take him alive or dead. He is now in the jail at Leicester, and will soon be removed to the Tower, then to Westminster-hall, and I suppose to Tower-hill; unless, as Lord Talbot prophesied in the house of Lords, "Not being thought mad enough to be shut up, till he had killed somebody, he will then be thought too mad to be executed;" but Lord Talbot was no more honoured in his vocation, than other prophets are in their own country.

As you seem amused with my entertainments, I will tell you how I passed yesterday. A party was made to go to the Magdalen house.<sup>4</sup> We met at Northumberland-house at five, and set out in four coaches. Prince Edward, colonel Brudenel, his groom, lady Northumberland, lady Mary Coke, lady Carlisle, Miss

<sup>4</sup> The Magdalen Hospital was originally opened August 1758, in Good-man's Fields; the inmates were afterwards removed to the present institution, built in 1772, in the Blackfriars' Road. [Ed.]



Pelham, lady Hertford, lord Beauchamp, lord Huntingdon, old Bowman, and I. This new convent is beyond Goodman's-fields, and I assure you, would content any Catholic alive. We were received by — oh! first, a vast mob, for princes are not so common at that end of the town as at this. Lord Hertford, at the head of the governors with their white staves, met us at the door, and led the prince directly into the chapel, where, before the altar was an arm-chair for him, with a blue damask cushion, a *prie-Dieu*, and a footstool of black cloth with gold nails. We sat on forms near him. There were lord and lady Dartmouth in the odour of devotion, and many city ladies. The chapel is small and low, but neat, hung with Gothic paper, and tablets of benefactions. At the west end were enclosed the sisterhood, above an hundred and thirty, all in greyish brown stuffs, broad handkerchiefs, and flat straw hats, with a blue riband, pulled quite over their faces. As soon as we entered the chapel, the organ played, and the Magdalens sung a hymn in parts; you cannot imagine how well. The chapel was dressed with orange and myrtle, and there wanted nothing but a little incense to drive away the devil—or to invite him. Prayers then began, psalms and a sermon: the latter by a young clergyman, one Dodd,<sup>5</sup> who contributed to the Popish idea one had imbibed, by haranguing entirely in the French style, and very eloquently and touchingly. He apostrophized the lost sheep, who sobbed and cried from their souls; so did my lady Hertford and Fanny Pelham, till I believe the city dames took them both for Jane Shores. The confessor then turned to the audience, and addressed himself to his royal highness, whom he called most illustrious prince, beseeching his protection. In short, it was a very pleasing performance, and I got *the most illustrious* to desire it might be printed. We had another hymn, and then were conducted to the *parloir*, where the governors kissed the prince's hand, and then the lady abbess, or matron, brought us tea. From thence we went to the refectory, where all the nuns, with-

<sup>5</sup> The well known Dr. Dodd (he took his degree of LL.D. in 1776), author of a valuable 'Commentary on the Bible,' in 3 vols. folio, 1770, and of the ten times reprinted 'Thoughts in Prison,' and many other works. He suffered death at Tyburn, 27th June 1777, for forging a bond for £4,200, purporting to be executed by his pupil, Lord Chesterfield, and obtaining money on the same. [Ed.]

out their hats, were ranged at long tables, ready for supper. A few were handsome, many who seemed to have no title to their profession, and two or three of twelve years old: but all recovered, and looking healthy. I was struck and pleased with the modesty of two of them, who swooned away with the confusion of being stared at. We were then shewn their work, which is making linen, and bead-work; they earn ten pounds a-week. One circumstance diverted me, but amidst all this decorum, I kept it to myself. The wands of the governors are white, but twisted at top with black and white, which put me in mind of Jacob's rods, that he placed before the cattle to make them breed. My lord Hertford would never have forgiven me, if I had joked on this; so I kept my countenance very demurely, nor even inquired, whether among the pensioners, there were any *novices* from Mrs. Naylor's.

The court-martial on lord George Sackville is appointed: general *Onslow* is to be *speaker* of it. Adieu! till I see you; I am glad it will be so soon.

Yours ever.

---

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, March 27, 1760.

I SHOULD have thought that you might have learnt by this time, that when a tradesman promises any thing on Monday or Saturday or any particular day of the week, he means any Monday or any Saturday of any week, as nurses quiet children and their own consciences by the refined salvo of *to-morrow is a new day*. When Mr. Smith's Saturday and the frame do arrive, I will pay the one, and send you the other.

Lord George's trial is not near being finished. By its dragging beyond the term of the old mutiny-bill, they were forced to make out a new warrant: this lost two days, as all the depositions were forced to be read over again to, and re-sworn by, the witnesses; then there will be a contest, whether Sloper<sup>1</sup> shall re-establish his own credit by pawning it farther. Lord Ferrers comes on the stage on the sixteenth of next month.

<sup>1</sup> Lieutenant-colonel Sloper (of Bland's dragoons), the principal evidence against lord George Sackville, and whose testimony went to accuse his lordship of having disobeyed the orders of his commander through fear. [Ed.]

I breakfasted the day before yesterday at Ælia Lælia Chudleigh's. There was a concert for prince Edward's birth-day, and at three a vast cold collation, and all the town. The house is not fine, nor in good taste, but loaded with finery. Execrable varnished pictures, chests, cabinets, commodes, tables, stands, boxes, riding on one another's backs, and loaded with terreens, philigree, figures, and every thing upon earth. Every favour she has bestowed is registered by a bit of Dresden china. There is a glass-case full of enamels, eggs, ambers, lapis lazuli, cameos, tooth-pick cases, and all kinds of trinkets, things that she told me were her playthings; another cupboard, full of the finest japan, and candlesticks and vases of rock chrystal, ready to be thrown down, in every corner. But of all curiosities, are the conveniences in every bed chamber: great mahogany projections, with brass handles, cocks, &c.—I could not help saying, it was the loosest family I ever saw. Adieu!

Yours ever.

---

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, April 19, 1760.

WELL, this big week is over! Lord George's sentence, after all the communications of how terrible it was, is ended in proclaiming him unfit for the king's service. Very moderate in comparison of what was intended and desired, and truly not very severe, considering what was proved. The other trial, lord Ferrers's, lasted three days. You have seen the pomp and awfulness of such doings, so I will not describe it to you. The judge and criminal were far inferior to those you have seen. For the lord high steward,<sup>1</sup> he neither had any dignity, nor affected any! nay, he held it all so cheap, that he said at his own table t'other day, "I will not send for Garrick and learn to act a part." At first, I thought lord Ferrers shocked, but in general he behaved rationally and coolly; though it was a strange contradiction to see a man trying, by his own sense, to prove himself out of his senses. It was more shocking to

<sup>1</sup> Lord Keeper Henley was appointed lord High Steward on the occasion. [Ed.]

see his two brothers brought to prove the lunacy in their own blood, in order to save their brother's life. Both are almost as ill-looking men as the earl; one of them is a clergyman, suspended by the bishop of London for being a methodist<sup>2</sup>; the other, a wild vagabond, whom they call in the country, *ragged and dangerous*. After lord Ferrers was condemned, he made an excuse for pleading madness, to which he said he was forced by his family. He is respited till Monday-fortnight, and will then be hanged, I believe in the Tower; and, to the mortification of the peerage, is to be anatomized, conformably to the late act for murder. Many peers were absent; lord Foley and lord Jersey attended only the first day; and lord Huntingdon,<sup>3</sup> and my nephew Orford, (in compliment to his mother<sup>4</sup>) as related to the prisoner, withdrew without voting. But never was a criminal more literally tried by his *peers*, for the three persons, who interested themselves most in the examination, were at least as mad as he; lord Ravensworth, lord Talbot, and lord Fortescue. Indeed, the first was almost frantic. The seats of the peeresses were not near full; and most of the beauties absent: the duchess of Hamilton and my niece Waldegrave, you know, lie in; but, to the amazement of every body, lady Coventry was there, and what surprised me much more, looked as well as ever. I sat next but one to her, and should not have asked if she had been ill—yet they are positive she has few weeks to live. She and lord Bolingbroke seemed to have different thoughts, and were acting over all the old comedy of eyes. I sat in lord Lincoln's gallery; *you* and *I* know the convenience of it; I thought it no great favour to ask, and he very obligingly sent me a ticket immediately, and ordered me to be placed in one of the best boxes. Lady Augusta was in the same gallery; the duke of York and his young brothers were in the prince of Wales's box, who was not there, no more than the princess, princess Emily, nor the duke. It was an agreeable humanity in my friend the duke of York; he would not take his seat in the house before the trial, that

<sup>2</sup> The reverend Walter Shirley died 15th December 1792. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> Theophilus, earl of Huntingdon married lady Selina Shirley, second daughter and co-heiress of Washington, second earl Ferrers, who died without issue male in 1729. [Ed.]

<sup>4</sup> Who, on the death of his father, had married, secondly, the honourable Sewallis Shirley. [Ed.]

he might not vote in it. There are so many young peers, that the show was fine even in that respect; the duke of Richmond was the finest figure: the duke of Marlborough,<sup>5</sup> with the best countenance in the world, looked clumsy in his robes; he had new ones, having given away his father's to the *valet de chambre*. There were others not at all so indifferent about the antiquity of theirs: lord Huntingdon's, lord Abergavenny's<sup>6</sup> and lord Castlehaven's<sup>7</sup> scarcely hung on their backs; the two former they pretend were used at the trial of the queen of Scots. But all these honours were a little defaced by seeing lord Temple, as lord privy seal, walk at the head of the peerage. Who, at the last trials, would have believed a prophecy, that the three first men at the next, should be Henley the lawyer, bishop Secker,<sup>8</sup> and Dick Grenville!<sup>9</sup>

The day before the trial, the duke of Bolton fought a duel at Marylebone with Stuart, who lately stood for Hampshire; the latter was wounded in the arm, and the former fell down. Adieu!

Yours ever.

<sup>5</sup> George, fourth duke of Marlborough, succeeded to the title 20th October 1758, on the death of his father at Munster in Germany; whither he had gone in the previous July, upon being appointed to command the British forces sent to serve in Germany under prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. [Ed.]

<sup>6</sup> George, twenty-fourth lord, succeeded his father, William, twenty-third lord, 21st September, 1744; and in 1784 was created earl of Abergavenny, and viscount Nevill of Berling. [Ed.]

<sup>7</sup> John Touchet, baron Audley of Heleigh, and baron of Orier in England, earl of Castlehaven in Ireland, succeeded his father, James, October 1740, and died without issue in 1769. He was succeeded by his brother John Talbot, fifteenth lord, on whose death, also without issue, in 1777, the Irish earldom of Castlehaven became extinct. His nephew, George Thicknesse, the son of his sister Elizabeth, married to Philip Thicknesse, Esq., succeeded as heir general to the ancient barony of Audley as sixteenth lord, and was father of George John, the present and seventeenth lord, who succeeded him 24th August, 1818. [Ed.]

<sup>8</sup> Dr. Thomas Secker, translated to the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury in 1758, upon the death of Dr. Hutton. [Ed.]

<sup>9</sup> Richard Grenville Temple, second Earl Temple, formerly M.P. for Buckingham, succeeded to the earldom on the death of his mother in 1752. He was keeper of the Privy Seal at the death of king George the second, and distinguished himself as leader of the opposition to lord Bute's administration in the early part of the following reign. [Ed.]

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, May 6, 1760.

THE extraordinary history of lord Ferrers is closed: he was executed yesterday. Madness, that in other countries is a disorder, is here a systematic character: it does not hinder people from forming a plan of conduct, and from even dying agreeably to it. You remember how the last Ratcliffe died with the utmost propriety; so did this horrid lunatic, coolly and sensibly. His own and his wife's relations had asserted that he would tremble at last. No such thing; he shamed heroes. He bore the solemnity of a pompous and tedious procession of above two hours from the Tower to Tyburn, with as much tranquillity as if he was only going to his own burial, not to his own execution. He even talked on indifferent subjects in the passage; and if the sheriff and the chaplains had not thought that they had parts to act, too, and had not consequently engaged him in most particular conversation, he did not seem to think it necessary to talk on the occasion; he went in his wedding-clothes, marking the only remaining impression on his mind. The ceremony he was in a hurry to have over: he was stopped at the gallows by the vast crowd, but got out of his coach as soon as he could, and was but seven minutes on the scaffold, which was hung with black, and prepared by the undertaker of his family at their expense. There was a new contrivance for sinking the stage under him, which did not play well; and he suffered a little by the delay, but was dead in four minutes. The mob was decent, and admired him, and almost pitied him; so they would lord George, whose execution they are so angry at missing. I suppose every highwayman will now preserve the blue handkerchief he has about his neck when he is married,<sup>1</sup> that he may die like a lord! With all his

<sup>1</sup> Lord Ferrers, on the morning of his execution, dressed himself in the suit of light coloured clothes embroidered with silver, in which he had been married. The following verses are said to have been found in his apartment in the Tower:

"In doubt I lived, in doubt I die,  
Yet stand prepared the vast abyss to try,  
And undismayed expect eternity!" [Ed.]

madness he was not mad enough to be struck with his aunt Huntingdon's sermons. The methodists have nothing to brag of his conversion, though Whitfield prayed for him, and preached about him. Even Tyburn has been above their reach. I have not heard that lady Fanny dabbled with his soul; but I believe she is prudent enough to confine her missionary zeal to subjects where the body may be her perquisite.

When am I likely to see you? The delightful rain is come—we look and smell charmingly. Adieu.

Yours ever.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry-hill, June 7, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

WHEN at my time of day one can think a ball worth going to London for on purpose, you will not wonder that I am childish enough to write an account of it. I could give a better reason, your bidding me send you any news; but I scorn a good reason when I am idle enough to do any thing for a bad one.

You had heard, before you left London, of miss Chudleigh's intended loyalty on the prince's birthday. Poor thing, I fear she has thrown away above a quarter's salary! It was magnificent and well-understood—no crowd—and though a sultry night, one was not a moment incommoded. The court was illuminated on the whole summit of the wall with a battlement of lamps; smaller ones on every step, and a figure of lanthorns on the outside of the house. The virgin-mistress began the ball with the duke of York, who was dressed in a pale blue watered tabby, which, as I told him, if he danced much, would soon be *tabby all over*, like the man's advertisement;<sup>1</sup> but nobody did dance much. There was a new miss Bishop from sir Cecil's endless hoard of beauty daughters, who is still prettier than her sisters. The new Spanish embassy was there—alas! Sir Cecil

<sup>1</sup> A stay-maker of the time, who advertised in the newspapers making stays at such a price; "*tabby all over*." [Or.]

Bishop has never been in Spain! Monsieur de Fuentes<sup>2</sup> is a half-penny print of my lord H \* \* \*. His wife homely, but seems good-humoured and civil. The son does not degenerate from such high-born ugliness—the daughter-in-law was sick, and they say is not ugly, and has as good a set of teeth as one can have, when one has but two and those black. They seem to have no curiosity, sit where they are placed, and ask no questions about so strange a country. Indeed the ambassadress could see nothing; for Doddington<sup>3</sup> stood before her the whole time, sweating Spanish at her, of which it was evident, by her civil nods without answers, she did not understand a word. She speaks bad French, danced a bad minuet, and went away—though there was a miraculous draught of fishes for their supper, as it was a fast—but being the octave of their *Fête-Dieu*, they dared not even fast plentifully. Miss Chudleigh desired the gamblers would go up into the garrets—“Nay, they are not garrets—it is only the roof of the house hollowed for upper servants—but I have no upper servants.” Every body ran up: there is a low gallery with bookcases, and four chambers practised under the pent of the roof, each hung with the finest Indian pictures on different colours, and with Chinese chairs of the same colours. Vases of flowers in each for nosegays, and in one retired nook a most critical couch!

The lord of the festival<sup>4</sup> was there, and seemed neither ashamed nor vain of the expense of his pleasures. At supper, she offered him Tokay, and told him she believed he would find it good. The supper was in two rooms and very fine, and on all the sideboards, and even on the chairs, were pyramids and troughs of strawberries and cherries; you would have thought she was kept by Vertumnus. Last night, my lady Northumberland lighted up her garden for the Spaniards: I was not there, having excused myself for a head-ache, which I had not, but *ought* to have caught the night before. Mr. Doddington enter-

<sup>2</sup> The ambassador from Spain, landed at Dover 23d May 1760. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards lord Melcombe. He had been minister in Spain. [Or.]

The well-known George Bubb Doddington, created baron Melcombe, of Melcombe Regis, whose diary, which has been pronounced ‘an admirable picture of himself and an instructive lesson to future statesmen,’ was originally published at Salisbury in 1784, 8vo., and has since been frequently reprinted. [Ed.]

<sup>4</sup> The duke of Kingston. [Or.]



tained these Fuentes's at Hammersmith; and to the shame of our nation, while they were drinking tea in the summer-house, some gentlemen, ay, my lord, gentlemen, went into the river and showed the ambassadress and her daughter more than ever they expected to see of England.

I dare say you are sorry for poor lady Anson.<sup>5</sup> She was exceedingly good-humoured, and did a thousand good-natured and generous actions. I tell you nothing of the rupture of lord Halifax's match, of which you must have heard so much; but you will like a *bon-mot* upon it—They say, the *hundreds of Drury* have got the better of the *thousands of Drury*.<sup>6</sup>

The pretty countess<sup>7</sup> is still alive, was thought actually dying on Tuesday night, and I think will go off very soon.

I think there will soon be a peace: my only reason is, that every body seems so backward at making war. Adieu, my dear lord!

I am your most affectionate servant.

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, June 28, 1760.

THE devil is in people for fidgeting about! They can neither be quiet in their own houses, nor let others be at peace in theirs! Have not they enough of one another in winter, but they must cuddle in summer, too? For your part, you are a very priest: the moment one repents, you are for turning it to account. I wish you was in camp—never will I pity you again. How did you complain when you was in Scotland, Ireland, Flanders, and I don't know where, that you could never enjoy Park-place! Now you have a whole summer to yourself, and you are as *junkettaceous* as my lady Northumberland. Pray, what horse-race do you go to next? For my part, I can't afford

<sup>5</sup> Lady Elizabeth, daughter of Philip Yorke earl of Hardwicke, and wife of George, first lord Anson the celebrated circumnavigator, died June 1st, 1760. [Ed.]

<sup>6</sup> Lord Halifax kept an actress belonging to Drury-lane theatre. And the marriage broken off was with a daughter of sir Thomas Drury, an heiress. [Or.]

<sup>7</sup> Of Coventry. [Or.]

to lead such a life: I have Conway-papers to sort; I have lives of the painters to write; I have my prints to paste, my house to build, and every thing in the world to tell posterity.—How am I to find time for all this? I am past forty, and may not have above as many more years to live; and here I am to go here and to go there——Well, I will meet you at Chaffont on Thursday; but I positively will stay but one night. I have settled with your brother that we will be at Oxford on the 13th of July, as lord Beauchamp is only loose from the 12th to the 20th. I will be at Park-place on the 12th, and we will go together the next day. If this is too early for you, we may put it off to the 15th: determine by Thursday, and one of us will write to lord Hertford.

Well! Quebec is come to life again.\* Last night I went to see the Holdernesses, who by the way are in raptures with Park—in Sion-lane: as Cibber says of the Revolution, I met the Raising of the Siege; that is, I met my lady in a triumphal car, drawn by a Manks horse thirteen little fingers high, with lady Emily,—

et sibi Countess

Ne placeat, ma'amzelle curru portatur eodem—

Mr. M \* \* \* \* was walking in ovation by himself after the car; and they were going to see the bonfire at the alehouse at the corner. The whole procession returned with me; and from the countess's dressing-room we saw a battery fired before the house, the mob crying, "God bless the good news!"—These are all the particulars I know of the siege: my lord would have shewed me the journal; but we amused ourselves much better in going to eat peaches from the new Dutch stoves.

The rain is come indeed, and my grass is as green as grass; but all my hay has been cut and soaking this week, and I am too much in the fashion not to have given up gardening for farming, as next I suppose we shall farming, and turn graziers and hogdrivers.

\* Quebec, which had been taken from the French by Wolfe in 1759, was besieged by them in the spring of the following year with an army of 15,000 men, under the command of the Chevalier de Levis, assisted by a naval force. They were, however, repulsed by general Murray, who was supported by lord Colville and the fleet under his command; and on the night of the 16th May raised the siege very precipitately, leaving their cannon, small arms, stores, &c. behind them. [Ed.]

I never heard of such a Semele as my lady Stormont<sup>9</sup> brought to bed in flames. I hope miss Bacchus Murray will not carry the resemblance through, and love drinking like a Pole. My lady Lyttelton is at Mr. Garrick's and they were to have breakfasted here this morning; but somehow or other they have changed their mind. Good night!

Yours ever.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, July 4, 1760.

I AM this minute returned from Chaffont, where I have been these two days. Mr. Conway, lady Ailesbury, Lady Lyttelton, and Mrs. Shirely are there; and lady Mary is going to add to the number again. The house and grounds are still in the same dislocated condition; in short, they finish nothing but children; even Mr. Bentley's Gothic stable, which I call Houynhm castle, is not rough-cast yet. We went to see More-park,<sup>1</sup> but I was not much struck with it, after all the miracles I had heard Brown had performed there. He has undulated the horizon in so many artificial molehills, that it is full as unnatural as if it was drawn with a rule and compasses. Nothing is done to the house; there are not even chairs in the great apartment. My lord Anson is more slatternly than the Churchills, and does not even finish children. I am going to write to lord Beauchamp, that I shall be at Oxford on the fifteenth, where I depend upon meeting you. I design to see Blenheim, and Rousham, (is not that the name of Dormer's?) and Althorp, and Drayton, before I return—but don't be frightened, I don't propose to drag you to all or any of these, if you don't like it.

Mr. Bentley has sketched a very pretty Gothic room for lord Holderness, and orders are gone to execute it directly in

<sup>9</sup> Henrietta Frederica, daughter of Henry Count Bunan, married 16th August 1759, David, seventh viscount Stormont; and, on the 18th May 1760, gave birth to a daughter, lady Elizabeth Mary, at Warsaw. [Ed.]

<sup>1</sup> The seat of lord Anson, formerly the residence of the duke of Monmouth. It is now the property of the marquis of Westminster. [Ed.]

Yorkshire. The first draught was Mason's ; but as he does not pretend to much skill, we were desired to correct it. I say *we*, for I chose the ornaments. Adieu!

Yours ever.

P. S. My lady Ailesbury has been much diverted, and so will you, too. Gray is in their neighbourhood. My lady Carlisle<sup>\*</sup> says, *he is extremely like me in his manner*. They went a party to dine on a cold loaf, and passed the day ; lady A. protests he never opened his lips but once, and then only said, " Yes, my lady, I believe so."

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, July 19, 1760.

Mr. Conway, as I told you, was with me at Oxford, and I returned with him to Park-place, and to-day hither. I am sorry you could not come to us ; we passed four days most agreeably, and I believe saw more antique holes and corners than Tom Hearne<sup>1</sup> did in threescore years. You know my rage for Oxford ; if King's-college would not take it ill, I don't know but I should retire thither, and profess jacobitism, that I might enjoy some venerable set of chambers. Though the weather has been so sultry, I ferretted from morning to night, fatigued that strong young lad lord Beauchamp, and harrassed his tutors till they were forced to relieve one another. With all this, I found nothing worth seeing, except the colleges themselves, painted glass, and a couple of croziers. Oh, yes ; in an old buttery at Christ-church I discovered two of the most glorious portraits by Holbein in the the world. They call them Dutch heads. I took them down, washed them myself, and fetched

<sup>\*</sup> Isabel Byron, eldest daughter of William, fourth lord Byron, the second wife and widow of Henry, fourth earl of Carlisle. [Ed.]

<sup>1</sup> Tom Hearne the learned antiquary, born at White Waltham, Berks, 1680 ; died at Oxford, 10th June 1735, whose industrious researches into the affairs of by-gone times are recorded in the well known epigram

' Pox on't,' says Time to Thomas Hearne,

' Whatever I forget, you learn.' [Ed.]

out a thousand beauties. We went to Blenheim<sup>2</sup> and saw all Vanbrugh's quarries, all the acts of parliament and gazettes on the duke in inscriptions, and all the old flock chairs, wainscot tables, and gowns and petticoats of queen Anne, that old Sarah<sup>3</sup> could crowd among blocks of marble. It looks like the palace of an auctioneer, who has been chosen king of Poland, and furnished his apartments with obsolete trophies, rubbish that nobody bid for, and a dozen pictures, that he had stolen from the inventories of different families. The place is as ugly as the house, and the bridge, like the beggars at the old duchess's gate, begs for a drop of water, and is refused. We went to Ditchley,<sup>4</sup> which is a good house, well furnished, has good portraits, a wretched saloon, and one handsome scene behind the house. There are portraits of the Litchfield hunt, in *true blue* frocks, with ermine capes. One of the colleges has exerted this loyal pun, and made their east window entirely of blue glass. But the greatest pleasure we had, was in seeing sir Charles Cotterel's<sup>5</sup> at Rousham; it reinstated Kent with me; he has no where shewn so much taste. The house is old, and was bad; he has improved it, stuck as close as *he* could to Gothic, has made a delightful library, and the whole is comfortable. The garden is Daphne in little; the sweetest little groves, streams, glades, porticoes, cascades, and river, imaginable; all the scenes are perfectly classic. Well, if I had such a house, such a library, so pretty a place, and so pretty a wife, I think I should let king \* \* \* \* send to Herenhausen for a master of the ceremonies.

<sup>2</sup> The gift of the nation to John, duke of Marlborough "a monument of Marlborough's glory and of Britain's gratitude." [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> The celebrated Sarah, duchess of Marlborough, a woman of great abilities and haughtiness, whose influence for some years over the mind of Queen Anne was eminently serviceable in promoting the political views of her husband at home, while he was conquering the enemies of the country abroad. The queen at length cast off the bondage in which her friend and favorite had enthralled her, and the downfall of the Marlborough and Whig party necessarily followed. She was the Atossa of Pope's epistle on the characters of women, who was falsely accused of receiving a bribe to suppress the passage and afterwards publishing it. [Ed.]

<sup>4</sup> The seat of lord Lichfield, about three miles from Blenheim. [Ed.]

<sup>5</sup> Son of Pope's friend, to whom he addressed his Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace.

'Dear Colonel, Cobham's and your country's friend.' [Ed.]

Make many compliments to all your family for me; lord Beauchamp was much obliged by your invitation. I shall certainly accept it, as I return from the north; in the mean time, find out how Drayton and Althorp lie according to your scale. Adieu!

Yours most sincerely.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, July 20, 1760.

I SHALL be very sorry if I don't see you at Oxford on Tuesday next; but what can I say if your Wetenhalls will break into my almanack, and take my very day, can I help it? I must own I shall be glad if their coach-horse is laid up with the fashionable sore throat and fever: can you recommend no coachman to them like Dr. Wilmot, who will dispatch it in three days? If I don't see you at Oxford, I don't think I shall at Greatworth till my return from the north, which will be about the 20th or 22d of August. Drayton,<sup>1</sup> be it known to you, is lady Betty Germain's, is in your own county, was the old mansion of the Mordaunts, and is crammed with whatever sir John could get from them and the Norfolks. Adieu!

Yours ever.

To the EARL of STRAFFORD.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 7, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

You will laugh, but I am ready to cry, when I tell you that I have no notion when I shall be able to wait on you.—

<sup>1</sup> Drayton, in Northamptonshire, the seat of Sir John Germain, Bart., by whose will and that of his widow, lady Betty, his noble property devolved upon the celebrated Lord George Sackville, who, in consequence, assumed the name of Germain in 1770 by Act of Parliament. It is now the residence of Lord George, grandson of Charles, fifth duke of Dorset, who succeeded to the title on 14th February 1815, on the death of his cousin, George John Frederick, fourth duke. [Ed.]

Such a calamity!—My tower, is not fallen down, nor Lady Fanny Shirley run away with another printer: nor has my lady D\*\*\*\* insisted on living with me as half-way to Weybridge. Something more disgraceful than all these, and wofully mortifying for a young creature, who is at the same time in love with lady Mary Coke, and following the duchess of Grafton and Loo all over the kingdom. In short, my lord, I have got the gout—yes, the gout in earnest. I was seized on Monday morning, suffered dismally all night, am now wrapped in flannels like the picture of a Morocco ambassador, and am carried to bed by two servants. You see virtue and leanness are no preservatives. I write this now to your lordship, because I think it totally impossible that I should be able to set out the day after tomorrow, as I intended. The moment I can, I will; but this is a tyrant that will not let one name a day. All I know is, that it may abridge my other parties, but shall not my stay at Wentworth castle. The duke of Devonshire was so good as to ask me to be at Chatsworth yesterday, but I did not know it time enough. As it happens, I must have disappointed him. At present I look like Pam's father more than one of his subjects: only one of my legs appears:

The rest my party-coloured robe conceals.

Adieu, my dear lord!

Yours most faithfully.

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 7, 1760.

I CAN give you but an unpleasant account of myself, I mean unpleasant for me; every body else I suppose it will make laugh. Come, laugh at once! I am laid up with the gout, am an absolute cripple, am carried up to bed by two men, and could walk to China as soon as cross the room. In short, here is my history: I have been out of order this fortnight, without knowing what was the matter with me; pains in my head, sicknesses at my stomach, dispiritedness, and a return of the nightly fever I had in the winter. I concluded a northern journey would take all this off—but, behold, on Monday morning I was seized

as I thought with the cramp in my left foot ; however, I walked about all day : towards evening, it discovered itself by its true name, and that night I suffered a great deal. However, on Tuesday I was again able to go about the house ; but since Tuesday I have not been able to stir, and am wrapped in flannels and swathed like Sir Paul Pliant on his wedding night. I expect to hear that there is a bet at Arthur's, which runs fastest, Jack Harris<sup>1</sup> or I. Nobody would believe me six years ago when I said I had the gout. They would do leanness and temperance honours to which they have not the least claim.

I don't yet give up my expedition ; as my foot is much swelled, I trust this alderman distemper is going : I shall set out the instant I am able ; but I much question whether it will be soon enough for me to get to Ragley<sup>2</sup> by the time the clock strikes Loo. I find I grow too old to make the circuit with the charming duchess.<sup>3</sup>

I did not tell you about German skirmishes, for I knew nothing of them ; when two vast armies only scratch one another's faces, it gives me no attention. My gazette never contains above one or two casualties of foreign politics ;—overlaid, one king ; dead of convulsions, an electorate ; burnt to death, Dresden.<sup>4</sup>

I wish you joy of all your purchases ; why, you sound as rich as if you had had the gout these ten years. I beg their pardon ; but, just at present, I am very glad not to be near the vivacity of either Missy or Peter. I agree with you much about the Minor :<sup>5</sup> there are certainly parts and wit in it. Adieu !

Yours ever.

<sup>1</sup> John Harris, of Hayne, in Devonshire, married to Mr. Conway's eldest sister. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Ragley, in Warwickshire, the seat of the earl of Hertford. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> Anne Liddell, duchess of Grafton. [Ed.]

<sup>4</sup> Burnt by the Prussians 18th July, 1760. Walpole alludes to the king of Poland, who was at the same time elector of Saxony. [Ed.]

<sup>5</sup> A comedy in three acts by Foote. [Ed.]



To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, August 12, 1760.

IN what part of the island you are just now, I don't know; flying about somewhere or other, I suppose. Well, it is charming to be so young! Here am I lying upon a couch, wrapped up in flannels, with the gout in both feet—oh yes, gout in all the forms. Six years ago I had it, and nobody would believe me. Now they may have proof. My legs are as big as your cousin Guildford's,<sup>1</sup> and they don't use to be quite so large. I was seized yesterday se'nnight; have had little pain in the day, but most uncomfortable nights; however, I move about again a little with a stick. If either my father or mother had had it, I should not dislike it so much. I am herald enough to approve of it if descended genealogically; but it is an absolute upstart in me, and what is more provoking, I had trusted to my great abstinence for keeping me from it: but thus it is, if I had had any gentleman-like virtue, as patriotism or loyalty, I might have got something by them; I had nothing but that beggarly virtue temperance, and she had not interest enough to keep me from a fit of the gout. Another plague is, that every body that ever knew any body that had it, is so good as to come with advice, and direct me how to manage it; that is, how to contrive to have it for a great many years. I am very refractory; I say to the gout, as great personages do to the executioners, "Friend, do your work as quick as you can." They tell me of wine to keep it out of my stomach; but I will starve temperance itself; I will be virtuous indeed—that is, I will stick to virtue, though I find it is not its own reward.

This confinement has kept me from Yorkshire; I hope however to be at Ragley by the 20th, from whence I shall still go to lord Strafford's, and by this delay you may possibly be at Greatworth by my return, which will be about the beginning of September. Write me a line as soon as you receive this; direct it to Arlington-street, it will be sent after me. Adieu!

Yours ever.

<sup>1</sup> Francis Lord North, created earl of Guildford 8th April, 1752. [Ed.]

P. S. My tower erects its battlements bravely ; my Anecdotes of Painting thrive exceedingly : thanks to the gout, that has pinned me to my chair : think of Ariel the sprite in a slit shoe !

TO THE COUNTESS OF AILESBURY.<sup>1</sup>

Whichnovre, August 23, 1760.

WELL, madam, if I had known whether I was coming, I would not have come alone ! Mr. Conway and your ladyship should have come, too. Do you know, this is the individual manor-house,<sup>2</sup> where married ladies may have a flitch of bacon upon the easiest terms in the world ?<sup>3</sup> I should have expected that the owners would be ruined in satisfying the conditions of the obligation, and that the park would be stocked with hogs instead of deer.—On the contrary, it is thirty years since the flitch was claimed, and Mr. Offley was never so *near* losing one as when you and Mr. Conway were at Ragley. He so little expects the demand, that the flitch is only hung in effigie over the hall chimney, carved in wood. Are not you ashamed, madam, never to put in your claim ? It is above a year and a day that you have been married, and I never once heard either of you mention a journey to Whichnovre. If you quarrelled at loo every night, you could not quit your pretensions with more indifference. I had a great mind to take my oath, as one of your witnesses, that you neither of you would, if you were at liberty, prefer any body else, *ne fairer ne fouler*, and I could easily get twenty persons to swear the same. Therefore, unless you will let the world be

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of the duke of Argyle, first married to the earl of Ailesbury, and afterwards to the Hon. H. S. Conway. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Of Whichnovre near Litchfield. [Or.]

<sup>3</sup> Whichnovre, Staffordshire, in the honor of Tutbury. Sir Philip de Somerville, 10 of Edward III., held the manor of Whichnovre, &c. of the earls of Lancaster, lords of the honor of Tutbury, upon two small fees, but also upon condition of his keeping ready “arrayed all times of the year but Lent, one Bacon-flyke hanging in his hall at Whichnovre, to be given to every man or woman, who demanded it a year and a day after marriage, upon their swearing they would not have changed for none other, fairer nor fouler, richer nor poorer, nor for no other descended of great lineage, sleeping nor waking, at no time,” &c. [Ed.]

convinced, that all your apparent harmony is counterfeit, you must set out immediately for Mr. Offley's, or at least send me a letter of attorney to claim the flitch in your names; and I will send it up by the coach, to be left at the *Blue Boar*, or wherever you will have it delivered. But you had better come in person, you will see one of the prettiest spots in the world; it is a little paradise, and the more like the antique one, as, by all I have said, the married couple seems to be driven out of it. The house is very indifferent: behind is a pretty park; the situation, a brow of a hill, commanding sweet meadows, through which the Trent serpentizes in numberless windings and branches. The spires of the cathedral of Litchfield are in front at a distance, with variety of other steeples, seats, and farms, and the horizon bounded by rich hills covered with blue woods. If you love a prospect, or bacon, you will certainly come hither.

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Wentworth-castle, Sunday night.

I had writ thus far yesterday, but had no opportunity of sending my letter. I arrived here<sup>1</sup> last night, and found only the duke of Devonshire, who went to Hardwicke<sup>2</sup> this morning: they were down at the menagerie, and there was a clean little pullet, with which I thought his grace looked as if he should be glad to eat a slice of Whichnovre bacon. We follow him to Chatsworth to-morrow, and make our entry to the public dinner, to the disagreeableness of which I fear even lady M\*\*\*\*\*'s company will not reconcile me.

My Gothic building, which my lord Strafford has executed in the managerie, has a charming effect. There are two bridges built besides; but the new front is very little advanced. Adieu, madam!

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, September 1, 1760.

I was disappointed at your not being at home as I returned from my expedition; and now I fear it must be another year

<sup>1</sup> The seat of the earl of Strafford. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> One of his seats in Derbyshire. [Ed.]

before I see Greatworth, as I have two or three more engagements on my books for the residue of this season. I go next week to lord Waldegrave, and afterwards to George Selwyn, and shall return by Bath, which I have never yet seen. Will not you and the general come to Strawberry in October?

Thank you for your lamentations on my gout, it was in proportion to my size, very slender—my feet are again as small as ever they were. When I had what I called *big shoes*, I could have danced a minuet on a silver penny.

My tour has been extremely agreeable. I set out with winning a good deal at loo at Ragley; the duke of Grafton was not so successful, and had some high words with Pam. I went from thence to Offley's at Whichnovre, the individual manor of the flitch of bacon, which has been growing rusty for these thirty years in his hall. I don't wonder; I have no notion that one could keep in good-humour with one's wife for a year and a day, unless one was to live on the very spot, which is one of the sweetest scenes I ever saw. It is the brink of a high hill; the Trent wriggles through at the foot; Litchfield and twenty other churches and mansions decorate the view. Mr. Anson has bought an estate close by, whence my lord used to cast many a wishful eye, though without the least pretensions even to a bit of lard.

I saw Litchfield cathedral, which has been rich, but my friend lord Brook and his soldiery treated poor St. Chadd<sup>3</sup> with so little ceremony, that it is in a most naked condition. In a niche at the very summit they have crowded a statue of Charles the second, with a special pair of shoe-strings, big enough for a weathercock. As I went to Lord Strafford's I passed through Sheffield, which is one of the foulest towns in England in the most charming situation; there are two-and-twenty thousand inhabitants making knives and scissors; they remit eleven thousand pounds a-week to London. One man there has discovered the art of plating copper with silver; I bought a pair of candlesticks for two guineas that are quite pretty. Lord Strafford has

<sup>3</sup> The patron saint of the town and cathedral. The latter was rebuilt by Roger de Clinton in 1148, and is one of the finest in England; but the imagery and carved work on the front were much injured in 1641. It is said the cross upon the west window was frequently aimed at by Cromwell's soldiery, who were anxious to knock it down. [Ed.]

erected the little Gothic building, which I got Mr. Bentley to draw ; I took the idea from Chichester-cross. It stands on a high bank in the menagerie, between a pond and a vale, totally bowered over with oaks. I went with the Straffords to Chatsworth, and staid there four days ; there were lady Mary Coke, lord Besborough and his daughters, lord Thomond, Mr. Bonfoy, the duke, the old duchess,<sup>4</sup> and two of his brothers. Would you believe that nothing was ever better humoured than the ancient grace ? She staid every evening till it was dark in the skittle-ground, keeping the score ; and one night, that the servants had a ball for lady Dorothy's<sup>5</sup> birth-day, we fetched the fiddler into the drawing-room, and the dowager herself danced with us !

I never was more disappointed than at Chatsworth, which, ever since I was born, I have condemned. It is a glorious situation ; the vale rich in corn and verdure, vast woods hang down the hills, which are green to the top, and the immense rocks only serve to dignify the prospect. The river runs before the door, and serpentizes more than you can conceive in the vale. The duke is widening it, and will make it the middle of his park ; but I don't approve an idea they are going to execute, of a fine bridge with statues under a noble cliff. If they will have a bridge (which by the way will crowd the scene), it should be composed of rude fragments, such as the giant of the Peak would step upon, that he might not be wet-shod. The expense of the works now carrying on will amount to forty thousand pounds. A heavy quadrangle of stables is part of the plan, is very cumbersome, and standing higher than the house, is ready to overwhelm it. The principal front of the house is beautiful, and executed with the neatness of wrought-plate : the inside is most sumptuous, but did not please me ; the heathen gods, goddesses, Christian virtues, and allegoric gentlefolks, are crowded into every room, as if Mrs. Holman had been in heaven and invited every body she saw. The great apartment is first ; painted ceilings, inlaid floors, and unpainted wainscots make every room *sombre*. The tapestries are fine, but not fine enough, and there are few portraits. The chapel is charming. The great *jet d'eau* I like,

<sup>4</sup> Daughter of John Hoskins, Esq., and widow of William, the third duke of Devonshire. [Or.]

<sup>5</sup> Afterwards duchess of Portland. [Ed.]

nor would I remove it; whatever is magnificent of the kind in the time it was done, I would retain, else all gardens and houses wear a tiresome resemblance. I except that absurdity of a cascade tumbling down marble steps, which reduces the steps to be of no use at all.

I saw Haddon,<sup>6</sup> an abandoned old castle of the Rutlands, in a romantic situation, but which never could have composed a tolerable dwelling. The duke sent lord John with me to Hardwicke, where I was again disappointed; but I will not take relations from others; they either don't see for themselves, or can't see for me. How I had been promised that I should be charmed with Hardwicke, and told that the Devonshires ought to have established there! never was I less charmed in my life. The house is not Gothic, but of that betweenity, that intervened when Gothic declined and Palladian was creeping in—rather, this is totally naked of either. It has vast chambers—ay, vast, such as the nobility of that time delighted in, and did not know how to furnish. The great apartment is exactly what it was when the queen of Scots was kept there. Her council-chamber, the council-chamber of a poor woman, who had only two secretaries, a gentleman-usher, an apothecary, a confessor, and three maids, is so outrageously spacious, that you would take it for king David's, who thought, contrary to all modern experience, that in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom. At the upper end is the state, with a long table, covered with a sumptuous cloth, embroidered and embossed with gold,—at least what was gold; so are all the tables. Round the top of the chamber runs a monstrous frieze, ten or twelve feet deep, representing stag-hunting in miserable plastered relief. The next is her dressing-room, hung with patch-work on black velvet; then her state bed-chamber. The bed has been rich beyond description, and now hangs in costly golden tatters. The hangings, part of which they say her majesty worked, are composed of figures as large as life, sewed and embroidered on black velvet, white satin, &c. and represent the virtues that were necessary for her, or that she was forced to have; as patience and temperance, &c. The fire-

<sup>6</sup> It was anciently the seat of the Vernons, some of whom were members of Parliament for this country as early as Edward III. Sir George Vernon in Queen Elizabeth's time was styled "King of the Peak," and the property came into the Manners' family by his daughter marrying Thomas, son of the first earl of Rutland. [Ed.]

screens are particular ; pieces of yellow velvet fringed with gold, hang on a cross bar of wood, which is fixed on the top of a single stick, that rises from the foot. The only furniture which has any appearance of taste are the table and cabinets, which are all of oak, richly carved. There is a private chamber within, where she lay, her arms and style over the door : the arras hangs over all the doors ; the gallery is sixty yards long, covered with bad tapestry, and wretched pictures of Mary herself, Elizabeth in a gown of sea monsters, lord Darnley, James the fifth and his queen, curious, and a whole history of kings of England, not worth sixpence a-piece. There is an original of old Bess<sup>7</sup> of Hardwicke herself, who built the house. Her estates were then reckoned at sixty thousand pounds a-year, and now let for two hundred thousand pounds. Lord John Cavendish told me, that the tradition in the family is, that it had been prophesied to her that she should never die as long as she was building ; and that at last she died in a hard frost, when the labourers could not work. There is a fine bank of old oaks in the park over a lake ; nothing else pleased me there. However, I was so diverted with this old beldam and her magnificence, that I made this epitaph for her :

Four times the nuptial bed she warm'd,  
 And every time so well perform'd,  
 That when death spoil'd each husband's billing,  
 He left the widow every shilling.  
 Fond was the dame, but not dejected ;  
 Five stately mansions she erected  
 With more than royal pomp, to vary  
 The prison of her captive Mary.  
 When Hardwicke's towers shall bow their head,  
 Nor mass be more in Worksop said ;  
 When Bolsover's fair fame shall tend  
 Like Olcotes, to its mouldering end ;  
 When Chatsworth tastes no Can'dish bounties,  
 Let fame forget this costly countess.

<sup>7</sup> She was the daughter of John Hardwicke, of Hardwicke in Derbyshire. Her first husband was Robert Barley, esq. who settled his large estate on her and her heirs. She married, secondly, sir William Cavendish ; her third husband was sir William St. Lo ; and her fourth was George Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury, whose daughter, lady Grace, married her son by sir William Cavendish. [Or.]

Her children by Sir William Cavendish, were, 1. Henry, married to lady

As I returned, I saw Newstead<sup>8</sup> and Althorpe : I like both. The former is the very abbey. The great east window of the church remains, and connects with the house; the hall entire, the refectory entire, the cloister untouched, with the ancient cistern of the convent, and their arms on it; a private chapel quite perfect. The park, which is still charming, has not been so much profaned; the present lord has lost large sums, and paid part in old oaks, five thousand pounds of which have been cut near the house. In recompense he has built two baby forts, to pay his country in castles for the damage done to the navy, and planted a handful of Scotch firs, that look like ploughboys dressed in old family liveries for a public day. In the hall is a very good collection of pictures, all animals; the refectory, now the great drawing-room, is full of Byrons; the vaulted roof remaining, but the windows have new dresses making for them by a Venetian tailor. Althorpe<sup>9</sup> has several very fine pictures by the best Italian hands, and a gallery of all one's acquaintance by Vandyke and Lely. I wonder you never saw it; it is but six miles from Northampton. Well, good night; I have writ you such a volume, that you see I am forced to page it. The duke has had a stroke of the palsy, but is quite recovered, except in some letters, which he cannot pronounce; and it is still visible in the contraction of one side of his mouth. My compliments to your family.

Yours ever.

Grace Talbot, daughter of George, earl of Shrewsbury, but who died without issue in 1616. 2. William, who was created baron Cavendish of Hardwick, county of Derby, May 4, 1605. He was one of the first adventurers who planted colonies in Virginia and in the Island of Bermuda: in 1616, by the death of his elder brother, Henry, whom he succeeded in the whole of his estates, he obtained a large increase to his already considerable fortune; and in 1618 was created earl of Devonshire. 3. Sir Charles Cavendish, of Welbeck Abbey, county of Nottingham, whose son William, by his second wife, Catherine baroness Ogle, was created in 1664 earl of Ogle and duke of Newcastle. [Ed.]

<sup>8</sup> Since invested with far deeper interest as the residence of Byron, who has described it in the thirteenth canto of his *Don Juan*, as

‘An old old monastery once, and now  
Still older mansion.’

<sup>9</sup> The seat of earl Spencer. Dr. T. F. Dibdin's splendidly illustrated work ‘*Ædes Althorpiana*,’ is devoted to an account of the treasures of art here garnered by the taste of the late earl. [Ed.]



## TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry-hill, September 4, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

You ordered me to tell you how I liked Hardwicke. To say the truth, not exceedingly. The bank of oaks over the ponds is fine, and the vast lawn behind the house : I saw nothing else that is superior to the common run of parks. For the house, it did not please me at all ; there is no grace, no ornament, no Gothic in it. I was glad to see the style of furniture of that age ; and my imagination helped me to like the apartment of the queen of Scots. Had it been the chateau of a duchess of Brunswick, on which they exhausted the revenues of some centuries, I don't think I should have admired it at all. In short, Hardwicke disappointed me as much as Chatsworth surpassed my expectation. There is a richness and vivacity of prospect in the latter ; in the former, nothing but triste grandeur.

Newstead delighted me. There is grace and Gothic indeed—good chambers and a comfortable house. The monks formerly were the only sensible people that had really good mansions. I saw Althorpe too, and liked it very well : the pictures are fine. In the gallery I found myself quite at home ; and surprised the housekeeper by my familiarity with the portraits.

I hope you have read prince Ferdinand's Thanksgiving, where he made out a victory by the excess of his praises. I supped at Mr. Conway's t'other night with Miss West<sup>1</sup>, and we diverted ourselves with the encomiums on her colonel Johnson<sup>2</sup>. Lady Aylesbury told her, that to be sure next winter she would burn nothing but laurel fagots. Don't you like prince Ferdinand's being so tired with thanking, that at last he is forced to turn God over to be thanked by the officers ?

In London, there is a more cruel campaign than that waged by the Russians : the streets are a very picture of the murder of

<sup>1</sup> Eldest daughter of John (afterwards) earl of De la Warre. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> The late general James Johnston. [Or.]

the innocents—one drives over nothing but poor dead dogs!<sup>3</sup> The dear, good-natured, honest, sensible creatures! Christ! how can any body hurt them? Nobody could but those Cherokees the English, who desire no better than to be halloo'd to blood:—one day, admiral Byng, the next, lord George Sackville, and to day, the poor dogs!

I cannot help telling your lordship how I was diverted the night I returned hither. I was sitting with Mrs. Clive, her sister and brother, on the bench near the road at the end of her long walk. We heard a violent scolding; and looking out, saw a pretty woman standing by a high chaise, in which was a young fellow, and a coachman riding by. The damsel had lost her hat, her cap, her cloak, her temper, and her senses; and was more drunk and more angry than you can conceive. Whatever the young man had or had not done to her, she would not ride in the chaise with him, but stood cursing and swearing in the most outrageous style: and when she had vented all the oaths she could think of, she at last wished *Perfidion* might seize him. You may imagine how we laughed.—The fair intoxicate turned round, and cried, “I am laughed at!—Who is it?—What, Mrs. Clive? Kitty Clive?—No: Kitty Clive would never behave so!”—I wish you could have seen my neighbour’s confusion.—She certainly did not grow paler than ordinary.—I laugh now while I repeat it to you.

I have told Mr. Bentley the great honour you have done him, my Lord. He is happy the Temple succeeds to please you.

I am your lordship’s most faithful friend and servant.

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, September 19, 1760.

THANK you for your notice, though I should certainly have contrived to see you without it. Your brother promised he would come and dine here one day with you and lord Beauchamp. I go to Navestock on Monday, for two or three days;

<sup>3</sup> During the summer of 1760, the dread of mad dogs raged like an epidemic; the periodical publications of the time being filled with little else of domestic interest than the squabbles of the dog-lovers and dog-haters. The Common Council of London, at a meeting on the 26th August, issued an order for killing all dogs found in the streets or highways after the 27th,

but that will not exhaust your waiting.<sup>4</sup> I shall be in town on Sunday ; but, as that is a court-day, I will not, so don't propose it—dine with you at Kensington ; but I will be with my lady Hertford about six, where your brother and you will find me if you please. I cannot come to Kensington in the evening, for I have but one pair of horses in the world, and they will have to carry me to town in the morning.

I wonder the king expects a battle ; when prince Ferdinand can do as well without fighting, why should he fight ? Can't he make the hereditary prince gallop into a mob of Frenchmen, and get a scratch on the nose ; and Johnson straddle cross a river and come back with six heads of hussars in his fob, and then can't he thank all the world, and assure them he shall never forget the victory they have not gained ? These thanks are sent over : the gazette swears that this no success was chiefly owing to general Mostyn ; and the chronicle protests, that it was achieved by my lord Granby's losing his hat, which he never wears ; and then his lordship sends over for three hundred thousand pints of porter to drink his own health ; and then Mr. Pitt determines to carry on the war for another year ; and then the duke of Newcastle hopes that we shall be beat, that he may lay the blame on Mr. Pitt, and that then he shall be minister for thirty years longer ; and then we shall be the greatest nation in the universe. Amen !—My dear Harry, you see how easy it is to be a hero. If you had but taken Impudence and Oatlands in your way to Rochfort, it would not have signified whether you had taken Rochfort or not. Adieu ! I don't know who lady A.'s Mr. Alexander is.—If she curls like a vine with any Mr. Alexander but you, I hope my lady Coventry will recover and be your Roxana.

Yours ever.

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

You are good for nothing ; you have no engagement, you have no principles ; and all this I am not afraid to tell you, as

and offered a reward of 2s. for every dog " that shall be so killed and buried in the skin, being first several times slashed in the body." The two furthestmost quarters in Moorfields were allotted for the burying-place of such dogs. [Ed.]

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Conway, as groom of the bed-chamber to the king, was then in waiting at Kensington. [Or.]

you have left your sword behind you. If you take it ill, I have given my nephew, who brings your sword, a letter of attorney to fight you for me; I shall certainly not see you: my lady Waldegrave goes to town on Friday, but I remain here.<sup>1</sup> You lose lady Anne Connolly<sup>2</sup> and her forty daughters, who all dine here to-day upon a few loaves and three small fishes. I should have been glad if you would have breakfasted here on Friday on your way; but, as I lie in bed rather longer than the lark, I fear our hours will not suit one another. Adieu!

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, October 2, 1760.

I ANNOUNCE my lady Huntingtower<sup>1</sup> to you. I hope you will approve the match, a little more than I suppose my lord Dysart<sup>2</sup> will, as he does not yet know, though they have been married these two hours, that, at ten o'clock this morning, his son espoused my niece Charlotte at St. James's church. The moment my lord Dysart is dead, I will carry you to see Ham-house; it is pleasant to call cousins with a charming prospect over against one. Now you want to know the detail: there was none. It is not the style of our court to have long negotiations; we don't fatigue the town with exhibiting the betrothed for six months together in public places. *Vidit, venit, vicit*;—the young lord has liked her some time; on Saturday se'nnight he came to my brother, and made his demand. The princess did not know him by sight, and did not dislike him, when she did; she consented, and they were to be married this morning. My lord Dysart is such a ——— that nobody will pity him; he has kept his son till six and twenty, and would never make the least settlement on him: "Sure," said the young man, "if he will do nothing for me, I may please myself; he cannot hinder me of ten thousand pounds a-year, and sixty thousand that are in the

<sup>1</sup> At Strawberry-hill. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> Sister of William, earl of Strafford. [Or.]

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of sir Edward Walpole, and sister to lady Waldegrave and to Mrs. Keppel. [Or.] Charlotte, third daughter of sir Edward Walpole. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Lionel Talmache, earl of Dysart. [Ed.]

funds, all entailed on me"—a reversion one does not wonder the bride did not refuse, as there is present possession, too, of a very handsome person; the only thing his father has ever given him. His grandfather, lord Granville, has always told him to choose a gentlewoman, and please himself; yet I should think the ladies Townshend and Cooper would cackle a little.

I wish you could have come here this October for more reasons than one. The Teddingtonian history is grown woefully bad. Mark Antony, though no boy, persists in losing the world two or three times over for every gypsy that he takes for a Cleopatra. I have laughed, been scolded, represented, begged, and at last spoken very roundly—all with equal success; at present we do not meet. I must convince him of ill usage, before I can make good usage of any service. All I have done is forgot, because I will not be enamoured of Hannah Cleopatra, too. You shall know the whole history when I see you; you may trust me for still being kind to him; but that he must not as yet suspect; they are bent on going to London, that she may visit and be visited, while he puts on his red velvet and ermine, and goes about begging in robes.

Poor Mr. Chute has had another very severe fit of the gout; I left him in bed, but, by not hearing he is worse, trust on Saturday to find him mended. Adieu!

Yours ever.

P.S. I have kept a copy of my last memorial, which you, who know all the circumstances, will not think a whit too harsh.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, October 14, 1760.

If you should see in the newspapers, that I have offered to raise a regiment at Twickenham, am going with the expedition, and have actually kissed hands, don't believe it; though I own, the two first would not be more surprising than the last. I will tell you how the calamity befel me, though you will laugh instead of pitying me. Last Friday morning, I was very tranquilly writing my Anecdotes of Painting—I heard the bell at the gate ring—I called out, as usual, "Not at home;" but Harry, who thought it would be treason to tell a lie, when he saw red live-

ries, owned I was, and came running up: "Sir, the prince of Wales is at the door, and says he is come on purpose to make you a visit!" There was I, in the utmost confusion, undressed, in my slippers, and with my hair about my ears; there was no help, *insanum vatem aspiciet*—and down I went to receive him. *Him* was the duke of York. Behold my breeding of the old court; at the foot of the stairs I kneeled down, and kissed his hand. I beg your uncle Algernon Sidney's pardon, but I could not let the second prince of the blood kiss my hand first. He was, as he always is, extremely good-humoured; and I, as I am not always, extremely respectful. He staid two hours, nobody with him but Morrison; I showed him all my castle, the pictures of the pretender's sons, and that type of the reformation, Harry the eighth's ———, moulded into a weight to the clock he gave Anne Boleyn. But observe my luck; he would have the sanctum sanctorum in the library opened; about a month ago I removed the MSS. in another place. All this is very well; but now for consequences; what was I to do next? I have not been in a court these ten years, consequently have never kissed hands in the next reign. Could I let a duke of York visit me, and never go to thank him? I know if I was a great poet, I might be so brutal, and tell the world in rhyme that rudeness is virtue; or, if I was a patriot, I might, after laughing at kings and princes for twenty years, catch at the first opening of favour and beg a place. In truth, I can do neither; yet I could not be shocking; I determined to go to Leicestershire-house, and comforted myself that it was not much less meritorious to go there for nothing, than to stay quite away; yet I believe I must make a pilgrimage to saint Liberty of Geneva, before I am perfectly purified, especially as I am dipped even at St. James's. Lord Hertford, at my request, begged my lady Yarmouth to get an order for my lady Henry to go through the park, and the countess said so many civil things about me and my suit, and granted it so expeditiously, that I shall be forced to visit her, even before she lives here next door to my lady Suffolk. My servants are transported; Harry expects to see me first minister, like my father, and reckons upon a place in the Custom-house. Louis, who drinks like a German, thinks himself qualified for a page of the back stairs—but these are not all my troubles. As I never dress in summer, I had nothing upon earth but a frock, unless I went in black,

like a poet, and pretended that a cousin was dead, one of the muses. Then I was in panics lest I should call my lord Bute, your royal highness. I was not indeed in much pain at the conjectures the duke of Newcastle would make on such an apparition, even if he should suspect that a new opposition was on foot, and that I was to write some letters to the Whigs.

Well, but after all, do you know that my calamity has not befallen me yet? I could not determine to bounce over head and ears into the drawing-room at once, without one soul knowing why I came thither. I went to London on Saturday night, and lord Hertford was to carry me the next morning; in the mean time, I wrote to Morrison, explaining my gratitude to one brother, and my unacquaintance with t'other, and how afraid I was that it would be thought officious and forward, if I was presented now, and begging he would advise me what to do; and all this upon my bended knee, as if Schutz had stood over me and dictated every syllable. The answer was by order from the duke of York, that he smiled at my distress, wished to put me to no inconvenience, but desired, that as the acquaintance had begun without restraint, it might continue without ceremony. Now was I in more perplexity than ever! I could not go directly, and yet it was not fit it should be said I thought it an *inconvenience* to wait on the prince of Wales. At present, it is decided by a jury of court matrons, that is, courtiers, that I must write to my lord Bute and explain the whole and why I desire to come now—don't fear; I will take care they shall understand how little I come for. In the mean time, you see it is my fault if I am not a favourite, but, alas! I am not heavy enough to be tossed in a blanket, like Doddington; I should never come down again; I cannot be driven in a royal curricule to wells and waters; I can't make love now to my coteremporary Charlotte Dives; I cannot quit Mufti and my parroquet for sir William Irby,<sup>1</sup> and the prattle of a drawing-room, nor Mrs. Clive for

<sup>1</sup> Created in 1761, baron Boston, of Boston, county of Lincoln. He had been successively page of honour to George I. and George II.; equerry to Frederick prince of Wales, on his first arrival in England; and chamberlain to Augusta, princess of Wales. He married, 26th August, 1746, Albinia, eldest daughter of Henry Selwyn, esq.; and died 30th March, 1775; he was succeeded by his son Frederick, father of George, the present and third lord. [Ed.]

Ælia Lælia Chudleigh; in short, I could give up nothing but an earldom of Eglington, and yet I foresee, that this phantom of the reversion of a reversion will make me plagued; I shall have lord Egmont whisper me again; and every tall woman and strong man, that comes to town, will make interest with me to get the duke of York to come and see them. Oh! dreadful, dreadful! It is plain I never was a patriot, for I don't find my virtue a bit staggered by this first glimpse of court sunshine.

Mr. Conway has pressed to command the new Quixotism on foot, and has been refused; I sing a very comfortable *Te Deum* for it. Kingsley, Craufurd, and Keppel are the generals, and commodore Keppel the admiral. The mob are sure of being pleased; they will get a conquest, or a court-martial. A very unpleasant thing has happened to the Keppels; the youngest brother, who had run in debt at Gibraltar, and was fetched away to be sent to Germany, gave them the slip at the first port they touched at in Spain, surrendered himself to the Spanish governor, has changed his religion, and sent for a —, that had been taken from him at Gibraltar; *naturam expellas furcâ*. There's the true blood of Charles the second sacrificing every thing for popery and a —

Lord Bolingbroke, on hearing the name of lady Coventry at Newmarket, affected to burst into tears, and left the room, not to hide his crying, but his not crying.

Draper has handsomely offered to go on the expedition, and goes. Ned Finch, t'other day, on the conquest of Montreal, wished the king joy of having lost no subjects, but those that perished in the *rabbits*. Fitzroy asked him if he thought they crossed the great American lakes in such little boats as one goes in to Vauxhall? he replied, "Yes, Mr. Pitt said the *rabbits*" — it was in the falls, the *rapids*.

I like lord John almost as well as Fred. Montague; and I like your letter better than lord John; the application of Miss Falkener was charming. Good night!

Yours ever.

P.S. If I had been told in June that I should have the gout, and kiss hands before November, I don't think I should have given much credit to the prophet.



To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, October 25, 1760.

I tell a lie, I am at Mr Chute's.

WAS ever so agreeable a man as king George the second, to die the very day it was necessary to save me from a ridicule? I was to have kissed hands to-morrow—but you will not care a farthing about that now; so I must tell you all I know of departed majesty. He went to bed well last night, rose at six this morning as usual, looked, I suppose, if all his money was in his purse, and called for his chocolate. A little after seven, he went into the water-closet; the German *valet de chambre* heard a noise, listened, heard something like a groan, ran in, and found the hero of Oudenarde and Dettingen on the floor, with a gash on his right temple, by falling against the corner of a bureau. He tried to speak, could not, and expired. Princess Emily was called, found him dead, and wrote to the prince. I know not a syllable, but am come to see and hear as much as I can. I fear you will *cry and roar all night*, but one could not keep it from you. For my part, like a new courtier, I comfort myself, considering what a gracious prince comes next. Behold my luck. I wrote to lord Bute, thrust in all the *unexpecteds, want of ambition, disinterestedness, &c.* that I could amass, gilded with as much duty, affection, zeal, &c. as possible. I received a very gracious sensible answer, and was to have been presented to-morrow, and the talk of the few people, that are in town, for a week. Now I shall be lost in the crowd, shall be as well there as I desire to be, have done what was right, they know I want nothing, may be civil to me very cheaply, and I can go and see the puppet-show for this next month at my ease: but perhaps, you will think all this a piece of art; to be sure I have timed my court as luckily as possible, and contrived to be the last person in England that made interest with the successor. You see virtue and philosophy always prone to know the world and their own interest. However, I am not so abandoned a patriot yet, as to desert my friends immediately; you shall hear now and then the events of this new reign—if I am not made secretary of state—if I am, I shall certainly take care to let you know it.

I had already begun to think that the lawyers for once talked sense, when they said the *king never dies*. He probably got his death, as he liked to have done two years ago, by viewing the troops for the expedition, from the wall of Kensington garden. My lady Suffolk told me about a month ago that he had often told her, speaking of the dampness of Kensington, that he would never die there. For my part, my man Harry will always be a favourite; he tells me all the amusing news; he first told me of the late prince of Wales's death, and to-day of the king's.

Thank you, Mr. Chute is as well as can be expected—in *this national affliction*. Sir Robert Brown has left every thing to my lady—ay, every thing; I believe his very avarice.

Lord Huntingtower wrote to offer his father eight thousand pounds of Charlotte's fortune, if he would give them one thousand a-year in present, and settle a jointure on her. The earl returned this truly laconic, for being so unnatural, an answer. "Lord Huntingtower, I answer your letter as soon as I receive it; I wish you joy; I hear your wife is very accomplished. Yours, Dysart." I believe my lady Huntingtower must contrive to make it convenient for *me*, that my lord Dysart should die—and then he will. I expect to be a very respectable personage in time, and to have my tomb set forth like the lady Margaret Douglas, that I had four earls to my nephews, though I never was one myself. Adieu! I must go govern the nation.

Yours ever.

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TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Arlington-street, October 26, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

I beg your pardon for so long a silence in the late reign; I knew nothing worth telling you; and the great event of this morning you will certainly hear before it comes to you by so sober and regular a personage as the postman. The few circumstances known yet are, that the king went well to-bed last night; rose well at six this morning; went to the water-closet a little after seven; had a fit, fell against a bureau, and gashed his right temple: the *valet-de-chambre* heard a noise and a groan, and

ran in: the king tried to speak, but died instantly. I should hope this would draw you southward: such scenes are worth looking at, even by people who regard them with such indifference as your lordship or I. I say no more, for what will mix in a letter with the death of a king!

I am my lady's and your lordship's  
most faithful servant.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Tuesday, Oct. 28.

THE new reign dates with great propriety and decency; the civilest letter to princess Emily; the greatest kindness to the duke; the utmost respect to the dead body. No changes to be made but those absolutely necessary, as the household, &c.—and what some will think the most unnecessary, in the representative of power. There are but two new cabinet counsellors named; the duke of York, and lord Bute, so it must be one of them. The princess does not remove to St. James's, so I don't believe it will be she. To-day, England kissed hands, so did I, and it is more comfortable to kiss hands with all England, than to have all England ask why one kisses hands. Well! my virtue is safe: I had a gracious reception, and yet I am almost as impatient to return to Strawberry, as I was to leave it on the news. There is great dignity and grace in the king's manner. I don't say this, like my dear Madame de Sevigné, because he was civil to me, but the part is well acted. If they do as well behind the scenes, as upon the stage, it will be a very complete reign. Hollinshed, or Baker<sup>1</sup>, would think it begins well, that is, begins ill; it has rained without intermission, and yesterday there came a cargo of bad news, all which, you know, are similar omens to a man, who writes history upon the information of the clouds. Berlin is taken by the Prussians<sup>2</sup>, the hereditary prince beaten by the French. Poor lord Downe has had three wounds. He and your brother's Billy Pitt are prisoners.

<sup>1</sup> Authors of the 'Chronicles' which bear their names. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> The Russians and Austrians obtained possession of Berlin while Frederic was employed in watching the great Austrian army. They were however soon driven out of it. [Ed.]

Johnny Waldegrave was shot through the hat and through the coat; and would have been shot through the body, if he had had any. Irish Johnson is wounded in the hand; Ned Harvey somewhere; and prince Ferdinand mortally in his reputation for sending this wild detachment. Mr. Pitt has another reign to set to rights. The duke of Cumberland has taken lord Sandwich's, in Pall-mall; lord Chesterfield has offered his house to princess Emily; and if they live at Hampton-court, as I suppose his court will, I may as well offer Strawberry for a royal nursery; for at best it will become a cake-house; 'tis such a convenient airing for the maids of honour. If I was not forced in conscience to own to you, that my own curiosity is exhausted, I would ask you, if you would not come and look at this new world; but a new world only re-acted by old players is not much worth seeing; I shall return on Saturday. The parliament is prorogued till the day it was to have met: the will is not opened; what can I tell you more? Would it be news that all is hopes and fears, and that great lords look as if they dreaded wanting bread? would this be news? believe me, it all grows stale soon. I had not seen such a sight these three and thirty years: I came eagerly to town; I laughed for three days: I am tired already. Good night!

Yours ever.

P.S. I smiled to myself last night. Out of excess of attention, which costs me nothing, when I mean it should cost nobody else any thing, I went last night to Kensington to inquire after princess Emily and lady Yarmouth:<sup>3</sup> nobody knew me, they asked my name. When they heard it, they did not seem ever to have heard it before, even in that house. I waited half an hour in a lodge with a footman of lady Yarmouth's; I would not have waited so long in her room a week ago; now it only diverted me. Even moralizing is entertaining, when one laughs at the same time: but I pity those who don't moralize till they cry.

<sup>3</sup> Madame de Walmoden, Countess of Yarmouth, mistress of George the Second. [Ed.]

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, October 31, 1760.

WHEN you have changed the cypher of George the second into that of George the third, and have read the addresses, and have shifted a few lords and grooms of the bed-chamber, you are master of the history of the new reign, which is indeed but a new lease of the old one. The *Favourite* took it up in a high style ; but having, like my lord Granville, forgot to ensure either house of parliament, or the mob, the third house of parliament, he drove all the rest to unite. They have united, and have notified their resolution of governing as before : not but the duke of Newcastle cried for his old master, desponded for himself, protested he would retire, consulted every body whose interest it was to advise him to stay, and has accepted to-day, thrusting the dregs of his ridiculous life into a young court, which will at least be saved from the imputation of childishness, by being governed by folly of seventy years growth.

The young king has all the appearance of being amiable. There is great grace to temper much dignity and extreme good-nature, which breaks out on all occasions. Even the household is not settled yet. The greatest difficulty is the master of the horse. Lord Huntingdon is so by all precedent ; lord Gower,<sup>1</sup> I believe, will be so. Poor lord Rochford is undone : nobody is unreasonable to save him. The duke of Cumberland has taken Schomberg-house in Pall-mall ; princess Emily is dealing for sir Richard Lyttleton's in Cavendish-square. People imagined the duke of Devonshire had lent her Burlington-house ; I don't know why, unless they supposed she was to succeed my lady Burlington in every thing.

A week has finished my curiosity fully ; I return to Strawberry to-morrow, and I fear, go next week to Houghton, to make an appearance of civility to Lynn,<sup>2</sup> whose favour I never asked, nor care if I have or not ; but I don't know how to refuse this attention to lord Orford, who begs it.

<sup>1</sup> The Right Hon. Granville Leveson, Earl Gower, was appointed, 25th November 1760, keeper of the Great Wardrobe, in the room of sir Thomas Robinson, and was succeeded as master of the horse by Francis, earl of Huntingdon. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> For which place he was a member. [Ed.]

I trust you will have approved my behaviour at court, that is, my mixing extreme politeness with extreme indifference. Our predecessors, the philosophers of ancient days, knew not how to be disinterested without brutality ; I pique myself on founding a new sect. My followers are to tell kings, with excess of attention, that they don't want them, and to despise favour with more good-breeding than others practise in suing for it. We are a thousand times a greater nation than the Grecians ; why are we to imitate them ! Our sense is as great, our follies greater ; sure we have all the pretensions to superiority ! Adieu.

Yours ever.

P. S. As to the fair widow B—n,<sup>3</sup> I assure you the devil never sowed two hundred thousand pounds in a more fruitful soil ; every guinea has taken root already. I saw her yesterday ; it shall be some time before I see her again.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, November 4, 1760.

I AM not gone to Houghton, you see ; my lord Orford is come to town, and I have persuaded him to stay and perform decencies.

King George the second is dead richer than sir Robert Brown, though perhaps not so rich as my lord Hardwicke. He has left fifty thousand pounds between the duke, Emily, and Mary ; the duke has given up his share. To lady Yarmouth a cabinet, with the contents ; they call it eleven thousand pounds. By a German deed he gives the duke to the value of one hundred and eighty thousand pounds, placed on mortgages, not immediately recoverable. He had once given him twice as much more, then revoked it, and at last excused the revocation, on the pretence of the expenses of the war ; but owns he was the best son that ever lived, and had never offended him ; a pretty strong comment on the affair of Closterseven!<sup>1</sup> He gives him, besides, all

<sup>3</sup> Lady Brown. [Ed.]

<sup>1</sup> The capitulation in 1757, called the treaty of Closterseven, by which the Duke of Cumberland commanding 38,000 Hanoverians was obliged to surrender to the French under Marshall D'Estrees. [Ed.]

his jewels in England ; but had removed all the best to Hanover, which he makes crown jewels, and his successor residuary legatee. The duke too has some uncounted cabinets. My lady Suffolk has given me a particular of his jewels, which plainly amount to one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. It happened oddly to my lady Suffolk. Two days before he died, she went to make a visit at Kensington, not knowing of the review ; she found herself hemmed in by coaches, and was close to him, whom she had not seen for so many years, and to my lady Yarmouth ; but they did not know her ; it struck her, and has made her very sensible to his death.

The changes hang back. Nothing material has been altered yet. Ned Finch,<sup>2</sup> the only thing my lady Yarmouth told the new king she had to ask for, is made surveyor of the roads, in the room of sir Harry Erskine, who is to have an old regiment. He excuses himself from seeing company, as favourite of the favourite. Arthur is removed from being clerk of the wine-cellar, a sacrifice to morality ! The archbishop has such hopes of the young king, that he is never out of the circle. He trod upon the duke's foot on Sunday, in the haste of his zeal ; the duke said to him, " My lord, if your grace is in such a hurry to make your court, that is the way." Bon-mots come thicker than changes. Charles Townshend, receiving an account of the impression the king's death had made, was told Miss Chudleigh cried. " What," said he, " Oysters ?" And last night Mr. Dauncey, asking George Selwyn if princess Amelia would have a guard ? he replied, " Now and then one, I suppose."

An extraordinary event has happened to-day ; George Townshend sent a challenge to lord Albemarle, desiring him to be with a second in the fields. Lord Albemarle took colonel Crawford, and went to Mary-bone ; George Townshend bespoke lord Buckingham, who loves a secret too well not to tell it : he communicated it to Stanley, who went to St. James's, and acquainted Mr. Caswall, the captain on guard. The latter took a hackney-coach, drove to Mary-bone, and saw one pair. After

<sup>2</sup> Brother of the earl of Winchelsea, noted for the darkness of his complexion, which is elsewhere noticed by Walpole, who says 'as black as Ned Finch.' The family generally were very swarthy, on which account they were styled in one of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams' odes : '*The Black funereal Finches.*' [Ed.]

waiting ten minutes, the others came ; Townshend made an apology to lord Albemarle for making him wait—" Oh !" said he, " Men of spirit don't want apologies ; come, let us begin what we came for." At that instant, out steps Caswall from his coach, and begs their pardon, as his superior officers, but told them they were his prisoners ; he desired Mr. Townshend and lord Buckingham to return to their coach, he would carry back lord Albemarle and Crawford in his. He did, and went to acquaint the king, who has commissioned some of the matrons of the army to examine the affair, and make it up. All this while, I don't know what the quarrel was, but they hated one another so much on the duke's account, that a slight word would easily make their aversions boil over.

Don't you, nor even your general, come to town on this occasion ? Good night !

Yours ever.

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, November 13, 1760.

EVEN the honey-moon of a new reign don't produce events every day. There is nothing but the common saying of addresses and kissing hands. The chief difficulty is settled ; lord Gower yields the mastership of the horse to lord Huntingdon, and removes to the great wardrobe, from whence sir Thomas Robinson was to have gone into Ellis's place, but he is saved. The city however have a mind to be out of humour ; a paper has been fixed on the Royal Exchange, with these words—" No petticoat government, no Scotch minister, no lord George Sackville ;" two hints totally unfounded, and the other scarce true. No petticoat ever governed less ; it is left at Leicester-house ; lord George's breeches are as little concerned ; and, except lady Susan Stuart<sup>1</sup> and sir Harry Erskine,<sup>2</sup> nothing has yet been done for any Scots. For the king himself, he seems all good-nature, and wishing to satisfy every body ; all his speeches are obliging.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Susan Stuart was appointed lady of the bed-chamber to the princess Augusta. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Sir Harry Erskine received the Colonelcy of the 67th Foot. [Ed.]



I saw him again yesterday, and was surprised to find the levee room had lost so entirely the air of the lion's den. This sovereign don't stand in one spot, with his eyes fixed royally on the ground, and dropping bits of German news; he walks about and speaks to every body. I saw him afterwards on the throne, where he is graceful and genteel, sits with dignity, and reads his answers to addresses well; it was the Cambridge address, carried by the duke of Newcastle in his doctor's gown, and looking like the *medecin malgré lui*. He had been vehemently solicitous for attendance, for fear my lord Westmoreland, who vouchsafes himself to bring the address from Oxford, should out-number him. Lord Litchfield and several other jacobites have kissed hands; George Selwyn says, "They go to St. James's, because now there are so many *Stuarts* there."

Do you know I had the curiosity to go to the burying t'other night; I had never seen a royal funeral; nay, I walked as a rag of quality, which I found would be, and so it was, the easiest way of seeing it. It is absolutely a noble sight. The prince's chamber<sup>3</sup>, hung with purple, and a quantity of silver lamps, the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers of silver on high stands, had a very good effect. The ambassador from Tripoli and his son were carried to see that chamber. The procession, through a line of foot-guards, every seventh man bearing a torch, the horse-guards lining the outside, their officers with drawn sabres and crape sashes on horseback, the drums muffled, the fifes, bells tolling, and minute guns,—all this was very solemn. But the charm was the entrance of the abbey, where we were received by the dean and chapter in rich robes, the choir and almsmen bearing torches; the whole abbey so illuminated, that one saw it to greater advantage than by day; the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof, all appearing distinctly, and with the happiest *chiara scuro*. There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and there, with priests saying mass for the repose of the defunct; yet one could not complain of its not being catholic enough. I had been in dread of being coupled with some boy of ten years old; but the heralds were

<sup>3</sup> The funeral of George the second, took place on the 11th of November; the procession marched from the Prince's chamber near the House of Peers, whither it had been removed from Kensington on the preceding night, to the great north door of Westminster Abbey. [Ed.]

not very accurate, and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older, to keep me in countenance. When we came to the chapel of Henry the seventh, all solemnity and decorum ceased; no order was observed, people sat or stood where they could or would; the yeomen of the guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin; the bishop<sup>4</sup> read sadly, and blundered in the prayers; the fine chapter, *Man that is born of a woman*, was chaunted, not read, and the anthem, besides being immensurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part was the figure of the duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark-brown adonis, and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant: his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes, and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend; think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass, to spy who was or who was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the duke of Newcastle standing upon his train, to avoid the chill of the marble. It was very theatric to look down into the vault, where the coffin lay, attended by mourners with lights. Clavering, the groom of the bed-chamber, refused to sit up with the body, and was dismissed by the king's order.

I have nothing more to tell you, but a trifle, a very trifle. The king of Prussia has totally defeated marshal Daun.<sup>5</sup> This

<sup>4</sup> Dr. Zacharey Pearce, Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster. [Ed.]

<sup>5</sup> On the 3d of November at Torgua, after an engagement which lasted from two in the afternoon until nine at night. [Ed.]

which would have been prodigious news a month ago, is nothing to-day; it only takes its turn among the questions, "Who is to be groom of the bed-chamber?"<sup>6</sup> what is sir T. Robinson to have?"<sup>7</sup> I have been to Leicester-fields to-day; the crowd was immoderate; I don't believe it will continue so. Good night!

Yours ever.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Thursday, 1760.

As a codicil to my letter, I send you the bed-chamber. There are to be eighteen lords, and thirteen grooms; all the late king's remain, but your cousin Manchester, lord Falconberg, lord Essex, and lord Hyndford, replaced by the duke of Richmond, lord Weymouth, lord March, and lord Eglington; the last at the request of the duke of York. Instead of Clavering, Nassau, and general Campbell, who is promised something else, lord Northampton's brother and commodore Keppel are grooms. When it was offered to the duke of Richmond, he said he could not accept of it, unless something was done for colonel Keppel, for whom he has interested himself; that it would look like sacrificing Keppel to his own views. This is handsome; Keppel is to be equerry.

Princess Amelia goes every where, as she calls it; she was on Monday at lady Holderness's, and next Monday is to be at Bedford-house; but there is only the late king's set, and the court of Bedford; so she makes the houses of other people as triste as St. James's was. Good night!

Not a word more of the king of Prussia: did you ever know a victory mind the wind so?—

<sup>6</sup> Norborne Berkeley (afterwards lord Botetourt), George Pitt, created in 1776 baron Rivers of Strathfieldsaye, and William North were appointed grooms of the bed-chamber. [Ed.]

<sup>7</sup> Sir Thomas Robinson was created a peer by the title of lord Grantham of Grantham in Lincolnshire, April 4th 1761. He gave up the seals of Secretary of State in 1755, and was made master of the Great Wardrobe with a pension of £2,000 a year on the Irish establishment for thirty-one years. [Ed.]

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Monday, November 24, 1760.

UNLESS I were to send you journals, lists, catalogues, computations of the bodies, tides, swarms of people that go to court to present addresses, or to be presented, I can tell you nothing new. The day the king went to the house, I was three-quarters of an hour getting through Whitehall: there were subjects enough to set up half-a-dozen petty kings: the pretender would be proud to reign over the footmen only; and, indeed, unless he acquires some of them, he will have no subjects left; all their masters flock to St. James's. The palace is so thronged, that I will stay till some people are discontented. The first night the king went to the play, which was civilly on a Friday, not on the opera night, as he used to do, the whole audience sung God save the King in chorus. For the first act, the press was so great at the door, that no ladies could go to the boxes, and only the servants appeared there, who kept places: at the end of the second act, the whole mob broke in and seated themselves: yet all this zeal is not likely to last, though he so well deserves it. Seditious papers are again stuck up: one t'other day in Westminster-hall declared against a Saxe-Gothan princess. The archbishop, who is never out of the drawing-room, has great hopes from the king's goodness, that he shall make something of him, that is something bad of him. On the address, Pitt and his zany Beckford quarrelled, on the latter's calling the campaign languid. What is become of our magnanimous ally and his victory, I know not. In eleven days, no courier has arrived from him; but I have been these two days perfectly indifferent about his magnanimity. I am come to put my Anecdotes of Painting into the press. You are one of the few that I expect will be entertained with it. It has warmed Gray's coldness so much, that he is violent about it; in truth, there is an infinite quantity of new and curious things about it; but as it is quite foreign from all popular topics, I don't suppose it will be much attended to. There is not a word of methodism in it, it says nothing of the disturbances in Ireland, it does not propose to keep all Canada, it neither flattered the king of Prus-

sia nor prince Ferdinand ; it does not say that the city of London are the wisest men in the world, it is silent about George Townshend, and does not abuse my lord George Sackville—how should it please ? I want you to help me in a little affair, that regards it. I have found in a MS. that in the church of Beckley, or Becksley, in Sussex, there are portraits on glass in a window of Henry the Third and his queen. I have looked in the map, and find the first name between Bodiham and Rye, but I am not sure it is the place. I will be much obliged to you if you will write directly to your sir Whistler, and beg him to inform himself very exactly if there is any such thing in such a church near Bodiham. Pray state it minutely ; because if there is, I will have them drawn for the frontispiece to my work.

Did I tell you that the archbishop tried to hinder the Minor from being played at Drury-lane ? for once the duke of Devonshire was firm, and would only let him correct some passages, and even of those the duke has restored some. One that the prelate effaced was, " You snub-nosed son of a bitch." Foote says he will take out a licence to preach Tam. Cant, against Tom Cant.

The first volume of Voltaire's Peter the Great is arrived. I weep over it. It is as languid as the campaign ; he is grown old. He boasts of the materials communicated to him by the czarina's order—but, alas ! he need not be proud of them. They only serve to show how much worse he writes history with materials than without. Besides, it is evident how much that authority has cramped his genius. I had heard before, that when he sent the work to Petersburg for imperial approbation, it was returned with orders to increase the panegyric. I wish he had acted like a very inferior author. Knyphausen once hinted to me, that I might have some authentic papers, if I was disposed to write the life of his master ; but I did not care for what would lay me under such restrictions. It is not fair to use weapons against the persons that lend them ; and I do not admire his master enough to commend any thing in him, but his military actions. Adieu !

Yours ever,

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Dec. 11, 1760.

I THANK you for the inquiries about the painted glass, and shall be glad if I prove to be in the right.

There is not much of news to tell you ; and yet there is much dissatisfaction. The duke of Newcastle has threatened to resign on the appointment of lord Oxford and lord Bruce without his knowledge.<sup>1</sup> His court rave about Tories, which you know comes with a singular grace from them, as the duke never preferred any. Murray, lord Gower, sir John Cotton, Jack Pitt, &c. &c. &c. were all firm Whigs. But it is unpardonable to put an end to all faction, when it is not for factious purposes. Lord Fitzmaurice,<sup>2</sup> made *aid-de-camp* to the king, has disgusted the army. The duke of Richmond, whose brother has no more been put over others than the duke of Newcastle has preferred 'Tories, has presented a warm memorial in a warm manner, and has resigned the bed-chamber, not his regiment—another propriety.

Propriety is so much in fashion, that Miss Chudleigh has called for the council-books of the subscription concert, and has struck off the name of Mrs. Naylor.<sup>3</sup> I have some thoughts of remonstrating, that general Waldegrave is too *lean* for to be a groom of the bed-chamber. Mr. Chute has sold his house to Miss Speed for three thousand pounds, and has taken one for a year in Berkeley-square.

This is a very brief letter ; I fear this reign will soon furnish

<sup>1</sup> The earl of Oxford and lord Bruce were appointed lords of the bed-chamber. The latter, Thomas Bruce Brudenel, lord Bruce of Tottenham, was the youngest son of George third earl of Cardigan, by lady Elizabeth Bruce, daughter of Thomas, second earl of Ailesbury in the peerage of England, and third earl of Elgin, in Scotland, and succeeded to the title of lord Bruce on the death of Charles, earl of Ailesbury, 10th February, 1746-7, when the title of earl of Ailesbury became extinct. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> William lord Viscount Fitzmaurice, afterwards the celebrated earl of Shelbourne, who was, on the death of the marquis of Rockingham, nominated prime minister, and on the 30th November 1784, created marquess of Lansdowne, was son of John first earl of Shelbourne, who was created a peer of England by the title of baron Wycombe, on the 20th May 1760, and died 10th May 1761. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> Mrs. Naylor was a noted procuress of the day, and Miss Chudley, the mistress, and afterwards the wife of the duke of Kingston. [Ed.]

longer. When the last king could be beloved, a young man with a good heart has little chance of being so. Moreover, I have a maxim, that *the extinction of party is the origin of faction*. Good night !

Yours ever.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Jan. 22, 1761.

I AM glad you are coming, and now the time is over, that you are coming so late, as I like to have you here in the spring. You will find no great novelty in the new reign. Lord Denbigh<sup>1</sup> is made master of the harriers with two thousand a-year. Lord Temple asked it, and Newcastle and Hardwicke gave into it for fear of Denbigh's brutality in the house of lords. Does this differ from the style of George the second.

The king designs to have a new motto ; he will not have a French one, so the pretender may enjoy *Dieu et mon droit* in quiet.

Princess Amelia is already sick of being familiar ; she has been at Northumberland-house, but goes to nobody more. That party was larger, but still more formal than the rest, though the duke of York had invited himself and his comestable. I played with madam \* \* \* \*, and we were mightily well together ; so well, that two nights afterwards she commended me to Mr Conway and Mr. Fox ; but calling me *that Mr. Walpole*, they did not guess who she meant. For my part, I thought it very well, that when I played with her, she did not call me *that gentleman*. As she went away, *she thanked my lady Northumberland, like a parson's wife, for all her civilities*.

I was excessively amused on Tuesday night ; there was a play at Holland-house, acted by children ; not all children, for lady Sarah Lenox<sup>2</sup> and lady Susan Strangways<sup>3</sup> played the

<sup>1</sup> Basil Fielding, sixth earl of Denbigh, and fifth earl of Desmond. His lordship died in 1800, and having survived his son William Robert, viscount Fielding, who died 8th August 1799, was succeeded by his grandson, the present earl. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Lady Sarah Lenox, daughter of Charles second duke of Richmond, was afterwards married to sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, bart. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> Lady Susannah Sarah Strangeways, daughter of Stephen Fox, first earl of Ilchester, born 12th February 1743, died 9th August 1827, having married, 7th April 1764, William O'Brien, esq. [Ed.]

women: it was Jane Shore; Mr. Price, lord Barrington's nephew, was Gloster, and acted better than three parts of the comedians. Charles Fox,<sup>4</sup> Hastings; a little Nichols, who spoke well, Belmour; lord Ofaly,<sup>5</sup> lord Ashbroke, and other boys, did the rest: but the two girls were delightful, and acted with so much nature and simplicity, that they appeared the very things they represented. Lady Sarah was more beautiful than you can conceive, and her very awkwardness gave an air of truth to the shame of the part, and the antiquity of the time, which was kept up by her dress, taken out of Montfaucon. Lady Susan was dressed from Jane Seymour, and all the parts were clothed in ancient habits, and with the most minute propriety. I was infinitely more struck with the last scene between the two women, than ever I was when I have seen it on the stage. When lady Sarah was in white, with her hair about her ears and on the ground, no Magdalen by Corregio was half so lovely and expressive. You would have been charmed, too, with seeing Mr. Fox's<sup>6</sup> little boy of six years old, who is beautiful, and acted the bishop of Ely, drest in lawn sleeves and with a square cap; they had inserted two lines for him, which he could hardly speak plainly. Francis had given them a pretty prologue.

You give me no account from Mr. Whistler of the painted glass; do press him for an answer. Adieu!

Yours ever.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Feb. 7, 1761.

I HAVE not written to you lately, expecting your arrival. As you are not come yet, you need not come these ten days, if you please, for I go next week into Norfolk, that my subjects of Lynn

<sup>4</sup> Charles James Fox, third son of the first lord Holland, the celebrated leader of the Whig party, who died 13th September 1806; he was then just twelve years of age. [Ed.]

<sup>5</sup> George lord Offaley, eldest son of James Fitzgerald, marquis of Kildare, and viscount Leinster, created in 1766 duke of Leinster, by the lady Mary Lennox, daughter of Charles second duke of Richmond, born 15th January 1748, died 26th September 1765. [Ed.]

<sup>6</sup> The Hon. General Henry Edward Fox, born 4th March 1755, died 18th July 1811, having married 14th November 1786, Marian, second daughter of William Clayton, esq. [Ed.]



may at least once in their lives see me. 'Tis a horrible thing to dine with a mayor! I shall profane king John's cup, and taste nothing but water out of it, as if it were St. John Baptist's.

Prepare yourself for crowds, multitudes. In this reign all the world lives in one room. The capital is as vulgar as a country town in the season of horse-races. There were no fewer than four of these throngs on Tuesday last, at the duke of Cumberland's, princess Emily's, the opera, and lady Northumberland's; for even operas, Tuesday's operas, are crowded now. There is nothing else new. Last week there was a magnificent ball at Carleton-house: the two royal dukes and princess Emily were there. He of York danced; the other and his sister had each their table at loo. I played at her's, and am grown a favourite; nay, have been at her private party, and was asked again last Wednesday, but took the liberty to excuse myself, and yet am again summoned for Tuesday. It is triste enough: nobody sits till the game begins, and then she and the company are all on stools. At Norfolk-house, were two arm-chairs placed for her and the duke of Cumberland, the duke of York being supposed a dancer, but they would not use them. Lord Huntingdon arrived in a frock, pretending he was just come out of the country; unluckily, he had been at court, full dressed, in the morning. No foreigners were there but the son and daughter-in-law of Monsieur de Fuentes: the duchess told the duchess of Bedford that she had not invited the ambassadress, because her rank is disputed here. You remember the Bedford took place of Madame de Mirepoix; but Madame de Mora danced first, the duchess of Norfolk saying she supposed that was of no consequence.

Have you heard what immense riches old Wortley<sup>1</sup> has left? One million three hundred and fifty thousand pounds. It is all to centre in my lady Bute; her husband is one of fortune's prodigies. They talk of a print, in which her mistress is reprimanding Miss Chudleigh, the latter curtsies and replies, "*Madame, chacun a son but.*"

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. Edward Wortley Montagu, uncle to the earl of Sandwich, husband of the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, by whom he had two children, a son Edward, who was disinherited, and died without issue in 1746, and a daughter Mary, married to John third earl of Bute, and created baroness Mount-Stuart, with remainder to her issue male by the earl. [Ed.]

Have you seen a scandalous letter in print, from Miss F \* \* \* \*  
to lord Jersey, with the history of a boar's head? George Selwyn calls him Meleager. Adieu! this is positively my last.

Yours ever.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Monday, five o'clock, February, 1761.

I AM a little peevish with you—I told you on Thursday night that I had a mind to go to Strawberry on Friday without staying for the qualification-bill. You said it did not signify—No! What if *you* intended to speak on it? Am I indifferent to hearing you?—More—Am I indifferent about acting with you? Would not I follow you in any thing in the world?—This is saying no profligate thing. Is there any thing I might not follow you in? You even did not tell me yesterday that you had spoken. Yet I will tell you all I have heard; though if there was a point in the world in which I could not wish you to succeed where you wish yourself, perhaps it would be in having you employed. I cannot be cool about your danger; yet I cannot know any thing that concerns you, and keep it from you. Charles Townshend called here just after I came to town to-day. Among other

\* Miss Ford, the writer of the letter in question, appears to have been the object of an illicit, but unsuccessful attachment on the part of Lord Jersey, whose advances if not sanctioned by the lady, appear to have been sanctioned by her father, who told her *she might have accepted the settlement his lordship offered her, and yet not have complied with his terms.* The following strange extracts from the letter will explain the history alluded to by Walpole.

"However I must do your lordship the justice to say, that as you conceived this meeting (one with a noble personage which Lord Jersey had desired her not to make) would have been most pleasing to me, and perhaps of some advantage, your lordship did (in consideration of so great a disappointment) send me, a few days after, a present of a boar's head, which I had often had the honour to meet at your lordship's table before. It was rather an odd first, and only present from a lord to his beloved mistress; but its coming from your lordship gave it an additional value, which it had not in itself; and I received it with the regard I thought due to every thing coming from your lordship, and would have eat it, *had it been edible.* \* \* \* \* I am impatient to acquit your lordship and myself, by showing that as your lordship's eight hundred pounds a year did not purchase my person, the boar's head did not purchase my silence." [Ed.]

discourse he told me of your speaking on Friday, and that your speech was reckoned hostile to the duke of Newcastle. Then talking of regiments going abroad, he said, \* \* \* \*

With regard to your reserve to me, I can easily believe that your natural modesty made you unwilling to talk of yourself to me. I don't suspect you of any reserve to me: I only mention it now for an occasion of telling you that I don't like to have any body think that I would not do whatever you do. I am of no consequence: but at least it would give me some, to act invariably with you; and that I shall most certainly be ever ready to do. Adieu ! . Yours ever.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, March 7, 1761.

I REJOICE, you know, in whatever rejoices you, and, though I am not certain what your situation<sup>1</sup> is to be, I am glad you go as you like it. I am told it is black rod. Lady Anne Jekyll<sup>2</sup> said, she had written to you on Saturday night. I asked when her brother was to go, if before August; she answered: Yes, if possible." Long before October you may depend upon it; in the quietest times no lord lieutenant ever went so late as that. Shall not you come to town first? You cannot pack up yourself, and all you will want, at Greatworth.

We are in the utmost hopes of a peace; a congress is agreed upon at Augsbourg, but yesterday's mail brought bad news. Prince Ferdinand has been obliged to raise the siege of Cassel, and to retire to Paderborn; the hereditary prince having been again defeated, with the loss of two generals, and to the value of five thousand men, in prisoners and exchanged. If this defers the peace it will be grievous news to me, now Mr. Conway is gone to the army.

The town talks of nothing but an immediate queen, yet I am certain the ministers know not of it. Her picture is come, and lists of her family given about; but the latter I do not send you, as I believe it apocryphal. Adieu !

Yours ever.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Montagu was appointed usher of the black rod in Ireland. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> Sister of the earl of Halifax. [Or.]

P. S. Have you seen the advertisement of a new noble author? A Treatise of Horsemanship, by Henry earl of Pembroke!<sup>3</sup> As George Selwyn said of Mr. Greville; "so far from being a writer, I thought he was scarce a courteous reader."

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, March 17, 1761.

IF my last letter raised your wonder, this will not allay it. Lord Talbot is lord steward!<sup>1</sup> The stone, which the builders refused, is become the head-stone of the corner. My lady Talbot, I suppose, would have found no charms in cardinal Mazarin. As the duke of Leeds was forced to give way to Jemmy Grenville, the duke of Rutland has been obliged to make room for this new earl. Lord Huntingdon is groom of the stole, and the last duke I have named, master of the horse: the red liveries cost lord Huntingdon a pang. Lord Holderness has the reversion of the Cinque ports for life, and I think may pardon his expulsion.

If you propose a fashionable assembly, you must send cards to lord Spenser, lord Grosvenor, lord Melcomb, lord Grantham, lord Boston, lord Scarsdale, lady Mountstuart, the earl of Tyrconnell, and lord Wintertown. The two last you will meet in Ireland. No joy ever exceeded your cousin's or Doddington's: the former came last night to lady Hilsborough's to display his triumph; the latter, too, was there, and advanced to me. I said, "I was coming to wish you joy"—"I concluded so," replied he,

<sup>3</sup> It was under the patronage and advice of this nobleman that Mr. Davis, who was for so many years the respected proprietor of Astley's amphitheatre, acquired his unequalled knowledge of the "*Manège*." [Ed.]

<sup>1</sup> His lordship was appointed Lord Steward, and received the earldom on the occasion. He married, February 1734, Mary, daughter and sole heir of Adam de Cardonell, esq., by whom, who died 5th April, 1787, he had a son, William lord Hensol, born November 5th, 1739, died ———, and an only surviving daughter Lady Cecil. His lordship was created in 1780, baron Dynevor, with remainder failing his issue male, to his daughter Cecil and her issue male: and dying in 1782, the earldom became extinct, the barony of Talbot devolved on his nephew John Chetwynd, third lord, in whose favour the earldom was revived, and the barony of Dynevor on his daughter. [Ed.]

"and came to receive it." He left a good card yesterday at lady Petersham; a very young lord to wait on lady Petersham, to make her ladyship the first offer of himself. I believe she will be content with the exchequer: Mrs. Grey has a pension of eight hundred pounds a-year.

Mrs. Clive is at her villa for Passion-week; I have written to her for the box, but I don't doubt of its being gone; but, considering her alliance, why does not Miss Price bespeak the play and have the stage box.

I shall smile if Mr. Bentley, and Müntz, and their two Han-nahs meet at St. James's; so as I see neither of them, I care not where they are.

Lady Hinchinbrook and lady Mansel are at the point of death; lord Hardwicke is to be poet-laureate; and, according to modern usage, I suppose it will be made a cabinet-counsellor's place. Good night!

Yours ever.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, March 19, 1761.

I CAN now tell you, with great pleasure, that your cousin<sup>1</sup> is certainly named lord-lieutenant. I wish *you* joy. You will not be sorry, too, to hear that your lord North is much talked of for succeeding him at the board of trade. I tell you this with great composure, though to-day has been a day of amazement. All the world is staring, whispering, and questioning. Lord Holderness has resigned the seals, and they are given to lord Bute.<sup>2</sup> Which of the two secretaries of state is first minister? the latter or Mr. Pitt? Lord Holderness received the command but yesterday, at two o'clock, till that moment thinking himself extremely well at court; but it seems the king said he was tired of having two secretaries, of which one would do nothing, and t'other could do nothing; he would have a secretary who both could act and would. Pitt had as short notice of this resolution as the sufferer, and was little better pleased. He is something

<sup>1</sup> The earl of Halifax. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> His lordship was sworn in on the 25th March, 1761. [Ed.]

softened for the present by the offer of cofferer for Jemmy Grenville,<sup>3</sup> which is to be ceded by the duke of Leeds, who returns to his old post of justice in Eyre, from whence lord Sandys<sup>4</sup> is to be removed, some say to the head of the board of trade. Newcastle, who enjoys this fall of Holderness's, who had deserted him for Pitt, laments over the former, but seems to have made his terms with the new favourite: if the Bedfords have done so, too, will it surprise you? It will me, if Pitt submits to this humiliation; if he does not, I take for granted the duke of Bedford will have the other seals. The temper with which the new reign has hitherto proceeded seems a little impeached by this sudden act, and the earl now stands in the direct light of a minister, if the house of commons should cavil at him. Lord Delawar kissed hands to-day for his earldom, the other new peers are to follow on Monday.

There are horrid disturbances about the militia in Northumberland, where the mob have killed an officer and three of the Yorkshire militia, who, in return, fired, and shot twenty-one.<sup>5</sup>

Adieu! I shall be impatient to hear some consequence of my first paragraph.

Yours ever.

P.S. Saturday.—I forgot to tell you that lord Hardwicke has written some verses<sup>6</sup> to lord Lyttelton, upon those the latter

<sup>3</sup> The right hon. James Grenville, brother of Richard, second earl Temple, brother to the first marquis, and uncle of the present duke of Buckingham. [Ed.]

<sup>4</sup> Samuel Sandys, was made chancellor of the Exchequer in the room of sir Robert Walpole, in 1742.

<sup>5</sup> "Let Sands unenvied hug the Exchequer seal,"

say sir C. H. Williams. He was created lord Sandys, baron of Ombarsley, in 1743. [Ed.]

<sup>6</sup> On the 9th March, 1761, at Hexham, on the deputy lieutenant's meeting to ballot for the militia, a number of pit-men attacked a party of the Yorkshire militia, of which an ensign and two privates were killed. The men were obliged to fire, and forty-two of the mob were killed, or afterwards died of their wounds, and forty-eight were wounded. [Ed.]

<sup>7</sup> The following are the lines alluded to, "addition extempore to the verses on lady Egremont.

"Fame heard with pleasure—straight replied,  
First on my roll stands Wyndham's bride,  
My trumpet oft I've raised to sound  
Her modest praise the world around;

made on lady Egremont.<sup>7</sup> If I had been told that he had put on a bag, and was gone off with Kitty Fisher,<sup>8</sup> I should not have been more astonished.

Poor lady Gower<sup>9</sup> is dead this morning of a fever in her lying-in. I believe the Bedfords are very sorry, for there is a new opera this evening.

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

March 21, 1761.

OF the enclosed, as you perceive, I tore off the seal, but it has not been opened.

I grieve at the loss of your suit, and for the injustice done you; but what can one expect but injury, when forced to have recourse to law? Lord Abercorn asked me this evening if it was true that you are going to Ireland? I gave a vague answer, and did not resolve him how much I knew of it. I am impatient for the reply to your compliment.

There is not a word of newer news than what I sent you last. The speaker has taken leave, and received the highest compliments, and substantial ones, too; he did not over-act, and it was really a handsome scene. I go to my election on Tuesday, and, if I do not tumble out of the chair and break my neck, you

But notes were wanting—canst thou find  
A muse to sing her face, her mind?  
Believe me, I can name but one,  
A friend of yours—'tis Lyttleton."

We don't know whether our readers will agree with lord Lyttleton, who declared in his answer, "If you can write such witty *extempore*, it is well for other poets that you chose to be a lord Chancellor rather than a laureat."

Lord Lyttleton's original verses, and those he addressed to lord Hardwicke in reply, may be seen in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1761. [Ed.]

<sup>7</sup> Alicia Maria, daughter of George lord Carpenter, and wife of Charles Wyndham earl of Egremont, who, on the death of his uncle, Algernon duke of Somerset, without issue male, succeeded him as earl of Egremont and baron Cockermouth, in the county of Cumberland. [Ed.]

<sup>8</sup> A well-known courtesan of the day: she is introduced in the comedy of 'The Belle's Stratagem.' [Ed.]

<sup>9</sup> Daughter of Scroope, duke of Bridgewater. [Or.]

shall hear from me at my return. I got the box for Miss Rice ; lady Hinchinbrook is dead.

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Houghton, March 25, 1761.

HERE I am at Houghton !<sup>1</sup> and alone ! in this spot, where (except two hours last month) I have not been in sixteen years ! Think, what a crowd of reflections ! No, Gray, and forty church-yards, could not furnish so many ; nay, I know one must feel them with greater indifference than I possess, to have patience to put them into verse. Here I am, probably for the last time of my life, though not for the last time : every clock that strikes tells me I am an hour nearer to yonder church—that church, into which I have not yet had courage to enter, where lies that mother on whom I doated, and who doated on me ! There are the two rival mistresses of Houghton, neither of whom ever wished to enjoy it ! There, too, lies he, who founded its greatness, to contribute to whose fall Europe was embroiled ; there he sleeps in quiet and dignity, while his friend and his foe, rather his false ally and real enemy, Newcastle and Bath, are exhausting the dregs of their pitiful lives in squabbles and pamphlets.

The surprise the pictures<sup>2</sup> gave me is again renewed ; accustomed for many years to see nothing but wretched daubs and varnished copies at auctions, I look at these as enchantment. My own description of them seems poor ; but shall I tell you truly, the majesty of Italian ideas almost sinks before the warm nature of Flemish colouring. Alas ! don't I grow old ? My

<sup>1</sup> The magnificent seat erected by sir Robert Walpole, whose prayer, recorded on the foundation stone—*viz* : “ that after its master, to a mature old age, had long enjoyed it in perfection; his latest descendants may safely possess it to the end of time,” was not destined to be fulfilled. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> This magnificent collection of pictures was sold to the Empress of Russia, and some curious particulars on the subjects of the sale will be found in *Beloe's Anecdotes of Literature, &c.* A series of engravings was likewise made from them, which was published in 1788, under the title, of “ The Houghton Gallery : a collection of prints, from the best pictures in the possession of the earl of Orford.” [Ed.]



young imagination was fired with Guido's ideas; must they be plump and prominent as Abishag to warm me now? Doth great youth feel with poetic limbs, as well as see with poetic eyes? In one respect, I am very young, I cannot satiate myself with looking: an incident contributed to make me feel this more strongly. A party arrived, just as I did, to see the house, a man and three women in riding dresses, and they rode post through the apartments. I could not hurry before them fast enough; they were not so long in seeing for the first time, as I could have been in one room, to examine what I knew by heart. I remember formerly being often diverted with this kind of *seers*; they come, ask what such a room is called, in which sir Robert lay, write it down, admire a lobster or a cabbage in a market-piece, dispute whether the last room was green or purple, and then hurry to the inn for fear the fish should be over-dressed. How different my sensations! not a picture here but recalls a history; not one, but I remember in Downing-street or Chelsea, where queens and crowds admired them, though seeing them as little as these travellers!

When I had drank tea, I strolled into the garden; they told me it was now called the *pleasure-ground*. What a dissonant idea of pleasure! those groves, those *allées*, where I have passed so many charming moments, are now stripped up or overgrown—many fond paths I could not unravel, though with a very exact clew in my memory: I met two gamekeepers, and a thousand hares! In the days when all my soul was tuned to pleasure and vivacity (and you will think, perhaps, it is far from being out of tune yet), I hated Houghton and its solitude; yet I loved this garden, as now, with many regrets, I love Houghton; Houghton, I know not what to call it, a monument of grandeur or ruin! How I have wished this evening for lord Bute! how I could preach to him! For myself, I do not want to be preached to; I have long considered how every Balbec must wait for the chance of a Mr. Wood. The servants wanted to lay me in the great apartment—what, to make me pass my night as I have done my evening! It were like proposing to Margaret Roper<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Margaret Roper, wife of William Roper, esq., and the eldest and favourite daughter of the great sir Thomas More; she bought the head of her ill-fated parent, when it was about to be thrown into the Thames, after having been affixed to London Bridge; and on being questioned by the

to be a duchess in the court that cut off her father's head, and imagining it would please her. I have chosen to sit in my father's little dressing-room, and am now by his scrutoire, where, in the height of his fortune, he used to receive the accounts of his farmers, and deceive himself, or us, with the thoughts of his economy. How wise a man at once, and how weak! For what has he built Houghton? for his grandson to annihilate, or for his son to mourn over. If lord Burleigh could rise and view his representative driving the Hatfield stage, he would feel as I feel now. Poor little Strawberry! at least it will not be stripped to pieces by a descendant! You will find all these fine meditations dictated by pride, not by philosophy. Pray consider through how many mediums philosophy must pass, before it is purified—

“ ————— how often must it weep, how often burn!”

My mind was extremely prepared for all this gloom by parting with Mr. Conway yesterday morning; moral reflections or common places are the livery one likes to wear, when one has just had a real misfortune. He is going to Germany: I was glad to dress myself up in transitory Houghton, in lieu of very sensible concern. To-morrow I shall be distracted with thoughts, at least images, of very different complexion. I go to Lynn, and am to be elected on Friday. I shall return hither on Saturday, again alone, to expect Burleighides on Sunday, whom I left at Newmarket. I must once in my life see him on his grandfather's throne.

Epping, Monday night, thirty first.—No, I have not seen him; he loitered on the road, and I was kept at Lynn till yesterday morning. It is plain I never knew for how many trades I was formed, when at this time of day I can begin electioneering, and succeed in my new vocation. Think of me, the subject of a mob, who was scarce ever before in a mob, addressing them in the town-hall, riding at the head of two thousand people through

privy council about her conduct, she boldly replied, that she had done so that “it might not become food for fishes.” She survived her father nine years, and died, aged 36, in 1544, and was buried at St. Dunstan's church, Canterbury; the box containing her father's head, being placed on her coffin. [Ed.]

such a town as Lynn, dining with above two hundred of them amid bumpers, huzzas, songs, and tobacco, and finishing with country dancing at a ball and sixpenny whisk! I have borne it all cheerfully; nay, have sat hours in *conversation*, the thing upon earth that I hate; have been to hear misses play on the harpsichord, and to see an alderman's copies of Rubens and Carlo Marat. Yet to do the folks justice, they are sensible, and reasonable, and civilized; their very language is polished since I lived among them. I attribute this to their more frequent intercourse with the world and the capital, by the help of good roads and post-chaises, which, if they have abridged the king's dominions, have at least tamed his subjects. Well, how comfortable it will be to-morrow, to see my parroquet, to play at loo, and not be obliged to talk seriously! The Heraclitus of the beginning of this letter will be overjoyed on finishing it to sign himself your old friend,

DEMOCRITUS.

P. S. I forgot to tell you that my ancient aunt Hammond came over to Lynn to see me; not from any affection, but curiosity. The first thing she said to me, though we have not met these sixteen years, was, "Child, you have done a thing to-day that your father never did in all his life; you sat as they carried you, he always stood the whole time." "Madam," said I, "when I am placed in a chair, I conclude I am to sit in it; besides, as I cannot imitate my father in great things, I am not at all ambitious of mimicking him in little ones." I am sure she proposes to tell her remarks to my uncle Horace's ghost, the instant they meet.

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington-street, April 10, 1761.

IF Prince Ferdinand had studied how to please me, I don't know any method he could have lighted upon so likely to gain my heart, as being beaten out of the field before you joined him.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Prince Ferdinand, after having caused a field of battle to be marked out near Homburg, was compelled by the want of subsistence in a place already exhausted both by friends and foes, to forego the advantages of a battle in so

I delight in a hero that is driven so far that nobody can follow him. He is as well at Paderborn, as where I have long wished the king of Prussia, the other world. You may frown if you please at my imprudence, you who are gone with all the disposition in the world to be well with your commander ; the peace is in a manner made, and the anger of generals will not be worth sixpence these ten years. We peaceable folks are now to govern the world, and you warriors must in your turn tremble at our subjects, the mob, as we have done before your hussars and court-martials.

I am glad you had so pleasant a passage.<sup>2</sup> My lord Lyttelton would say, that lady M \* \* \* \* C \* \* \* \*, like Venus, smiled over the waves, *et mare præstabat eunti*. In truth, when she could tame me, she must have had little trouble with the ocean. Tell me how many burgomasters she has subdued, or how many would have fallen in love with her if they had not fallen asleep ? Come, has she saved two-pence by her charms ? Have they abated a farthing of their impositions for her being handsomer than any thing in the seven provinces ? Does she know how political her journey is thought ? Nay, my lady Ailesbury, you are not out of the scrape ; you are both reckoned *des marechales de Guebriant*,<sup>3</sup> going to fetch, and consequently govern, the young queen. There are more jealousies about your voyage, than the duke of Newcastle would feel if Dr. Shaw had prescribed a little ipecacuanha to my lord Bute.

I am sorry I must adjourn my mirth, to give lady Ailesbury a pang : poor sir Harry Bellendine<sup>4</sup> is dead ; he made a great dinner at Almac's for the house of Drummond, drank very hard, caught a violent fever, and died in a very few days. Perhaps you will have heard this before ; I shall wish so ; I do not like, even innocently, to be the cause of sorrow.

favourable a situation, and to retreat. The rear was covered by the hereditary prince, who, being attacked by a superior number of the enemy, his men were broken and dispersed, about 3,000 of them taken prisoners, and he himself only escaped through the intrepidity of two of his officers. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> From Harwich to Helvoetsluys. [Or.]

<sup>3</sup> The marechale de Guebriant was sent to the king of Poland with the character of ambassadress by Louis XIII. to accompany the princess Marie de Gonzague, who had been married by proxy to the king of Poland at Paris. [Or.]

<sup>4</sup> Uncle to the countess of Ailesbury. [Or.]

I do not at all lament lord Granby's<sup>5</sup> leaving the army, and your immediate succession. There are persons in the world who would gladly ease you of this burden. As you are only to take the vice-royalty of a coop, and that for a few weeks, I shall but smile if you are terribly distressed. Don't let lady Ailesbury proceed to Brunswick: you might have had a wife who would not have thought it so terrible to fall into the hands [*arms*] of hussars; but as I don't take *that* to be your countess's turn, leave her with the Dutch, who are not so boisterous as Cossacks or chancellors of the exchequer.

My love, my duty, my jealousy, to lady M \* \* \*, if she is not sailed before you receive this—if she is, I shall deliver them myself. Good night! I write immediately on the receipt of your letter; but you see I have nothing yet new to tell you.

Yours ever.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, April 16, 1761.

You are a very mule; one offers you a handsome stall and manger in Berkeley-square, and you will not accept it. I have chosen your coat, a claret colour, to suit the complexion of the country you are going to visit; but I have fixed nothing about the lace. Barrett had none of gauze, but what were as broad as the Irish Channel. Your tailor found a very reputable one at another place, but I would not determine rashly; it will be two or three and twenty shillings the yard; you might have a very substantial real lace, which would wear like your buff, for twenty. The second order of gauzes are frippery, none above twelve shillings, and those tarnished, for the species is out of fashion. You will have time to sit in judgment upon these important points; for Hamilton, your secretary, told me at the opera two nights ago, that he had taken a house near Bushy, and hoped to be in my neighbourhood for four months.

I was last night at your plump countess's, who is so shrunk, that she does not seem to be composed of above a dozen hassocks.

<sup>5</sup> The marquis of Granby was sworn in a member of the Privy Council as Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, 1st May, 1761. [Ed.]

Lord Guilford rejoiced mightily over your preferment. The duchess of Argyle was playing there, not knowing that the great Pam was just dead, to wit, her brother-in-law. He was abroad in the morning, was seized with a palpitation after dinner, and was dead before the surgeon could arrive. There's the crown of Scotland, too, fallen upon my lord Bute's head! Poor lord Edgumbe<sup>1</sup> is still alive, and may be so for some days; the physicians, who no longer ago than Friday se'nnight persisted that he had no dropsy, in order to prevent his having Ward,<sup>2</sup> on Monday last proposed that Ward should be called in, and at length they owned they thought the mortification begun. It is not clear it is yet; at times he is in his senses, and entirely so, composed, clear, and most rational; talks of his death, and but yesterday, after such a conversation with his brother, asked for a pencil to amuse himself with drawing. What parts, genius, and agreeableness thrown away at a hazard table, and not permitted the chance of being saved by the villany of physicians!

You will be pleased with the Anacreontic, written by lord Middlesex upon sir Harry Bellendine: I have not seen any thing so antique for ages; it has all the fire, poetry, and simplicity of Horace.

Ye sons of Bacchus, come and join  
In solemn dirge, while tapers shine  
Around the grape-embossed shrine  
Of honest Henry Bellendine.

Pour the rich juice of Bourdeaux's wine,  
Mix'd with your falling tears of brine,  
In full libation o'er the shrine  
Of honest Harry Bellendine.

<sup>1</sup> Richard Edgumbe, second lord, died 10th May, 1761, and was succeeded by his brother George, who on the 6th August in the same year, married Emma, only child of Dr. John Gilbert, archbishop of York. His lordship was created in 1781, Viscount Mount Edgumbe and Valletort, county Devon, and in 1789, Earl of Mount Edgumbe. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Joshua Ward, a celebrated empiric of the day, and the inventor of '*Ward's Drops*,' first introduced by sir Thomas Robinson, in 1732, on which occasion sir C. H. Williams addressed to him his poem, commencing,

" Say knight, for learning most renowned,  
What is this wondrous drop."

The Doctor died at Whitehall, 21st December, 1761. [Ed.]

Your brows let ivy chaplets twine,  
While you push round the sparkling wine,  
And let your table be the shrine  
Of honest Harry Bellendine.

He died in his vocation, of a high fever, after the celebration of some orgies. Though but six hours in his senses, he gave a proof of his usual good-humour, making it his last request to the sister Tuftons to be reconciled, which they are. His pretty villa, in my neighbourhood, I fancy he has left to the new lord Lorn. I must tell you an admirable bon-mot of George Selwyn, though not a new one; when there was a malicious report that the eldest Tufton was to marry Dr. Duncan, Selwyn said, "How often will she repeat that line of Shakspeare,

Wake, Duncan, with this knocking—would thou couldst!"

I enclose the receipt from your lawyer. Adieu!

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, April 28, 1761.

I AM glad you will relish June for Strawberry; by that time I hope the weather will have recovered its temper. At present it is horridly cross and uncomfortable; I fear we shall have a cold season; we cannot eat our summer and have our summer.

There has been a terrible fire in the little traverse street, at the upper end of Sackville-street. Last Friday night, between eleven and twelve, I was sitting with lord Digby in the coffee-room at Arthur's; they told us there was a great fire somewhere about Burlington-gardens. I, who am as constant at a fire as George Selwyn at an execution, proposed to lord Digby to go and see where it was. We found it within two doors of that pretty house of Fairfax, now general Waldegrave's. I sent for the latter, who was at Arthur's, and for the guard, from St. James's. Four houses were in flames before they could find a drop of water; eight were burnt. I went to my lady Suffolk, in Saville-row, and passed the whole night, till three in the morning, between her little hot bed-chamber and the spot, up to my ankles in water, without catching cold. As the wind, which had sat towards Swallow-street, changed in the middle of the conflagration, I concluded the greatest part of Saville-row would

be consumed. I persuaded her to prepare to transport her more valuable effects—*portantur avari Pygmalionis opes miserae*. She behaved with great composure, and observed to me herself how much worse her deafness grew with the alarm. Half the people of fashion in town were in the streets all night, as it happened in such a quarter of distinction. In the crowd, looking on with great tranquillity, I saw a Mr. Jackson, an Irish gentleman, with whom I had dined this winter at lord Hertford's. He seemed rather grave; I said, "Sir, I hope you do not live hereabouts."—"Yes, sir," said he, "I lodged in that house that is just burnt."

Last night there was a mighty ball at Bedford-house; the royal dukes and princess Emily were there; your lord-lieutenant, the great lawyer, lords, and old Newcastle, whose teeth are tumbled out, and his mouth tumbled in; hazard very deep; loo, beauties, and the Wilton-bridge in sugar, almost as big as the life. I am glad all these joys are near going out of town. The Graftons go abroad for the duchess's health; another climate may mend that—I will not answer for more.

Yours ever.

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, May 5, 1761.

WE have lost a young genius, sir William Williams<sup>1</sup>; an express from Belleisle arrived this morning, brings nothing but his death. He was shot, very unnecessarily riding too near a battery; in sum, he is a sacrifice to his own rashness, and to ours. For what are we taking Belleisle? I rejoiced at the little loss we had on landing, for the glory, I leave it to the common council. I am very willing to leave London to them too, and do pass half the week at Strawberry, where my two passions, lilacs, and nightingales, are in full bloom. I spent Sunday as if it were Apollo's birth-day; Gray and Mason were with me, and we listened to the nightingales till one o'clock in the morning.

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Pere Williams, bart., M. P. for Shoreham, and a captain in Burgoyne's dragoons, was killed in reconnoitering before Belleisle. Two hundred and fifty pounds which were found in his pockets, together with his body, were given up to the English by the French authorities. [Ed.]



Gray has translated two noble incantations from the lord knows who, a Danish Gray, who lived the lord knows when. They are to be enchased in a history of English bards, which Mason and he are writing, but of which the former has not written a word yet, and of which the latter, if he rides Pegasus at his usual foot pace, will finish the first page two years hence.

But the true frantic Oestus resides at present with Mr. Hogarth; I went t'other morning to see a portrait he is painting of Mr. Fox. Hogarth told me he had promised, if Mr. Fox would sit as he liked, to make as good a picture as Vandyke or Rubens could. I was silent—"Why now," said he, "you think this very vain, but why should not one speak truth?" This *truth* was uttered in the face of his own Sigismunda, which is exactly a maudlin w——, tearing off the trinkets that her keeper had given her, to fling at his head. She has her father's picture in a bracelet on her arm, and her fingers are bloody with the heart, as if she had just bought a sheep's-pluck in St. James's market. As I was going, Hogarth put on a very grave face, and said, "Mr. Walpole, I want to speak to you." I sat down, and said, I was ready to receive his commands. For shortness, I will mark this wonderful dialogue by initial letters.

H. I am told you are going to entertain the town with something in our way. W. Not very soon, Mr. Hogarth. H. I wish you would let me have it, to correct; I should be very sorry to have you expose yourself to censure; we painters must know more of those things than other people. W. Do you think nobody understands painting but painters? H. Oh! so far from it, there's Reynolds, who certainly has genius; why, but t'other day he offered a hundred pounds for a picture, that I would not hang in my cellar; and indeed, to say truth, I have generally found, that persons who had studied painting least were the best judges of it; but what I particularly wished to say to you was about sir James Thornhill (you know he married sir James's daughter): I would not have you say any thing against him; there was a book published some time ago, abusing him, and it gave great offence. He was the first that attempted history in England, and, I assure you, some Germans have said that he was a very great painter. W. My work will go no lower than the year one thousand seven hundred, and I really have not considered whether sir J. Thornhill will come within my plan or not; if he does, I fear you and I shall not agree upon his

merits. H. I wish you would let me correct it ; besides, I am writing something of the same kind myself ; I should be sorry we should clash. W. I believe it is not much known what my work is ; very few persons have seen it. H. Why, it is a critical history of painting, is not it ? W. No, it is an antiquarian history of it in England ; I bought Mr. Virtue's MSS. and, I believe, the work will not give much offence ; besides, if it does, I cannot help it : when I publish any thing, I give it to the world to think of it as they please. H. Oh ! if it is an antiquarian work, we shall not clash ; mine is a critical work ; I don't know whether I shall ever publish it. It is rather an apology for painters. I think it is owing to the good sense of the English, that they have not painted better. W. My dear Mr. Hogarth, I must take my leave of you, you now grow too wild—and I left him. If I had staid, there remained nothing but for him to bite me. I give you my honour this conversation is literal ; and, perhaps, as long as you have known Englishmen and painters, you never met with any thing so distracted. I had consecrated a line to his genius (I mean, for wit), in my preface ; I shall not erase it ; but I hope nobody will ask me if he is not mad. Adieu !

Yours ever.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, May 14, 1761.

As I am here, and know nothing of our poor heroes at Bel-leisle, who are combating rocks, mines, famine, and Mr. Pitt's obstinacy, I will send you the victory of a heroine, but must preface it with an apology, as it was gained over a sort of relation of yours. Jemmy Lumley last week had a party of whist at his own house ; the combatants, Lucy Southwell, that curtseys like a bear, Mrs. Prijean, and a Mrs. Mackenzie. They played from six in the evening till twelve next day ; Jemmy never winning one rubber, and rising a loser of two thousand pounds. How it happened I know not, nor why his suspicions arrived so late, but he fancied himself cheated, and refused to pay. However, *the bear* had no share in his evil surmises : on the contrary, a day or two afterwards, he promised a dinner at Hampstead to Lucy and her virtuous sister. As he went to the

rendezvous his chaise was stopped by somebody who advised him not to proceed. Yet, no whit daunted, he advanced. In the garden he found the gentle conqueress, Mrs. Mackenzy, who accosted him in the most friendly manner. After a few compliments, she asked him if he did not intend to pay her. "No, indeed I shan't, I shan't; your servant, your servant."—"Shan't you?" said the fair virago; and taking a horsewhip from beneath her hoop, she fell upon him with as much vehemence as the empress queen would upon the king of Prussia, if she could catch him alone in the garden at Hampstead. Jemmy cried out murder; his servants rushed in, rescued him from the jaws of the lioness, and carried him off in his chaise to town. The Southwells, who were already arrived, and descended on the noise of the fray, finding nobody to pay for the dinner, and fearing they must, set out for London, too, without it, though I suppose they had prepared tin pockets to carry off all that should be left. Mrs. Mackenzy is immortal, and in the crown office.

The other battle in my military journal happened between the duchess of Argyle and lord Vere. The duchess, who always talks of puss and pug, and who, having lost her memory, forgets how often she tells the same story, had tired the company at Dorset House with the repetition of the same story; when the duke's spaniel reached up into her lap, and placed his nose most critically: "See," said she, "see how fond all creatures are of me." Lord Vere, who was at cards, and could not attend to them for her gossiping, said peevishly, without turning round or seeing where the dog was, "I suppose he smells puss." "What!" said the duchess of Argyle in a passion, "Do you think \* \* \*?" I believe you have not two better stories in Northamptonshire.

Don't imagine that my gallery will be *prance-about-in-able*, as you expect, by the beginning of June; I do not propose to finish it till next year, but you will see some glimpse of it, and for the rest of Strawberry, it never was more beautiful. You must now begin to fix your motions: I go to Lord Dacre's<sup>1</sup> the end of this month, and to Lord Ilchester's<sup>2</sup> the end of the next; between those periods I expect you.

<sup>1</sup> Bell House, Essex. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Red Lynch, near Bruton, Somerset. [Ed.]

Saturday Morning, Arlington-street.

I CAME to town yesterday for a party at Bedford-house, made for princess Amelia ; the garden was open, with French horns and clarionets, and would have been charming with one single zephyr, had that not come from the north-east ; however, the young ladies found it delightful. There was limited loo for the princess, unlimited for the duchess of Grafton, to whom I belonged, a table of quinze, and another of quadrille. The princess had heard of our having cold meat upon the loo table, and would have some. A table was brought in ; she was served so ; others rose by turns and went to the cold meat : in the outward room were four little tables for the rest of the company. Think if king George the Second could have risen and seen his daughter supping pell-mell with men, as it were in a booth ! The tables were removed, the young people began to dance to a tabor and pipe ; the princess sat down again, but to unlimited loo ; we played till three, and I won enough to help on the gallery. I am going back to it to give my neices and their lords a dinner.

We were told there was a great victory come from Pondicherry, but it came from too far to divert us from liking our party better. Poor George Monson has lost his leg there. You know that sir W. Williams has made Fred. Montague heir to his debts. Adieu !

Yours ever.

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TO THE COUNTESS OF AILESBUURY.

Strawberry-hill, June 13, 1761.

I NEVER ate such good snuff, nor smelt such delightful bonbons, as your ladyship has sent me. Every time you rob the duke's dessert, does it cost you a pretty snuff-box ? Do the pastors at the Hague<sup>1</sup> enjoin such expensive retributions ? If a man steals a kiss there, I suppose he does penance in a sheet of Brussels lace. The comical part is, that you own the theft and send it

<sup>1</sup> Lady Ailesbury remained at the Hague while Mr. Conway was with the army during the campaign of 1761. [Or.]

me, but say nothing of the vehicle of your repentance. In short, madam, the box is the prettiest thing I ever saw, and I give you a thousand thanks for it.

When you comfort yourself about the operas, you don't know what you have lost ; nay, nor I neither ; for I was here, concluding that a serenata for a birth-day would be as dull and as vulgar as those festivities generally are : but I hear of nothing but the enchantment of it. There was a second orchestra in the footman's gallery, disguised by clouds, and filled with the music of the king's chapel. The choristers behaved like angels, and the harmony between the two bands was in the most exact time. Elisi piqued himself, and beat both heaven and earth. The joys of the year do not end there. The under-actors open at Drury-lane to-night with a new comedy by Murphy, called All in the Wrong. At Ranelagh all is fire-works and sky-rockets. The birth-day exceeded the splendour of Haroun Alraschid and the Arabian Nights, when people had nothing to do but to scour a lantern, and send a genii for a hamper of diamonds and rubies. Do you remember one of those stories, where a prince has eight statues of diamonds, which he overlooks because he fancies he wants a ninth ; and to his great surprise the ninth proves to be pure flesh and blood, which he never thought of ? Some how or other, Lady \* \* \* is the ninth statue ; and, you will allow, has better red and white than if she was made of pearls and rubies. Oh ! I forgot, I was telling you of the birth-day : my Lord P \* \* \* had drunk the king's health so often at dinner, that at the ball he took Mrs. \* \* \* for a beautiful woman, and, as she says, *made an improper use of his hands*. The proper use of hers, she thought, was to give him a box on the ear, though within the verge of the court. He returned it by a push, and she tumbled off the end of the bench ; which his majesty has accepted as a sufficient punishment, and she is not to lose her right hand.<sup>2</sup>

I enclose the list your ladyship desired : you will see that the *Plurality of Worlds* are Moore's, and of some I do not know the authors. There is a late edition with these names to them.

My duchess was to set out this morning. I saw her for the last time the day before yesterday at lady Kildare's : never was a journey less a party of pleasure. She was so melancholy, that

<sup>2</sup> The old punishment for giving a blow in the king's presence. [Or.]

all miss \* \* \* 's oddness and my spirits could scarce make her smile. Towards the end of the night, and that was three in the morning, I did divert her a little. I slipped Pam into her lap, and then taxed her with having it there. She was quite confounded; but, taking it up, saw he had a telescope in his hand, which I had drawn, and that the card, which was split, and just waxed together, contained these lines:

Ye simple astronomers, lay by your glasses;  
 The transit of Venus has proved you all asses:  
 Your telescopes signify nothing to scan it;  
 'Tis not meant in the clouds; 'tis not meant of a planet:  
 The seer who foretold it mistook or deceives us;  
 For Venus's transit is when Grafton leaves us.

I don't send your ladyship these verses as good, but to show you that all gallantry does not centre at the Hague.

I wish I could tell you that Stanley<sup>3</sup> and Bussy,<sup>4</sup> by crossing over and figuring in, had forwarded the peace. It is no more made than Belleisle is taken. However, I flatter myself that you will not stay abroad till you return for the coronation, which is ordered for the beginning of October. I don't care to tell you how lovely the season is; how my acacias are powdered with flowers, and my hay just in its picturesque moment. Do they ever make any other hay in Holland than bullrushes in ditches? My new buildings rise so swiftly, that I shall not have a shilling left, so far from giving commissions on Amsterdam. When I have made my house so big that I don't know what to do with it, and am entirely undone, I propose, like king Pyrrhus, who took such a roundabout way to a bowl of punch, to sit down and enjoy myself: but with this difference, that it is better to ruin one's self than all the world. I am sure you would think as I do, though Pyrrhus were king of Prussia. I long to have you bring back the only hero that ever I could endure. Adieu, madam! I sent you just such another piece of title-tattle as this by general Waldegrave: you are very partial to me, or very fond of knowing every thing that passes in your own country, if you can be amused so. If you can, 'tis surely my duty to divert you, though at the expense of my character; for I own I am

<sup>3</sup> Hans Stanley, esq., minister to the court of France. [Ed.]

<sup>4</sup> The French minister to the English court. [Ed.]

ashamed when I look back and see four sides of paper scribbled over with nothings.

Your ladyship's most faithful servant.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, June 18, 1761.

I AM glad you will come on Monday, and hope you will arrive in a rainbow and pair, to signify that we are not to be totally drowned. It has rained incessantly, and floated all my new works; I seem rather to be building a pond than a gallery. My farm, too, is all under water, and what is vexatious, if Sunday had not thrust itself between, I could have got in my hay on Monday. As the parsons will let nobody else make hay on Sundays, I think they ought to make it on that day themselves.

By the papers I see Mrs. Trevor Hampden<sup>1</sup> is dead of the small-pox. Will he be much concerned? If you will stay with me a fortnight or three weeks, perhaps I may be able to carry you to a play of Mr. Bentley's—you start, but I am in earnest: nay, and *de par le roy*. In short here is the history of it. You know the passion he always had for the Italian comedy; about two years ago he wrote one, intending to get it offered to Rich, but without his name. He would have died to be supposed an author, and writing for gain. I kept this an inviolable secret. Judge then of my surprise, when about a fortnight or three weeks ago, I found my lord Melcomb reading this very Benteiad in a circle at my lady Hervey's. Cumberland had carried it to him with a recommendatory copy of verses, containing more incense to the king and my lord Bute than the magi brought in their portmanteaus to Jerusalem. The idols were propitious, and to do them justice there is a great deal of wit in the piece, which is called the Wishes, or Harlequin's Mouth Opened. A bank note of two hundred pounds was sent from the treasury to the author, and the play ordered to be performed by the summer company. Foote was summoned to lord Melcomb's, where Parnassus was composed of the peer himself, who, like Apollo, as I am going to tell you, was dozing, the two chief justices, and

<sup>1</sup> The lady of the Hon. R. Trevor Hampden, Esq., joint postmaster-general. [Ed.]

lord B. Bubo read the play himself, *with handkerchief and orange by his side*. But the curious part is a prologue, which I never saw. It represents the god of verse fast asleep by the side of Helicon: the race of modern bards try to wake him, but the more they repeat their works, the louder he snores. At last *Ruin seize thee, ruthless king* is heard, and the god starts from his trance. This is a good thought, but will offend the bards so much, that I think Dr. Bentley's son will be abused at least as much as his father was. The prologue concludes with young Augustus, and how much he excels the ancient one by the choice of his friend. Foote refused to act this prologue, and said it was too strong. "Indeed," said Augustus's friend, "I think it is." They have softened it a little, and I suppose it will be performed. You may depend upon the truth of all this; but what is much more creditable is, that the *comely young* author appears every night in the Mall in a milk white coat with a blue cape, disclaims any benefit, and says he has done with the play now it is out of his own hands, and that Mrs. Hannah Clio, alias Bentley, writ the best scenes in it. He is going to write a tragedy, and she, I suppose, is going — to court.

You will smile when I tell you that t'other day a party went to Westminster-abbey, and among the rest saw the ragged regiment. They inquired the names of the figures. "I don't know them," said the man, "but if Mr. Walpole was here he could tell you every one." Adieu! I expect Mr. John and you with impatience.

Yours ever.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, July 5, 1761.

You are a pretty sort of a person to come to one's house and get sick, only to leave an excuse for not returning to it. Your departure is so abrupt, that I don't know but I may expect to find that Mrs. *Jane* Truebridge, whom you commend so much, and call Mrs. *Mary*, will prove Mrs. Hannah. Mrs. Clive is still more disappointed; she had proposed to play at quadrille with you from dinner till supper, and to sing old Purcell to you from supper to breakfast next morning. If you cannot trust



yourself from Greatworth for a whole fortnight, how will you do in Ireland for six months? Remember all my preachments, and never be in spirits at supper. Seriously, I am sorry you are out of order, but am alarmed for you at Dublin, and though all the bench of bishops should quaver Purcell's hymns, don't let them warble you into a pint of wine. I wish you were going among catholic prelates who would deny you the cup. Think of me and resist temptation. Adieu!

Yours ever.

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TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry-hill, July 5, 1761.

MY DEAR LORD,

I cannot live at Twickenham and not think of you: I have long wanted to write, and had nothing to tell you. My lady D. seems to have lost her sting; she has neither blown up a house nor a quarrel since you departed. Her wall, contiguous to you, is built, but so precipitate and slanting, that it seems hurrying to take water. I hear she grows sick of her undertakings. We have been ruined by deluges; all the country was under water. Lord Holderness's new *fossé*<sup>1</sup> was beaten in for several yards: this tempest was a little beyond the dew of Hermon that fell on the *hill of Sion*. I have been in still more danger by water: my parroquet was on my shoulder as I was feeding my gold-fish, and flew into the middle of the pond: I was very near being the Nouvelle Eloise, and tumbling in after him; but with much ado I ferried him out with my hat.

Lord E \* \* \* has had a fit of apoplexy; your brother Charles<sup>2</sup> a bad return of his old complaint; and lord Melcomb has tumbled down the kitchen stairs, and — waked himself.

London is a desert; no soul in it but the king. Bussy has taken a temporary house. The World talks of peace—would I could believe it! every newspaper frightens me: Mr. Conway

<sup>1</sup> At Sion-hill, near Brentford. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> Charles Townshend, married to lady Greenwich, eldest sister to lady Strafford. [Or.]

would be very angry if he knew how I dread the very name of the *prince de Soubise*.<sup>3</sup>

We begin to perceive the tower of Kew<sup>4</sup> from Montpellier-row; in a fortnight you will see it in Yorkshire.

The apostle Whitfield is come to some shame: he went to lady Huntingdon lately, and asked for forty pounds for some distressed saint or other. She said she had not so much money in the house, but would give it him the first time she had. He was very pressing, but in vain. At last, he said "There's your watch and trinkets, you don't want such vanities; I will have that." She would have put him off; but he, persisting, she said, "Well, if you must have it, you must." About a fortnight afterwards, going to his house, and being carried into his wife's chamber, among the paraphernalia of the latter the countess found her own offering. This has made a terrible schism: she tells the story herself—I had not it from Saint Frances,<sup>5</sup> but I hope it is true.

Adieu, my dear lord!

Yours ever.

P.S. My gallery sends its humble duty to your new front, and all my creatures beg their respects to my lady.

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington-street, July. 14, 1761.

MY dearest Harry, how could you write me such a cold letter as I have just received from you, and beginning *Dear sir!* Can you be angry with me, for can I be in fault to you? Blameable in ten thousand other respects, may not I almost say I am perfect with regard to you? Since I was fifteen have not I loved you unalterably? Since I was capable of knowing your merit, has not my admiration been veneration? For what could so much affection and esteem change? Have not your honour,

<sup>3</sup> The generalissimo of the French forces. [Ed.]

<sup>4</sup> The Pagoda in the royal garden at Kew. [Or.]

<sup>5</sup> Lady Frances Shirley. [Or.]

your interest, your safety been ever my first objects? Oh, Harry! if you knew what I have felt and am feeling about you, would you charge me with neglect? If I have seen a person since you went, to whom my first question has not been, "What do you hear of the peace?" you would have reason to blame me. You say I write very seldom: I will tell you what, I should almost be sorry to have you see the anxiety I have expressed about you in letters to every body else. No; I must except lady Ailesbury, and there is not another on earth who loves you so well and is so attentive to whatever relates to you.

With regard to writing, this is exactly the case: I had nothing to tell you; nothing has happened; and where you are, I was cautious of writing. Having neither hopes nor fears, I always write the thoughts of the moment, and even laugh to divert the person I am writing to, without any ill-will on the subjects I mention. But, in your situation, that frankness might be prejudicial to you: and to write grave unmeaning letters, I trusted you was too secure of me either to like them or desire them. I knew no news, nor could I: I have lived quite alone at Strawberry; am connected with no court, ministers, or party; consequently heard nothing, and events there have been none. I have not even for this month heard my lady T \* \* \* 's extempore gazette. All the morning, I play with my workmen or animals, go regularly every evening to the meadows with Mrs. Clive, or sit with my lady Suffolk,<sup>1</sup> and at night scribble my painters.—What a journal to send you! I write more trifling letters than any man living; am ashamed of them, and yet they are expected of me. You, my lady Ailesbury, your brother, sir Horace Mann, George Montagu, lord Strafford—all expect I should write—Of what? I live less and less in the world, care for it less and less, and yet am thus obliged to inquire what it is doing. Do make these allowances for me, and remember half your letters go to my lady Ailesbury. I writ to her of the king's marriage, concluding she would send it to you: tiresome as it would be, I will copy my own letters, if you expect it; for I will do any thing rather than disoblige you. I will send you a diary of the duke of York's balls and Ranelaghs; inform you of how

<sup>1</sup> Henrietta Hobart, countess of Suffolk, then living at Marble-hill. [Or.]

many children my lady B \* \* \* \* is \* \* and how many races my nephew goes to. No, I will not; you do not want *such* proofs of my friendship.

The papers tell us you are retiring, and I was glad. You seem to expect an action.—Can this give me spirits? Can I write to you joyfully, and fear? Or is it fit prince Ferdinand should know you have a friend that is as great a coward about you as your wife? The only reason for my silence, that can *not* be true, is, that I forget you. When I am prudent or cautious, it is no symptom of my being indifferent. Indifference does not happen in friendships, as it does in passions; and if I was young enough or feeble enough to cease to love you, I would not for my own sake let it be known. Your virtues are my greatest pride; I have done myself so much honour by them, that I will not let it be known you have been peevish with me unreasonably. Pray God we may have peace, that I may scold you for it!

The king's marriage was kept the profoundest secret till last Wednesday, when the privy council was extraordinarily summoned, and it was notified to them. Since that, the new queen's mother is dead, and will delay it a few days; but lord Harcourt is to sail on the 27th, and the coronation will certainly be on the 22d of September. All that I know fixed, is, lord Harcourt master of the horse, the duke of Manchester chamberlain,<sup>2</sup> and Mr. Stone treasurer. Lists there are in abundance; I don't know the authentic: those most talked of, are, lady Bute, groom of the stole, the duchesses of Hamilton and Ancaster, lady Northumberland, Bolingbroke, Weymouth, Scarborough, Abergavenny, Effingham, for ladies;<sup>3</sup> you may choose any six of them you please; the four first are more probable. Misses, Henry Beauclerc, M. Howe, Meadows, Wrottesley, Bishop, &c. &c. &c. Choose your maids, too.<sup>4</sup> Bedchamber women,

<sup>2</sup> The duke of Manchester was appointed chamberlain, and lord viscount Cantalpe, son of the earl of Delawarr, vice-chamberlain. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> The ladies of the bedchamber were, the duchess of Ancaster, mistress of the robes; duchess of Hamilton; countess of Effingham; countess of Northumberland; viscountess Weymouth, and viscountess Bolingbroke. [Ed.]

<sup>4</sup> Misses Evelyn, Meadows, Bishop, Beauclerc, Wrottesley, and Keck received the appointments. [Ed.]

Mrs. Bloodworth, Robert Brudenel, Charlotte Dives, lady Erskine ;<sup>5</sup> in short, I repeat a mere newspaper.

We expect the final answer of France this week. Bussy<sup>6</sup> was in great pain on the fireworks for Quebec, lest he should be obliged to illuminate his house : you see I ransack my memory for something to tell you.

Adieu ! I have more reason to be angry than you had ; but I am not so hasty ; you are of a *violent, impetuous, jealous* temper—I, *cool, sedate, reasonable*. I believe I must subscribe my name, or you will not know me by this description.

Yours unalterably.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Friday night, July 16, 1761.

I DID not notify the king's marriage to you yesterday, because I knew you would learn as much by the evening post as I could tell you. The solemn manner of summoning the council was very extraordinary : people little imagined that the urgent and important business in the rescript was to acquaint them that his majesty was going to \* \* \* \* \*. All I can tell you of truth is, that lord Harcourt goes to fetch the princess, and comes back her master of the horse. She is to be here in August, and the coronation certainly on the 22d of September. Think of the joy the women feel ; there is not a Scotch peer in the Fleet that might not marry the greatest fortune in England between this and the 22d of September. However, the ceremony will lose its two brightest luminaries, my niece Waldegrave for beauty, and the duchess of Grafton for figure. The first will be lying-in, the latter at Geneva ; but I think she will come, if she walks to it as well as at it. I cannot recollect but lady Kildare and lady Pembroke of great beauties. Mrs. Bloodworth and Mrs. Robert Brudenel, bedchamber women, Miss Wrottesley and Miss Meadows, maids of honour, go to receive the princess at Helvoet ; what lady I do not hear. Your cousin's grace of Manchester, they say, is to be chamberlain, and

<sup>5</sup> The bedchamber women were, Mrs. Dashwood, Mrs. Herbert, Mrs. Robert Brudenell, and Mrs. Ryan. [Ed.]

<sup>6</sup> The abbé de Bussy, sent here with overtures of peace. Mr. Stanley was at the same time sent to Paris. [Or.]

Mr. Stone, treasurer ;<sup>1</sup> the duchess of Ancaster and lady Bolingbroke of her bedchamber : these I do not know are certain, but hitherto all seems well chosen. Miss Molly Howe, one of the pretty Bishops, and a daughter of lady Harry Beauclerc, are talked of for maids of honour. The great apartment at St. James's is enlarging, and to be furnished with the pictures from Kensington : this does not portend a new palace.

In the midst of all this novelty and hurry, my mind is very differently employed. They expect every minute the news of a battle between Soubise and the hereditary prince. Mr. Conway, I believe, is in the latter army ; judge if I can be thinking much of espousals and coronations ! It is terrible to be forced to sit still, expecting such an event ; in one's own room one is not obliged to be a hero ; consequently, I tremble for one that is really a hero.

Mr. \* \* \*, your secretary, has been to see me to-day ; I am quite ashamed not to have prevented him. I will go to-morrow with all the speeches I can muster.

I am sorry neither you nor your brother are quite well, but shall be content if my Pythagorean sermons have any weight with you. You go to Ireland to make the rest of your life happy ; don't go to fling the rest of it away. Good night !

Yours most faithfully.

Mr. Chute is gone to his Chutehood.

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TO THE COUNTESS OF AILESBUURY.

Strawberry-hill, July 20, 1761.

I BLUSH, dear madam, on observing that half my letters to your ladyship are prefaced with thanks for presents :—don't mistake ; I am not ashamed of thanking you, but of having so many occasions for it. Monsieur Hop has sent me the piece of china : I admire it as much as possible, and intend to like him as much as ever I can ; but hitherto I have not seen him, not having been in town since he arrived.

Could I have believed that the Hague would so easily compensate for England ? nay, for Park-place ! Adieu, all our agree-

<sup>1</sup> Andrew Stone, esq. was appointed treasurer of the queen's household. [Ed.]

able suppers ! Instead of lady Cecilia's<sup>1</sup> French songs, we shall have madame Welderen<sup>2</sup> quavering a confusion of d's and t's, b's and p's—*Bourquoi sçais du blaire ?*<sup>3</sup>—Worse than that, I expect to meet all my — relations at your house, and sir Samson Gideon<sup>4</sup> instead of Charles Townshend. You will laugh like Mrs. Tipkin<sup>5</sup> when a Dutch Jew tells you that he bought at two and a-half per cent., and sold at four. Come back, if you have any taste left : you had better be here talking robes, ermine and tissue, jewels and tresses, as all the world does, than own you are so corrupted. Did you receive my notification of the new queen ? Her mother is dead, and she will not be here before the end of August.

My mind is much more at peace about Mr. Conway than it was. Nobody thinks there will be a battle, as the French did not attack them when both armies shifted camps ; and since that, Soubise has entrenched himself up to the whiskers :—whiskers I think he has, I have been so afraid of him ! Yet our hopes of meeting are still very distant : the peace does not advance ; and if Europe has a *stiver* left in its pockets, the war will continue ; though happily all parties have been so scratched, that they only sit and look anger at one another, like a dog and cat that don't care to begin again.

We are in danger of losing our sociable box at the opera. The new queen is very musical, and, if Mr. deputy Hodges and the city don't exert their veto, will probably go to the Haymarket. \* \* \* \* G \* \* \* P \* \* \*, in imitation of the Adonises in Tanzai's retinue, has asked to be her majesty's grand harper. *Dieu sçait quelle raclerie il y aura !* All the guitars are untuned ; and if miss Conway has a mind to be in fashion at her return, she must take some David or other to teach her the new twing twang, twing twing twang. As I am still desirous of

<sup>1</sup> Lady Cecilia West, daughter of John earl of Delawar, afterwards married to general James Johnston. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> The wife of the Count de Welderen, one of the lords of the states of Holland. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> The first words of a favourite French air, with madame Welderen's confusion of p's, t's, &c. [Or.]

<sup>4</sup> Sir Sampson Gideon, father of Sampson lord Eardley. On his death in 1762, he left the whole of his vast estates, in the case of his race failing, to the Duke of Devonshire. [Ed.]

<sup>5</sup> A character in the *Tender Husband*, or the *Accomplished Fools*. [Or.]

being in fashion with your ladyship, and am, over and above, very grateful, I keep no company but my lady Denbigh<sup>6</sup> and lady Blandford, and learn every evening, for two hours, to mash my English. Already, I am tolerably fluent in saying *she* for *he*.<sup>7</sup>

Good night, madam ! I have no news to send you : one cannot announce a royal wedding and a coronation every post.

Your most faithful and obliged servant.

P. S. Pray, madam, do the gnats bite your legs ? Mine are swelled as big as *one*, which is saying a deal for me.

July 22.

I HAD writ this, and was not time enough for the mail, when I receive your charming note, and this magnificent victory !<sup>8</sup> Oh ! my dear madam, how I thank you, how I congratulate you, how I feel for you, how I have felt for you and for myself ! —But I bought it by two terrible hours to-day—I heard of the battle two hours before I could learn a word of Mr. Conway—I sent all round the world, and went half round it myself. I have cried and laughed, trembled and danced, as you bid me. If you had sent me as much old china as king Augustus gave two regiments for, I should not be half so much obliged to you as for your note. How could you think of me, when you had so much reason to think of nothing but yourself ?—And then they say virtue is not rewarded in this world. I will preach at Paul's Cross, and quote you and Mr. Conway ; no two persons were ever so good and so happy. In short, I am serious in the height of all my joy. God is very good to you, my dear madam ; I thank him for you ; I thank him for myself : it is very unalloyed pleasure we taste at this moment !—Good night ! My heart is so

<sup>6</sup> Isabella, dowager countess of Denbigh, widow of William fifth earl ; was daughter of Peter de Sonje of Utrecht in Holland, and sister of Maria Catherine, widow of William marquis of Blandford, who died without issue, 24th August 1731. [Ed.]

<sup>7</sup> A mistake which these ladies, who were both Dutch women, constantly made. [Or.]

<sup>8</sup> Of Kirekdenckirk. [Or.] On the 15th and 16th July, the allied army under Prince Ferdinand gained a great victory over the French under Prince Soubise, in which the latter were computed to have lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners, about 5,000 men. [Ed.]



expanded, I could write to the last scrap of my paper ; but I won't.

Yours most entirely.

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TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry-hill, July 22, 1761.

MY DEAR LORD,

I love to be able to contribute to your satisfaction ; and I think few things would make you happier than to hear that we have totally defeated the French combined armies, and that Mr. Conway is safe. The account came this morning : I had a short note from poor lady Ailesbury, who was waked with the good news, before she had heard there had been a battle. I don't pretend to send you circumstances, no more than I do of the wedding and coronation, because you have relations and friends in town nearer and better informed. Indeed, only the blossom of victory is come yet.—Fitzroy<sup>1</sup> is expected, and another fuller courier after him. Lord Granby, to the mob's heart's content, has the chief honour of the day—rather, of the two days. The French behaved to the mob's content too, that is, shamefully. And all this glory cheaply bought on our side. Lieutenant-colonel Keith killed ; and colonel Marlay and Harry Townshend wounded. If it produces a peace, I shall be happy for mankind—if not, shall content myself with the single but pure joy of Mr. Conway's being safe.

Well ! my lord, when do you come ? You don't like the question, but kings will be married and must be crowned—and if people will be earls, they must now and then give up castles and new fronts, for processions and ermine. By the way, the number of peeresses that propose to excuse themselves makes great noise ; especially as so many are breeding, or trying to breed, by commoners, that they cannot walk. I hear that my lord D \* \* \* \*, concluding all women would not dislike the ceremony, is negotiating his peerage in the city, and trying if any great fortune will give fifty thousand pounds for one day, as they

<sup>1</sup> Lieut. Colonel Fitzroy, aid-de-camp to Prince Ferdinand, arrived with the particulars of the victory on the 23d. [Ed.]

often do for one night. I saw miss \* \* \* \* this evening at my lady Suffolk's, and fancy she does not think my lord \* \* \* \* quite so ugly as she did two months ago.

Adieu, my lord ! This is a splendid year !

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, July 22, 1761.

FOR my part, I believe Mademoiselle Scudery<sup>1</sup> drew the plan of this year. It is all royal marriages, coronations, and victories ; they come tumbling so over one another from distant parts of the globe, that it looks just like the handy-work of a lady romance writer, whom it costs nothing but a little false geography to make the great Mogul in love with a princess of \* \* \* \*, and defeat two marshals of France as he rides post on an elephant to his nuptials. I don't know where I am. I had scarce found Mecklenburgh Strelitz<sup>2</sup> with a magnifying glass, before I am whisked to Pondicherri<sup>3</sup>—well, I take it, and raze it. I begin to grow acquainted with colonel Coote, and to figure him packing up chests of diamonds, and sending them to his wife against the king's wedding—thunder go the Tower guns, and behold Broglio and Soubise are totally defeated ; if the mob have not much stronger heads and quicker conceptions than I have, they will conclude my lord Granby is become nabob. How the deuce in two days can one digest all this ? Why is not Pondicherri in Westphalia ? I don't know how the Romans did, but I cannot

<sup>1</sup> Magdeline de Scudery, the celebrated authoress of ' Ibrahim ou l' Illustre Bassa '—' Le Grand Cyrus,' &c. It is related of this lady, that when travelling with her brother, at a time when they were engaged in the composition of Artamenes, they entered into a discussion at a small inn where they were resting, as to whether they should kill the prince Mazares, one of the characters in that romance, by poison or the dagger, and being overheard by two merchants, were arrested on suspicion of intended murder, and escaped from ' durance vile ' by a declaration of the real facts of the case. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> In consequence of the king's announcement of his intention to demand in marriage the princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg Strelitz. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> The news of the capture of Pondicherry, in January 1761, had only arrived the day preceding the date of this letter. [Ed.]

support two victories every week. Well, but you will want to know the particulars. Broglie and Soubise, united, attacked our army on the fifteenth, but were repulsed; the next day, the prince Mahomet Alli Cawn—no, no, I mean prince Ferdinand, returned the attack, and the French threw down their arms, and fled, run over my lord Harcourt, who was going to fetch the new queen; in short, I don't know how it was, but Mr. Conway is safe, and I am as happy as Mr. Pitt himself. We have only lost a lieutenant-colonel Keith; colonel Marlay and Harry Townshend are wounded.

I could beat myself for not having a flag ready to display on my round tower, and guns mounted on all my battlements. Instead of that, I have been foolishly trying on my new pictures upon my gallery. However, the oratory of our lady of Strawberry shall be dedicated next year on the anniversary of Mr. Conway's safety. Think with his intrepidity, and delicacy of honour wounded, what I had to apprehend; you shall absolutely be here on the sixteenth of next July. Mr. Hamilton<sup>4</sup> tells me your king does not set out for his new dominions till the day after the coronation; if you will come to it, I can give you a very good place for the procession; where, is a profound secret, because, if known, I should be teased to death, and none but my first friends shall be admitted. I dined with your secretary yesterday; there were Garrick and a young Mr. Burke,<sup>5</sup> who wrote a book in the style of lord Bolingbroke, that was much admired. He is a sensible man, but has not worn off his authorism yet, and thinks there is nothing so charming as writers, and to be one. He will know better one of these days. I like Hamilton's little Marly; we walked in the great *allée*, and drank tea in the arbour of treillage; they talked of Shakspeare and Booth, of Swift and my lord Bath, and I was thinking of Madame Sevigné. Good night! I have a dozen other letters to write; I must tell my friends how happy I am—not as an Englishman, but as a cousin.

Yours ever.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Montagu's private secretary. [Ed.]

<sup>5</sup> The celebrated Edmund Burke, who came into parliament two years after this. Many of his earliest political writings, which were published anonymously, were so masterly in style and argument, that they were generally attributed to lord Bolingbroke. [Ed.]

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, July 23, 1761.

WELL, *mon beau cousin* ! you may be as cross as you please now : when you beat two marshals of France and cut their armies to pieces, I don't mind your pouting ; but, in good truth, it was a little vexatious to have you quarrelling with me, when I was in greater pain about you than I can express. I will say no more ; make a peace, under the walls of Paris if you please, and I will forgive you all—but no more battles : consider, as Dr. Hay said, it is cowardly to beat the French now.

Don't look upon yourselves as the only conquerors in the world. Pondicherri is ours, as well as the field of Kirk Denc-kirk. The park guns never have time to cool ; we ruin ourselves in gunpowder and sky-rockets. If you have a mind to do the gallantest thing in the world after the greatest, you must escort the princess of Mecklenburgh<sup>1</sup> through France. You see what a bully I am ; the moment the French run away, I am sending you on expeditions. I forgot to tell you that the king has got the isle of Dominique and the chicken-pox, two trifles that don't count in the midst of all these festivities. No more does your letter of the 8th, which I received yesterday : it is the one that is to come after the 16th, that I shall receive graciously.

Friday, 24th.

Not satisfied with the rays of glory that reached Twickenham, I came to town to bask in your success ; but am most disagreeably disappointed to find you must beat the French once more, who seem to love to treat the English mob with subjects for bonfires. I had got over such an alarm, that I foolishly ran into the other extreme, and concluded there was not a French battalion left entire upon the face of Germany. Do write to me ; don't be out of humour, but tell me every motion you make : I assure you I have deserved you should. Would you were out of the question, if it were only that I might feel a little humanity ! There is not a blacksmith or linkboy in London that exults more than I do, upon any good news, since you

<sup>1</sup> Her late Majesty. [Or.]

went abroad. What have I to do to hate people I never saw, and to rejoice in their calamities? Heaven send us peace, and you home! Adieu!

Yours ever.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, July 28, 1761.

No, I shall never cease being a dupe, till I have been undeceived round by every thing that calls itself a virtue. I came to town yesterday, through clouds of dust, to see *The Wishes*, and went actually feeling for Mr. Bentley, and full of the emotions he must be suffering. What do you think, in a house crowded, was the first thing I saw? Mr. and Madame Bentley, perched up in the front boxes, and acting audience at his own play! No, all the impudence of false patriotism never came up to it. Did one ever hear of an author that had courage to see his own first night in public? I don't believe Fielding or Foote himself ever did, and this was the modest, bashful Mr. Bentley, that died at the thought of being known for an author even by his own acquaintance. In the stage-box, was lady Bute, lord Halifax, and lord Melcombe. I must say, the two last entertained the house as much as the play; your king was prompter, and called out to the actor every minute to speak louder. The other went backwards and forwards behind the scenes, fetched the actors into the box, and was busier than harlequin. The *curious* prologue was not spoken, the whole very ill acted. It turned out just what I remembered it; the good parts extremely good, the rest very flat and vulgar; the genteel dialogue, I believe, might be written by Mrs. Hannah. The audience was extremely fair: the first act they bore with patience, though it promised very ill; the second is admirable, and was much applauded; so was the third; the fourth woeful; the beginning of the fifth it seemed expiring, but was revived by a delightful burlesque of the ancient chorus, which was followed by two dismal scenes, at which people yawned, but were awakened on a sudden by Harlequin's being drawn up to a gibbet, nobody knew why or wherefore: this raised a prodigious and continued

hiss, Harlequin all the while suspended in the air—at last they were suffered to finish the play, but nobody attended to the conclusion. Modesty and his lady all the while sat with the utmost indifference; I suppose lord Melcombe had fallen asleep before he came to this scene, and had never read it. The epilogue was about the king and new queen, and ended with a personal satire on Garrick: not very kind on his own stage. To add to the judgment of this conduct, Cumberland two days ago published a pamphlet to abuse him. It was given out for to-night with more claps than hisses, but I think will not do unless they reduce it to three acts.

I am sorry you will not come to the coronation. The place I offered, I am not sure I can get for any body else; I cannot explain it to you, because I am engaged to secrecy; if I can get it for your brother John, I will, but don't tell him of it, because it is not sure. Adieu!

Yours ever.

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill.

THIS is the 5th of August, and I just receive your letter of the 17th of last month by Fitzroy.<sup>1</sup> I heard he had lost his pocket-book with all his dispatches, but had found it again. He was a long time finding the letter for me.

You do nothing but reproach me; I declare I will bear it no longer, though you should beat forty more marshals of France. I have already writ you two letters that would fully justify me if you receive them; if you do not, it is not I that am in fault for not writing, but the post-offices for reading my letters, content if they would forward them when they have done with them. They seem to think, like you, that I know more news than any body. What is to be known in the dead of summer, when all the world is dispersed? Would you know who won the sweepstakes at Huntingdon? what parties are at Woburn? what officers upon guard in Betty's fruit-shop? whether the peeresses are to wear long or short tresses at the coro-

<sup>1</sup> George Fitzroy, afterwards created lord Southampton. [Or.]

nation? how many jewels lady \* \* \* \* \* borrows of actresses? All this is your light summer wear for conversation; and, if my memory were as much stuffed with it as my ears, I might have sent you volumes last week. My nieces, lady Waldegrave and Mrs. Keppel, were here five days, and discussed the claim or disappointment of every miss in the kingdom for maid of honour. Unfortunately this new generation is not at all my affair. I cannot attend to what concerns them—Not that their trifles are less important than those of one's own time, but my mould has taken all its impressions, and can receive no more. I must grow old upon the stock I have. I, that was so impatient at all their chat, the moment they were gone, flew to my lady Suffolk, and heard her talk with great satisfaction of the late queen's coronation-petticoat. The preceding age always appears respectable to us (I mean as one advances in years), one's own age interesting, the coming age neither one nor t'other.

You may judge by this account that I have writ *all* my letters, or ought to have written them; and yet, for occasion to blame me, you draw a very pretty picture of my situation: all which tends to prove that I ought to write to you every day, whether I have any thing to say or not. I am writing, I am building—both *works that will outlast the memory of battles and heroes!* Truly, I believe, the one will as much as t'other. My buildings are paper, like my writings, and both will be blown away in ten years after I am dead; if they had not the substantial use of amusing me while I live, they would be worth little indeed. I will give you one instance that will sum up the vanity of great men, learned men, and buildings altogether. I heard lately, that Dr. Pearce,<sup>2</sup> a very learned personage, had consented to let the tomb of Aylmer de Valence, earl of Pembroke, a very great personage, be removed for Wolfe's monument; that at first he had objected, but was wrought upon by being told that *hight* Aylmer was a knight templar, a very wicked set of people, as his lordship had heard, though he knew nothing of them, as they are not mentioned by Longinus. I own I thought this a made story, and wrote to his lordship, expressing my concern that one

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Zachary Pearce, dean of Westminster, afterwards bishop of Rochester; celebrated for his critical abilities and philological learning, which were displayed in his edition of Longinus, &c. Born in London, 1690; died 29th June, 1774. [Ed.]

of the finest and most ancient monuments in the abbey should be removed, and begging, if it was removed, that he would bestow it on me, who would erect and preserve it here. After a fortnight's deliberation, the bishop sent me an answer, civil indeed, and commending my zeal for antiquity! but avowing the story under his own hand. He said, that at first they had taken Pembroke's tomb for a knight templar's. Observe, that not only the man who shows the tombs names it every day, but that there is a draught of it at large in Dart's Westminster; that upon discovering whose it was, he had been very unwilling to consent to the removal, and at last had obliged Wilton to engage to set it up within ten feet of where it stands at present. His lordship concluded with congratulating me on publishing learned authors at my press. I don't wonder that a man who thinks Lucan a *learned* author, should mistake a tomb in his own cathedral. If I had a mind to be angry, I could complain with reason; as, having paid forty pounds for ground for my mother's tomb, that the chapter of Westminster sell their church over and over again; the ancient monuments tumble upon one's head through their neglect, as one of them did, and killed a man at lady Elizabeth Percy's funeral; and they erect new waxen dolls of queen Elizabeth, &c., to draw visits and money from the mob. I hope all this history is applicable to some part or other of my letter; but letters you will have, and so I send you one, very like your own stories that you tell your daughter: There was a king, and he had three daughters, and they all went to see the tombs; and the youngest, who was in love with Aylmer de Valence, &c.

Thank you for your account of the battle; thank prince Ferdinand for giving you a very honourable post, which, in spite of his teeth and yours, proved a very safe one; and above all, thank prince Soubise, whom I love better than all the German princes in the universe. Peace, I think, we must have at last, if you beat the French, or at least hinder them from beating you, and afterwards starve them. Bussy's last *last* courier is expected; but as he may have a last last *last* courier, I trust no more to this than to all the others. He was complaining t'other day to Mr. Pitt of our haughtiness, and said it would drive the French to some desperate effort; "Thirty thousand men," continued he, "would embarrass you a little, I believe!" "Yes, truly," re-



plied. Pitt, "for I am so embarrassed with those we have already, I don't know what to do with them."

Adieu! Don't fancy that the more you scold, the more I will write: it has answered three times, but the next cross word you give me shall put an end to our correspondence. Sir Horace Mann's father used to say, "Talk, Horace, you have been abroad:"—You cry, "Write, Horace, you are at home." No, sir, you can beat a hundred and twenty thousand French, but you cannot get the better of me. I will not write such foolish letters as this every day, when I have nothing to say.

Yours as you behave.

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 20, 1761.

A FEW lines before you go, your resolutions are good, and give me great pleasure; bring them back unbroken; I have no mind to lose you; we have been acquainted these thirty years, and to give the devil his due, in all that time I never knew a bad, a false, a mean or ill-natured thing in the devil—but don't tell him I say so, especially as I cannot say the same of myself. I am now doing a dirty thing, flattering you to preface a commission. Dickey Bateman<sup>1</sup> has picked up a whole cloister-full of old chairs in Herefordshire. He bought them one by one, here and there in farm-houses, for three-and-sixpence, and a crown a-piece. They are of wood, the seats triangular, the backs, arms, and legs loaded with turnery. A thousand to one but there are plenty up and down Cheshire, too. If Mr. and Mrs. Wetenhall, as they ride or drive out, would now and then pick up such a chair, it would oblige me greatly. Take notice, no two need be of the same pattern.

Keep it as the secret of your life; but if your brother John addresses himself to me a day or two before the coronation, I can place him well to see the procession: when it is over, I will give you a particular reason why this must be such a mystery.

<sup>1</sup> Richard Bateman, brother of lord viscount Bateman. He figures in sir C. H. Williams' Poems as 'Constant Dicky.' [Ed.]

I was extremely diverted t'other day with my mother's and my old milliner; she said she had a petition to me—"What is it, Mrs. Burton?" "It is in behalf of two poor orphans." I began to feel for my purse. "What can I do for them, Mrs. Burton?"

"Only if your honour would be so compassionate as to get them tickets for the coronation." I could not keep my countenance, and these distressed *orphans* are two and three and twenty: Did you ever hear a more melancholy case?

The queen is expected on Monday. I go to town on Sunday. Would these shows and your Irish journey were over, and neither of us a day the poorer!

I am expecting Mr. Chute to hold a chapter on the cabinet. A barge-load of niches, window-frames, and ribs, is arrived. The cloister is paving, the privy garden making, painted glass adjusting to the windows on the back stairs: with so many irons in the fire, you may imagine I have not much time to write. I wish you a safe and pleasant voyage.

Yours faithfully.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Arlington-street, Tuesday morning.

MY DEAR LORD,

Nothing was ever equal to the bustle and uncertainty of the town for these three days. The queen was seen off the coast of Sussex on Saturday last, and is not arrived yet—nay, last night at ten o'clock it was neither certain when she landed, nor when she would be in town. I forgive history for knowing nothing, when so public an event as the arrival of a new queen is a mystery even at the very moment in St. James's-street. The messenger that brought the letter yesterday morning, said she *arrived* at half an hour after four at Harwich. This was immediately translated into *landing*, and notified in those words to the ministers. Six hours afterwards, it proved no such thing, and that she was only in Harwich-road; and they recollected that *half an hour after four* happens twice in twenty-four hours.

and the letter did not specify which of the *twices* it was. Well! the bridemaids whipped on their virginity; the new road and the parks were thronged; the guns were choaking with impatience to go off; and sir James Lowther, who was to pledge his majesty, was actually married to lady Mary Stuart.<sup>1</sup> Five, six, seven, eight o'clock came, and no queen: she lay at Witham at lord Abercorn's, who was most tranquilly in town; and it is not certain even whether she will be composed enough to be in town to-night. She has been sick but half an hour; sung and played on the harpsichord all the voyage, and been cheerful the whole time. The coronation will now certainly not be put off—so I shall have the pleasure of seeing you on the 15th. The weather is close and sultry; and, if the wedding is to-night, we shall all die.

They have made an admirable speech for the Tripoline ambassador—that he said he heard the king had sent his *first eunuch* to fetch the princess. I should think he meant lord \*\*\*.

You will find the town over head and ears in disputes about rank, precedence, processions, *entrées*, &c. One point, that of the Irish peers, has been excellently liquidated: lord Halifax has stuck up a paper in the coffee-room at Arthur's, importing, "That his majesty, not having leisure to determine a point of such great consequence, permits for this time such Irish peers as shall be at the marriage to walk in the procession." Every body concludes those personages will understand this order, as it is drawn up in their *own* language; otherwise, it is not very clear how they are to walk *to* the marriage, if they are *at* it before they come *to* it.

Strawberry returns its duty and thanks for all your lordship's goodness to it, and, though it has not got its wedding-clothes yet, will be happy to see you. Lady Betty Mackenzie is the

<sup>1</sup> Eldest daughter of the earl of Bute. Sir James Lowther succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of Henry, third viscount Lonsdale, and was created baron Lowther of Lowther, and baron of Kendal, co. Cumberland, baron of Brugh, co. Westmoreland, and earl of Lonsdale 1784, all of which titles became extinct on his death without issue in 1802. But he was also created in 1797 Baron and Viscount Lowther of Whitehaven, co. Cumberland, with remainder to the heirs male of the Rev. Sir W. Lowther, bart., in which title he was succeeded by the present earl, son and heir of the said Sir William. [Ed.]

individual woman she was—she seems to have been gone three years, like the sultan in the Persian Tales, who popped his head into a tub of water, pulled it up again, and fancied he had been a dozen years in bondage in the interim. She is not altered in a tittle. Adieu, my dear lord!

Your most faithful servant.

Twenty minutes past three in the afternoon, not in the middle of the night.

Madame Charlotte is this instant arrived. The noise of coaches, chaises, horsemen, mob, that have been to see her pass through the parks, is so prodigious that I cannot distinguish the guns. I am going to be dressed, and before seven shall launch into the crowd. Pray for me!

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington-street, Sept. 9, 1761.

THE date of my promise is now arrived, and I fulfil it—fulfil it with great satisfaction, for the queen is come; I have seen her, have been presented to her—and may go back to Strawberry. For this fortnight I have lived upon the road between Twickenham and London: I came, grew impatient, returned; came again, still to no purpose. The yachts made the coast of Suffolk last Saturday, on Sunday entered the road of Harwich, and on Monday morning the king's chief eunuch, as the Tripoline ambassador calls lord A \* \* \*,<sup>1</sup> landed the princess. She lay that night at lord Abercorn's at Witham, the palace of silence; and yesterday at a quarter after three arrived at St. James's. In half an hour, one heard of nothing but proclamations of her beauty: every body was content, every body pleased. At seven, one went to court. The night was sultry. About ten, the procession began to move towards the chapel, and at eleven they all came up into the drawing-room. She looks very sensible, cheerful, and is remarkably genteel. Her

<sup>1</sup> Lord Anson, who had the command of the squadron which conveyed the royal yacht. [Ed.]

tiara of diamonds was very pretty, her stomacher sumptuous; her violet-velvet mantle and ermine so heavy, that the spectators knew as much of her upper half as the king himself. You will have no doubts of her sense by what I shall tell you. On the road, they wanted her to curl her toupet: she said she thought it looked as well as any of the ladies sent to fetch her; if the king bid her she would wear a periwig, otherwise she would remain as she was. When she caught the first glimpse of the palace, she grew frightened and turned pale; the duchess of Hamilton\* smiled—the princess said, “My dear duchess, you may laugh, you have been married twice, but it is no joke to me.” Her lips trembled as the coach stopped, but she jumped out with spirit, and has done nothing but with good-humour and cheerfulness. She talks a great deal—is easy, civil, and not disconcerted. At first, when the bride-maids and court were introduced to her, she said, “*Mon Dieu, il y en a tant, il y en a tant!*” She was pleased when she was to kiss the peeresses; but lady Augusta was forced to take her hand and give it to those that were to kiss it, which was prettily humble and good-natured. While they waited for supper, she sat down, sung, and played. Her French is tolerable, she exchanged much both of that and German with the king, the duke, and the duke of York. They did not get to bed till two. To-day was a drawing-room: every body was presented to her; but she spoke to nobody, as she could not know a soul. The crowd was much less than at a birth-day, the magnificence very little more. The king looked very handsome, and talked to her continually with great good-humour. It does not promise as if they two would be the two most unhappy persons in England from this event. The bride-maids, especially lady Caroline Russel, lady Sarah Lenox, and lady Elizabeth Keppel, were beautiful figures. With neither features nor air, lady Sarah was by far the chief angel. The duchess of Hamilton was almost in

\* Elizabeth Gunning, one of the famous beauties. She married James, duke of Hamilton, who died 12th January 1758; and secondly, Major-general Campbell, afterwards John fifth duke of Argyle. Her beauty was so great, and created such a sensation, that it was said by Horace Walpole that seven hundred people sat up all night in and about an inn in Yorkshire, to see her get into her post-chaise next morning. [Ed.]

possession of her former beauty, to-day; and your other duchess,<sup>3</sup> your daughter, was much better dressed than I ever saw her. Except a pretty lady Sutherland, and a most perfect beauty, an Irish miss Smith,<sup>4</sup> I don't think the queen saw much else to discourage her: my niece,<sup>5</sup> lady Kildare, Mrs. Fitzroy, were none of them there. There is a ball to-night, and two more drawing-rooms; but I have done with them. The duchess of Queensbury and lady Westmoreland were in the procession, and did credit to the ancient nobility.

You don't presume to suppose, I hope, that we are thinking of you, and wars, and misfortunes, and distresses, in these festival times. Mr. Pitt himself would be mobbed if he talked of any thing but clothes, and diamonds, and bride-maids. Oh! yes, we have wars, civil wars; there is a campaign opened in the bed-chamber. Every body is excluded but the ministers; even the lords of the bed-chamber, cabinet counsellors, and foreign ministers: but it has given such offence that I don't know whether lord Huntingdon must not be the scape-goat. Adieu! I am going to transcribe most of this letter to your countess.

Yours ever.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Sept. 24, 1761.

I AM glad you arrived safe in Dublin, and hitherto like it so well; but your trial is not begun yet. When your king comes, the ploughshares will be put into the fire. Bless your stars that your king is not to be married or crowned. All the vines of Bourdeaux, and all the fumes of Irish brains cannot make a town so drunk as a regal wedding and coronation. I

<sup>3</sup> The duchess of Richmond, Mr. Conway's daughter-in-law. Lady Mary Bruce, who married 1st April 1757, Charles duke of Richmond, was the only daughter of Charles last earl of Ailesbury, by his third wife Caroline, daughter of general John Campbell, afterwards fourth duke of Argyle. Lady Ailesbury married secondly the Right Hon. Henry Seymour Conway. [Ed.]

<sup>4</sup> Afterwards married to lord Llandaff. [Or.]

<sup>5</sup> The countess of Waldegrave. [Or.]

am going to let London cool, and will not venture into it again this fortnight. Oh! the buzz, the prattle, the crowds, the noise, the hurry! Nay, people are so little come to their senses, that though the coronation was but the day before yesterday, the duke of Devonshire had forty messages yesterday, desiring tickets for a ball, that they fancied was to be at court last night. People had set up a night and a day, and yet wanted to see a dance. If I was to entitle ages, I would call this the *century of crowds*. For the coronation, if a puppet-show could be worth a million, that is. The multitudes, balconies, guards, and processions, made Palace-yard the liveliest spectacle in the world: the hall was the most glorious. The blaze of lights, the richness and variety of habits, the ceremonial, the benches of peers and peeresses, frequent and full, were as awful as a pageant can be; and yet for the king's sake and my own, I never wish to see another; nor am impatient to have my lord Effingham's promise fulfilled. The king complained that so few precedents were kept for their proceedings. Lord Effingham owned, the earl marshal's office had been strangely neglected; but he had taken such care for the future, that the *next coronation* would be regulated in the most exact manner imaginable. The number of peers and peeresses present was not very great; some of the latter, with no excuse in the world, appeared in lord Lincoln's gallery, and even walked about the hall indecently in the intervals of the procession. My lady Harrington, covered with all the diamonds she could borrow, hire, or seize, and with the air of Roxana, was the finest figure at a distance; she complained to George Selwyn that she was to walk with lady Portsmouth, who would have a wig, and a stick—"Pho," said he, "You will only look as if you were taken up by the constable." She told this every where, thinking the reflection was on my lady Portsmouth. Lady Pembroke alone, at the head of the countesses, was the picture of majestic modesty; the duchess of Richmond as pretty as nature and dress, with no pains of her own, could make her; lady Spencer, lady Sutherland, and lady Northampton, very pretty figures. Lady Kildare, still beauty itself, if not a little too large. The ancient peeresses were by no means the worst party: lady Westmoreland, still handsome, and with more dignity than all; the duchess of Queensbury looked well, though her locks milk

white; lady Albemarle very genteel; nay, the middle age had some good representatives in lady Holderness, lady Rockford, and lady Strafford, the perfectest little figure of all. My lady Suffolk ordered her robes, and I dressed part of her head, as I made some of my lord Hertford's dress; for you know, no profession comes amiss to me, from the tribune of a people to a habit-maker. Don't imagine that there was not figures as excellent on the other side: old Exeter, who told the king he was the handsomest man she ever saw; old Effingham and a lady Say and Seale, with her hair powdered and her tresses black, were an excellent contrast to the handsome. Lord B \* \* \* \* put on rouge upon his wife and the duchess of Bedford in the painted chamber; the duchess of Queensbury told me of the latter, that she looked like an orange-peach, half red and half yellow. The coronets of the peers and their robes disguised them strangely; it required all the beauty of the dukes of Richmond and Marlborough to make them noticed. One there was, though of another species, the noblest figure I ever saw, the high-constable of Scotland, lord Errol;<sup>1</sup> as one saw him in a space capable of containing him, one admired him. At the wedding, dressed in tissue, he looked like one of the giants in Guildhall, new gilt. It added to the energy of his person, that one considered him acting so considerable a part in that very hall, where so few years ago one saw his father, lord Kilmarnock, condemned to the block. The champion acted his part admirably, and dashed down his gauntlet with proud defiance. His associates, lord E \* \* \* \*,<sup>2</sup> lord Talbot, and the duke of Bedford, were woful; lord Talbot piqued himself on backing his horse down the hall, and not turning his rump towards the king, but he had taken such pains to dress it to that duty, that it entered backwards: and at his retreat the spectators clapped, a terrible indecorum, but suitable to such Bartholomew-fair doings. He had twenty *demeles*, and came out of none creditably. He had taken away the tables of the knights of the Bath, and was forced to admit two in their old place, and dine the others in the court of

<sup>1</sup> James, lord Boyd, fourteenth earl of Errol, equally celebrated for his extraordinary stature and symmetry, as for his personal and mental accomplishments. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> The earl of Effingham, whose place it was, as earl marshal, to accompany the champion. [Ed.]



requests. Sir William Stanhope said, "We are ill-treated, for *some of us* are gentlemen." Beckford told the earl, it was hard to refuse a table to the city of London, whom it would cost ten thousand pounds to banquet the king, and that his lordship would repent it, if they had not a table in the hall; they had. To the barons of the Cinque-ports, who made the same complaint, he said, "If you come to me as lord steward, I tell you, it is impossible; if, as lord Talbot, I am a match for any of you;" and then he said to lord Bute, "If I were a minister, thus I would talk to France, to Spain, to the Dutch—none of your half measures." This has brought me to a melancholy topic. Bussy goes to-morrow, a Spanish war is hanging in the air, destruction is taking a new lease of mankind—of the remnant of mankind. I have no prospect of seeing Mr. Conway. Adieu; I will not disturb you with my forebodings. You I shall see again in spite of war, and I trust in spite of Ireland.

Yours ever.

I was much disappointed at not seeing your brother John: I kept a place for him to the last minute, but have heard nothing of him.

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington-street, Sept. 25, 1761.

This is the most unhappy day I have known of years: Bussy goes away! Mankind is again given up to the sword! Peace and you are far from England!

Strawberry-hill.

I was interrupted this morning, just as I had begun my letter, by lord Waldegrave; and then the duke of Devonshire sent for me to Burlington-house to meet the duchess of Bedford, and see the old pictures from Hardwicke. If my letter reaches you three days later, at least you are saved from a lamentation. Bussy has put off his journey to Monday (to be sure, you know this is Friday): he says this is a strange country, he can get no waggoner to carry his goods on a Sunday. I am glad a Spanish

war waits for a conveyance, and that a wagger's note is as good as a tribune's of Rome, and can stop Mr. Pitt on his career to Mexico. He was going post to conquer it—and Beckford, I suppose, would have had a contract for remitting all the gold, of which Mr. Pitt never thinks, unless to serve a city friend. It is serious that we have discussions with Spain, who says France is humbled enough, but must not be ruined: Spanish gold is actually coining in frontier towns of France; and the privilege which Biscay and two other provinces have of fishing on the coast of Newfoundland, has been demanded for all Spain. It was refused peremptorily; and Mr. secretary Cortez<sup>1</sup> insisted yesterday se'night on recalling lord Bristol.<sup>2</sup> The rest of the council, who are content with the world they have to govern, without conquering others, prevailed to defer this impetuosity. However, if France or Spain are the least untractable, a war is inevitable: nay, if they don't submit by the first day of the session, I have no doubt but Mr. Pitt will declare it himself on the address. I have no opinion of Spain intending it: they give France money to protract a war, from which they reap such advantages in their peaceful capacity; and I should think would not give their money if they were on the point of having occasion for it themselves. In spite of you, and all the old barons our ancestors, I pray that we may have done with glory, and would willingly burn every Roman and Greek historian who have done nothing but transmit precedents for cutting throats.

The coronation is over: 'tis even a more gorgeous sight than I imagined. I saw the procession and the hall; but the return was in the dark. In the morning they had forgot the sword of state; the chairs for king and queen, and their canopies. They used the lord mayor's for the first, and made the last in the hall: so they did not set forth till noon; and then, by a childish compliment to the king, reserved the illumination of the hall till his entry; by which means they arrived like a funeral, nothing being discernible but the plumes of the knights of the Bath, which seemed the hearse. Lady Kildare, the duchess of Richmond, and lady Pembroke, were the capital beauties. Lady Harrington, the finest figure at a distance; old Westmoreland,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Pitt, then secretary of state. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> The English ambassador at the court of Madrid. [Or.]

the most majestic. Lady Hertford could not walk, and indeed I think is in a way to give us great anxiety. She is going to Ragley to ride. Lord Beauchamp was one of the king's train-bearers. Of all the incidents of the day, the most diverting was, what happened to the queen. She had a retiring-chamber, with *all* conveniences, prepared behind the altar. She went thither,—in the *most convenient*, what found she but—the duke of Newcastle! Lady Hardwicke died three days before the ceremony, which kept away the whole house of Yorke. Some of the peeresses were dressed over night, slept in arm-chairs, and were waked if they tumbled their heads. Your sister Harris's maid, lady Peterborough, was a comely figure. My lady Cowper refused, but was forced to walk with lady M \* \* \*. Lady Falmouth<sup>3</sup> was not there; on which George Selwyn said, "That those peeresses who were most used to *walk*, did not." I carried my lady Townshend, lady Hertford, lady Anne Connolly, my lady Harvey, and Mrs. Clive, to my deputy's house at the gate of Westminster-hall. My lady Townshend said she should be very glad to see a coronation, as she never had seen one. "Why," said I, "madam, you walked at the last?" "Yes, child," said she, "but I saw nothing of it: I only looked to see who looked at me." The duchess of Queensbury walked to her affectation that day was to do nothing preposterous. The queen has been at the opera, and says she will go once a-week. This is a fresh disaster to our box, where we have lived so harmoniously for three years. We can get no alternative but that over miss Chudleigh's; and lord Strafford and lady Mary Coke will not subscribe, unless we can. The duke of Devonshire and I are negotiating with all our art to keep our party together. The crowds at the opera and play when the king and queen go, are a little greater than what I remember. The late royalties went to the Haymarket, when it was the fashion to frequent the other opera in Lincoln's-inn-fields. Lord Chesterfield one night came into the latter, and was asked, if he had been at the other house? "Yes," said he, "but there was nobody but the king and queen; and as I thought they might be talking business, I came away."

<sup>3</sup> Hannah Catherine Maria, daughter of Thomas Smith of Worplesdon, county of Surrey, esq., and widow of Richard Russell, esq. [Ed.]

Thank you for your journals: the best route you can send me would be of your journey homewards. Adieu!

Yours most sincerely.

P.S. If you ever hear from, or write to, such a person as lady Ailesbury, pray tell her she is worse to me in point of correspondence than ever you said I was to you, and that she sends me every thing but letters.

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TO THE COUNTESS OF AILESBURY.

Strawberry-hill, September 27, 1761.

You are a mean mercenary woman. If you did not want histories of weddings and coronations, and had not jobs to be executed about muslins and a bit of china and counterband goods, one should never hear of you. When you don't want a body, you can frisk about with Greffiers and Burgomasters, and be as merry in a dyke as my lady Frog herself. The moment your curiosity is agog, or your cambric seized, you recollect a good cousin in England, and, as folks said two hundred years ago, begin to write *upon the knees of your heart*. Well! I am a sweet-tempered creature, I forgive you. I have already writ to a little friend in the custom-house, and will try what can be done; though, by Mr. Amyand's report to the duchess of Richmond, I fear your case is desperate.—For the genealogies, I have turned over all my books to no purpose; I can meet with no lady Howard who married a Carey, nor a lady Seymour that married a Caufield. Lettice Caufield, who married Francis Staunton, was daughter of Dr. James (not George) Caufield, younger brother of the first lord Charlemont. This is all I can ascertain. For the other pedigree; I can inform your friend there was a sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who married an Anne Carew, daughter of sir Nicholas Carew, knight of the garter, not Carey.—But this Sir Nicholas Carew married Joan Courtney—not a Howard: and besides, the Careys and Throckmortons you wot of were just the reverse: your Carey was the cock, and Throckmorton the hen—mine are *vice versâ*:—otherwise, let me tell your friend, Carews and Courtneys are

worth Howards any day of the week, and of ancienter blood;—so, if descent is all he wants, I advise him to take up with the pedigree as I have refitted it. However, I will cast a figure once more, and try if I can conjure up the dames Howard and Seymour that he wants.

My heraldry was much more offended at the coronation with the ladies that did walk, than with those that walked out of their place; yet I was not so *perilously* angry as my lady Cowper,<sup>1</sup> who refused to set a foot with my lady M \* \* \* \*; and, when she was at last obliged to associate with her, set out on a round trot, as if she designed to prove the antiquity of her family by marching as lustily as a maid of honour of queen Gwiniver. It was in truth a brave sight. The sea of heads in Palace-yard, the guards, horse and foot, the scaffolds, balconies, and procession, exceeded imagination. The hall, when once illuminated, was noble; but they suffered the whole parade to return into it in the dark, that his majesty might be surprised with the quickness with which the sconces caught fire. The champion acted well; the other Paladins had neither the grace nor alertness of Rinaldo. Lord Effingham and the duke of Bedford were but untoward knights errant; and lord Talbot had not much more dignity than the figure of general Monk in the abbey. The habit of the peers is unbecoming to the last degree, but the peeresses made amends for all defects. Your daughter Richmond, lady Kildare, and lady Pembroke were as handsome as the Graces. Lady Rochford, lady Holderness, and lady Lyttelton looked exceedingly well in that their day; and for those of the day before, the duchess of Queensbury, lady Westmoreland, and lady Albemarle were surprising. Lady Harrington was noble at a distance, and so covered with diamonds, that you would have thought she had bid somebody or other, like Falstaff, *rob me the exchequer*. Lady Northampton was very magnificent, too, and looked prettier than

<sup>1</sup> Lady Cowper, the second wife of George Clavering Cowper, earl Cowper, was lady Georgiana Caroline, daughter of the right honorable John, earl of Granville, and widow of the right honorable John Spencer Charles, fourth earl of Sunderland, and second duke of Marlborough. She was the mother of John, created, in 1761, baron and viscount Spencer of Althorpe, county Nottingham, and in 1765, viscount Althorpe and earl Spencer, the grandfather of the present earl. [Ed.]

I have seen her of late. Lady Spencer and lady Bolingbroke were not the worst figures there. The duchess of Ancaster marched alone after the queen with much majesty; and there were two new Scotch peeresses that pleased every body, lady Sutherland<sup>2</sup> and lady Dunmore. *Per contra*, were lady P\*\*\*, who had put a wig on, and old E\*\*\*, who had scratched hers off; lady S\*\*\*, the dowager E\*\*\*, and a lady S\*\*\* with her tresses coal black, and her hair coal white. Well! it was all delightful, but not half so charming as its being over. The gabble one heard about it for six weeks before, and the fatigue of the day, could not well be compensated by a mere puppet-show; for puppet-show it was, though it cost a million. The queen is so gay that we shall not want sights; she has been at the Opera, the Beggar's Opera and the Rehearsal, and two nights ago carried the king to Ranelagh. In short, I am so miserable with losing my duchess,<sup>3</sup> and you and Mr. Conway, that I believe, if you should be another six weeks without writing to me, I should come to the Hague and scold you in person—for, alas! my dear lady, I have no hopes of seeing you here. Stanley is recalled, is expected every hour—Bussy goes to-morrow; and Mr. Pitt is so impatient to conquer Mexico, that I don't believe he will stay till my lord Bristol can be ordered to leave Madrid. I tremble lest Mr. Conway should not get leave to come—nay, are we sure he would like to ask it? He was so impatient to get to the army, that I should not be surprised if he staid there till every suttler and woman that follows the camp was come away.

<sup>2</sup> Mary, eldest daughter, and co-heir of William Maxwell of Prestoun, esq. married, 14th April 1761, William, eighteenth earl of Sutherland, who died at Bath, on the 16th June 1766, under circumstances peculiarly affecting. By his marriage he had two daughters. The lady Catherine, born in London 24th May 1764, who died at Dunrobin Castle, 3th January 1766; and the lady Elizabeth, the present duchess dowager of Sutherland, born 24th May 1765. On the death of their eldest child, they were so seriously affected by it as to be ordered to resort to Bath for change of scene; but they had scarcely arrived there when the earl was seized with a fever, and the countess nursed him with such unremitting attention, never retiring to bed for twenty-one days, that she fell a victim to fatigue on the 1st June 1766; and was survived by the earl but for a few days, viz. to the 16th of that month. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> The duchess of Grafton, who was abroad. [Ed.]

You ask me if we are not in admiration of prince Ferdinand— In truth, we have thought very little of him. He may outwit Broglie ten times, and not be half so much talked of as lord Talbot's backing his horse down Westminster-hall. The generality are not struck with any thing under a complete victory. If you have a mind to be well with the mob of England, you must be knocked on the head like Wolfe, or bring home as many diamonds as Clive. We live in a country where so many follies or novelties start forth every day, that we have not time to try a general's capacity by the rules of Polybius.

I have hardly left room for obligations—to your ladyship, for my commission at Amsterdam; to Mrs. Sally,<sup>4</sup> for her tea-pots, which are likely to stay so long at the Hague, that I fear they will have begot a whole set of china; and to miss Conway and lady George, for thinking of me. Pray assure them of my *re-thinking*. Adieu, dear madam! Don't you think we had better write oftener and shorter?

Yours most faithfully.

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Oct. 8, 1761.

I CANNOT swear I wrote to you again to offer your brother the place for the coronation; but I was confident I did, nay, I think so still: my proofs are, the place remained vacant; and I sent to old Richard to inquire if Mr. John was not arrived. He had no great loss, as the procession returned in the dark.

Your king<sup>1</sup> will have heard that Mr. Pitt resigned last Monday.<sup>2</sup> Greater pains have been taken to recover him than were used to drive him out. He is inflexible, but mighty

<sup>4</sup> Lady Ailesbury's woman. [Or.]

<sup>1</sup> The earl of Halifax, lord lieutenant of Ireland. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Pitt resigned on Monday, 5th October 1761, on being outnumbered in the council when he proposed an immediate declaration of war against Spain. On a division it appeared that Mr. Pitt and his brother-in-law were the only members in favour of that measure. [Ed.]

peaceable. Lord Egremont is to have the seals, to-morrow. It is a most unhappy event—France and Spain will soon let us know we ought to think so. For your part, you will be invaded; a blacker rod than you will be sent to Ireland. Would you believe that the town is a desert? The wedding filled it, the coronation crammed it; Mr. Pitt's resignation has not brought six people to London. As they could not hire a window and crowd one another to death to see him give up the seals, it seems a matter of perfect indifference. If he will accuse a single man of checking our career of glory, all the world will come to see him hanged; but what signifies the ruin of a nation, if no particular man ruins it?

The duchess of Marlborough died the night before last. Thank you for your descriptions; pray continue them. Mrs. Delany I know a little, lord Charlemont's villa is in Chambers's book.<sup>3</sup>

I have nothing new to tell you; but the grain of mustard seed sown on Monday will soon produce as large a tree as you can find in any prophecy. Adieu.

Yours ever.

P.S. Lady Mary Wortley is arrived.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, October 10, 1761.

PRAY, sir, how does virtue sell in Ireland now? I think for a province they have now and then given large prices. Have you a mind to know what the biggest virtue in the world is worth? If Cicero had been a drawcansir instead of a coward, and had carried the glory of Rome to as lofty a height as he did their eloquence, for how much do you think he would have sold all that reputation? Oh! sold it! you will cry; vanity was his predominant passion; he would have trampled on sesterces like dirt, and provided the tribes did but erect statues

<sup>3</sup> Sir William Chambers' Treatise on Civil Architecture—according to Walpole, "the most sensible book and the most exempt from prejudices that was ever written on that science." The first edition was published in 1759: the last was that edited by Gwilt in 1825. [Ed.]



enough for him, he was content with a bit of Sabine mutton; he would have preferred his little Tusculan villa, or the flattery of Caius Atticus at Baiæ, to the wealth of Cræsus, or to the luxurious banquets of Lucullus. Take care, there is not a Tory gentleman, if there is one left, who would not have laid the same wager twenty years ago on the disinterestedness of my lord Bath. Come, you tremble; you are so incorrupt yourself, you would give the world Mr. Pitt was so too. You adore him for what he has done for us; you bless him for placing England at the head of Europe, and you don't hate him for infusing as much spirit into us, as if a Montague, earl of Salisbury, was still at the head of our enemies. Nothing could be more just. We owe the recovery of our affairs to him, the splendour of our country, the conquest of Canada, Louisbourg, Guadeloupe, Africa, and the east. Nothing is too much for such services; accordingly, I hope you will not think the barony of Chatham, and three thousand pounds a year for three lives too much for my lady Esther. She has this pittance: good night.

Yours ever.

P.S. I told you falsely in my last that lady Mary Wortley was arrived — I cannot help it if my lady Denbigh cannot read English in all these years, but mistakes Wrottesley for Wortley.

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TO THE COUNTESS OF AILESBUURY.

Strawberry-hill, October, 10, 1761.

I DON'T know what business I had, madam, to be an economist: it was out of character. I wished for a thousand more drawings in that sale at Amsterdam, but concluded they would be very dear; and not having seen them, I thought it too rash to trouble your ladyship with a large commission.

I wish I could give you as good an account of your commission; but it is absolutely impracticable. I employed one of the most sensible and experienced men in the custom-house; and all the result was, he could only recommend me to Mr. Amyand as the newest, and consequently the most polite of the commissioners—but the duchess of Richmond had tried him before—to no purpose. There is no way of recovering any of your goods, but purchasing them again at the sale.

What am I doing, to be talking to you of drawings and chintzes, when the world is all turned topsy turvy? Peace, as the poets would say, is not only returned to heaven, but has carried her sister Virtue along with her!—Oh! no, Peace will keep no such company—Virtue is an errant \* \* \*, and loves diamonds as well as my lady \* \* \* \*, and is as fond of a coronet as my lord Melcombe. Worse! worse! She will set men to cutting throats, and pick their pockets at the same time. I am in such a passion, I cannot tell you what I am angry about—Why, about Virtue and Mr. Pitt; two errant cheats, gipsies! I believe he was a comrade of Elizabeth Canning,<sup>1</sup> when he lived at Enfield-wash. In short, the council were for making peace;

But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,  
Evades them with a bombast circumstance,  
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war,  
And in conclusion—nonsuits my mediators.

He insisted on a war with Spain, was resisted, and last Monday resigned. The city breathed vengeance on his opposers, the council quaked, and the Lord knows what would have happened; but yesterday, which was only Friday, as this giant was stalking to seize the Tower of London, he stumbled over a silver penny, picked it up, carried it home to lady Esther, and they are now as quiet, good sort of people, as my lord and lady Bath who lived in the vinegar-bottle. In fact, madam, this immaculate man has accepted the barony of Chatham for his wife, with a pension of three thousand pounds a year for three lives; and, though he has not quitted the House of Commons, I think my lord A \* \* \* \* would now be as formidable there. The pension he has left *us*, is a war for three thousand lives! perhaps, for twenty times three thousand lives!—But—

<sup>1</sup> In 1753, the attention of the whole country was arrested by the affair of Elizabeth Canning, who represented herself as having been carried off and maltreated at the house of Mrs. Webb, when, in fact, she had only gone out of the way to lie in. Her tale was for a long time believed to be true; nine persons were arrested, tried, and convicted upon her testimony, and would certainly have been hanged, had it not been that the Sessions papers accidentally fell into the hands of a gentleman, who published a pamphlet in which he proved the impossibility of the facts she stated being true. [Ed.]

Does this become a soldier? *this* become  
Whom armies follow'd and a people loved?

What! to sneak out of the scrape, prevent peace, and avoid the war! blast one's character, and all for the comfort of a paltry annuity, a long-necked peeress, and a couple of Grenvilles! The city looks mighty foolish, I believe, and possibly even Beckford may blush. Lord Temple resigned yesterday: I suppose his virtue pants for a dukedom. Lord Egremont has the seals; lord Hardwicke, I fancy, the privy seal; and George Grenville, no longer speaker, is to be the cabinet minister in the House of Commons. Oh! madam, I am glad you are inconstant to Mr. Conway, though it is only with a Barbette! If you piqued yourself on your virtue, I should expect you would sell it to the master of a Trechscoot.

I told you a lie about the king's going to Ranelagh—No matter; there is no such thing as truth. Garrick exhibits the coronation, and, opening the end of the stage, discovers a real bonfire and real mob: the houses in Drury-lane let their windows at three-pence a head. Rich is going to produce a finer coronation, nay, than the real one; for there is to be a dinner for the knights of the Bath and the barons of the Cinque Ports, which lord Talbot refused them.

I put your Caufields and Stauntons into the hands of one of the first heralds upon earth, and who has the entire pedigree of the Careys; but he cannot find a drop of Howard or Seymour blood in the least artery about them. Good night, madam!

Yours most faithfully.

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington-street, October 12, 1761.

It is very lucky that you did not succeed in the expedition to Rochfort. Perhaps you might have been made a peer; and as *Chatham* is a naval title, it might have fallen to your share. But it was reserved to crown greater glory: and, lest it should not be substantial pay enough, three thousand pounds a year for three lives go along with it. Not to Mr. Pitt—you can't suppose it. Why truly, not the title, but the annuity

does, and lady Hesther is the baroness ; that, if he should please, he may earn an earldom himself. Don't believe me, if you have not a mind. I know I did not believe those who told it me. But ask the gazette that swears it—ask the king, who has kissed lady Hesther—ask the city of London, who are ready to tear Mr. Pitt to pieces—ask forty people I can name, who are overjoyed at it—and then ask me again, who am mortified, and who have been the dupe of his disinterestedness. Oh, my dear Harry ! I beg you on my knees, keep your virtue : do let me think there is still one man upon earth who despises money. I wrote you an account last week of his resignation. Could you have believed that in four days he would have tumbled from the conquest of Spain to receiving a quarter's pension from Mr. West ? <sup>1</sup> To-day he has advertised his seven coach-horses to be sold—Three thousand pounds of his own will not keep a coach and six. I protest I believe he is mad, and lord Temple thinks so too ; for he resigned the same morning that Pitt accepted the pension. George Grenville is minister in the House of Commons. I don't know who will be speaker. They talk of Prowse, Hussey, Bacon, and even of old sir John Rushout. Delaval has said an admirable thing : he blames Pitt—not as you and I do ; but calls him fool ; and says, if he had gone into the city, told them he had a poor wife and children unprovided for, and had opened a subscription, he would have got five hundred thousand pounds, instead of three thousand pounds a year. In the mean time the good man has saddled us with a war which we can neither carry on nor carry off. 'Tis pitiful ! 'tis wondrous pitiful ! Is the communication stopped, that we never hear from you ? I own 'tis an Irish question. I am out of humour : my visions are dispelled, and you are still abroad. As I cannot put Mr. Pitt to death, at least I have buried him : here is his epitaph :

Admire his eloquence—It mounted higher  
Than Attic purity, or Roman fire :  
Adore his services—our Lions view  
Ranging, where Roman eagles never flew :  
Copy his soul supreme o'er Lucre's sphere ;  
—But oh ! beware three thousand pounds a year !

<sup>1</sup> Secretary to the treasury. [Or.]

October 13.

JEMMY Grenville<sup>2</sup> resigned yesterday. Lord Temple is all hostility; and goes to the drawing-room to tell every body how angry he is with the court—but what is sir Joseph Wittol, when Nol Bluff is pacific? They talk of erecting a tavern in the city, called The Salutation: the sign to represent lord Bath and Mr. Pitt embracing. These are shameful times. Adieu!

Yours ever.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, October 24, 1761.

I HAVE got two letters from you, and am sensibly pleased with your satisfaction. I love your cousin for his behaviour to you; he will never place his friendship better. His parts and dignity, I did not doubt, would bear him out. I fear nothing but your spirits and the frank openness of your heart; keep them within bounds, and you will return in health, and with the serenity I wish you long to enjoy.

You have heard our politics; they do not mend; sick of glory, without being tired of war, and surfeited with unanimity before it had finished its work, we are running into all kinds of confusion. The city have bethought themselves, and have voted that they will still admire Mr. Pitt; consequently, he, without the check of seeming virtue, may do what he pleases. An address of thanks to him has been carried by one hundred and nine against fifteen, and the city are to instruct their members; that is, because we are disappointed of a Spanish war, we must have one at home. Merciful! how old I am grown! Here am I, not liking a civil war! Do you know me? I am no longer that Gracchus, who, when Mr. Bentley told him something or other, I don't know what, would make a sect, answered quickly, " will

<sup>2</sup> The right hon. James Grenville, brother of lord Temple, born 12th February, 1715, and died 14th September, 1783, leaving two sons, James, born 6th July, 1742, created baron Glastonbury, with a special remainder to his brother, general Richard Grenville, in 1797, and died unmarried 26th April 1825, when the title became extinct, general Grenville having died in 1823. [Ed.]

it make a party?" In short, I think I am always to be in contradiction; now I am loving my country.

Worksop<sup>1</sup> is burnt down; I don't know the circumstances; the duke and duchess are at Bath; it has not been finished a month; the last furniture was brought in for the duke of York: I have some comfort that I had seen it, and, except the bare chambers, in which the queen of Scots lodged, nothing remained of ancient time.

I am much obliged to Mr. Hamilton's civilities; but I don't take too much to myself; yet it is no drawback to think that he sees and compliments your friendship for me. I shall use his permission of sending you any thing that I think will bear the sea; but how must I send it? by what conveyance to the sea, and where deliver it? Pamphlets swarm already; none very good, and chiefly grave; you would not have them. Mr. Glover has published his long-hoarded *Medea*,<sup>2</sup> as an introduction to the House of Commons; it had been more proper to usher him from school to the university. There are a few good lines, not much conduct, and a quantity of iambics and trochaics, that scarce speak English, and yet have no rhyme to keep one another in countenance. If his chariot is stopped at Temple-bar, I suppose he will take it for the straits of Thermopylæ, and be delivered of his first speech before its time.

The catalogue of the duke of Devonshire's collection is only in the six volumes of the Description of London. I did print about a dozen, and gave them all away so totally, that on searching, I had not reserved one for myself. When we are at leisure, I will reprint a few more, and you shall have one for your speaker. I don't know who is to be ours: Prowse, they say, has refused; sir J. Cust<sup>3</sup> was the last named: but I am here and know nothing; sorry that I shall hear any thing on Tuesday se'night.

<sup>1</sup> The duke of Norfolk's fine seat at Worksop Manor, Nottinghamshire, was burnt down on the 20th October 1761. The damage was estimated at £100,000. When the duke heard of it, he exclaimed, "God's will be done!" and the duchess, "How many besides us are sufferers by the like calamity." [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Glover's Tragedy of *Medea*. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> Sir John Cust was elected speaker, and approved of by the king, 6th November 1761. [Ed.]

Pray pick me up any prints of lord-lieutenants, Irish bishops, ladies—nay, or patriots; but I will not trouble you for a snuff-box or toothpick-case, made of a bit of the Giant's Causeway.

My Anecdotes of Painting will scarcely appear before Christmas. My gallery and cabinet are at full stop till spring, but I shall be sorry to leave it all in ten days; October, that scarce ever deceived one before, has exhibited a deluge; but it has recovered, and promised to behave well as long as it lives, like a dying sinner. Good night.

Yours ever.

P.S. My niece lost the coronation for only a daughter.<sup>4</sup>

It makes me smile, when I reflect that you are come into the world again, and that I have above half left it.

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, June 28, 1760.

How strange it seems! You are talking to me of the king's wedding, while we are thinking of a civil war. Why, the king's wedding was a century ago, almost two months; even the coronation that happened half an age ago, is quite forgot. The post to Germany cannot keep pace with our revolutions. Who knows but you may still be thinking that Mr. Pitt is the most disinterested man in the world? Truly, as far as the votes of a common-council can make him so, he is. Like Cromwell, he has always promoted the self-denying ordinance, and has contrived to be excused from it himself. The city could no longer choose who should be their man of virtue; there was not one left: by all rules they ought next to have pitched upon one who was the oldest offender: instead of that, they have re-elected the most recent: and, as if virtue was a borough, Mr. Pitt is re-chosen for it, on vacating his seat. Well, but all this is very serious: I shall offer you a prophetic picture, and shall be very glad if I am not a true soothsayer. The city have voted an address of thanks to Mr. Pitt, and given instructions to their

<sup>4</sup> The countess of Waldegrave, who was brought to bed of a daughter on the 7th October 1761. [Ed.]

members ; the chief articles of which are, to promote an inquiry into the disposal of the money that has been granted, and to consent to no peace, unless we are to retain all, or very near all, our conquests. Thus the city of London usurp the right of making peace and war. But is the government to be dictated to by one town ? By no means. But suppose they are not—what is the consequence ? How will the money be raised ? If it cannot be raised without them, Mr. Pitt must again be minister: that you think would easily be accommodated. Stay, stay ; he and lord Temple have declared against the whole cabinet council. Why, that they have done before now, and yet have acted with them again. It is very true ; but a little word has escaped Mr. Pitt, which never entered into his former declarations ; nay, nor into Cromwell's, nor Hugh Capet's, nor Julius Cæsar's, nor any reformer's of ancient time. He has happened to say, he will *guide*.<sup>1</sup> Now, though the cabinet council are mighty willing to be guided, when they cannot help it, yet they wish to have appearances saved : they cannot be fond of being told they are to be guided ; still less, that other people should be told so. Here, then, is Mr. Pitt and the common-council on one hand, the great lords on the other. I protest, I do not see but it will come to this. Will it allay the confusion, if Mr. Fox is retained on the side of the court ? Here are no Whigs and Tories, harmless people, that are content with worrying one another for 150 years together. The new parties are, *I will*, and *You shall not* ; and their principles do not admit delay. However, this age is of suppler mould than some of its predecessors ; and this may come round again, by a *coup de baguette*, when one least expects it. If it should not, the honestest part one can take is to look on, and try if one can do any good if matters go too far.

I am charmed with the castle of Hercules ;<sup>2</sup> it is the boldest

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Pitt declared in the council, he “ would no longer remain in a situation, which made him responsible for measures he was no longer allowed to *guide* ; ” an observation which called forth from the earl of Grenville, the president, the remark, that “ however he (Mr. Pitt) might have convinced himself of his infallibility, still it remains that we should be equally convinced before we can resign our understanding to his dictation, or join with him in the measure he proposes.” [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to a description of a building in Hesse Cassel, given by Mr. Conway in one of his letters. [Or.]



pile I have seen since I travelled in Fairyland. You ought to have delivered a princess imprisoned by enchanters in his club: she, in gratitude, should have fallen in love with you: your constancy should have been immaculate. The devil knows how it would have ended—I don't—And so I break off my romance.

You need not beat the French any more this year: it cannot be ascribed to Mr. Pitt; and the mob won't thank you. If we are to have a warm campaign in parliament, I hope you will be sent for. Adieu! We take the field to-morrow se'nnight.

Yours ever.

P.S. You will be sorry to hear that Worksop is burned. My lady Waldegrave has got a daughter, and your brother an ague.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, November 7, 1761.

You will rejoice to hear that your friend Mr. Amyand is going to marry the dowager lady Northampton; she has two thousand pounds a-year, and twenty thousand in money. Old Dunch<sup>1</sup> is dead, and Mrs. Felton Harvey<sup>2</sup> was given over last night, but is still alive.

Sir John Cust is speaker, and, bating his nose, the chair seems well filled. There are so many new faces in this parliament, that I am not at all acquainted with it.

The enclosed print will divert you, especially the baroness in the right-hand corner—so ugly, and so satisfied: the Athenian head was intended for Stewart; but was so like, that Hogarth was forced to cut off the nose. Adieu!

Yours ever.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Dunch, widow of Edmund Dunch, Esq., comptroller to the household of King George I. and M. P. for Wallingford, died at her house in Scotland Yard, 4th Nov. 1761, aged 89. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Died 8th Nov. 1761. She was the wife of the honourable Felton Hervey, ninth son of John Hervey, first Earl of Bristol, and mother of Felton Lionel Hervey, Esq., who married Selina, only daughter and heir of the late Sir John Elwell, Bart., by whom he had issue, 1. Selina Mary, married 24th Aug. 1813, to Sir Charles Knightley, Bart. 2. Colonel Sir Felton Hervey, Bart. 3. Sir Frederick Bathurst Hervey, Bart. 4. Leonel Charles. 5. A posthumous daughter, Elizabeth. [Ed.]

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, November 28, 1761.

I AM much obliged for the notice of sir Compton's illness; if you could send me word of peace too, I should be completely satisfied on Mr. Conway's account. He has been in the late action, and escaped, at a time that I flattered myself the campaign was at an end. However, I trust it is now. You will have been concerned for young Courtney. The war, we hear, is to be transferred to these islands; most probably to yours. The black-rod, I hope, like a herald, is a sacred personage.

There has been no authentic account of the coronation published; if there should be, I will send it. When I am at Strawberry, I believe I can make you a list of those that walked; but I have no memorandum in town. If Mr. Bentley's play is printed in Ireland, I depend on your sending me two copies.

There has been a very private ball at court, consisting of not above twelve or thirteen couple; some of the lords of the bed-chamber, most of the ladies, the maids of honour, the six strangers, lady Caroline Russell,<sup>1</sup> lady Jane Stewart,<sup>2</sup> lord Suffolk, lord Northampton, lord Mandeville, and lord Grey. Nobody sat by, but the princess, the duchess of Bedford, and lady Bute. They began before seven, danced till one, and parted without a supper.

Lady Sarah Lenox<sup>3</sup> has refused lord Errol; the duke of Bedford is privy seal; lord Thomond, cofferer; lord George Cavendish, comptroller;—George Pitt goes minister to Turin; and Mrs. Speed must go thither, as she is marrying the baron de Perrier, count Virry's son. Adieu! Commend me to your brother.

Yours ever.

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of the duke of Bedford, married on the 23d August 1762, to George Spencer, fourth duke of Marlborough, who died in 1817; her Grace died 26th Nov. 1811. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Lady Jane Stewart, second daughter of the earl of Bute, married 1st Feb. 1768, George, earl Macartney, and died 28th Feb. 1826. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> She subsequently married Sir T. C. Bunbury, Bart. [Ed.]

TO THE COUNTESS OF AILESBUURY.

Arlington-street, Nov. 28, 1761.

DEAR MADAM,

YOU are so bad and so good, that I don't know how to treat you. You give me every mark of kindness but letting me hear from you. You send me charming drawings the moment I trouble you with a commission, and you give lady Cecilia<sup>1</sup> commissions for trifles of my writing, in the most obliging manner. I have taken the latter off her hands. The *Fugitive Pieces*, and the *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, shall be conveyed to you directly. Lady Cecilia and I agree how we lament the charming suppers there, every time we pass the corner of Warwick-street! We have a little comfort for your sake and our own, in believing that the campaign is at an end, at least for this year—but they tell us, it is to recommence here, or in Ireland. You have nothing to do with that. Our politics, I think, will soon be as warm as our war. Charles Townshend<sup>2</sup> is to be lieutenant-general to Mr. Pitt. The duke of Bedford is privy seal; lord Thomond, cofferer; lord George Cavendish, comptroller.

Diversions, you know, madam, are never at high-water-mark before Christmas: yet operas flourish pretty well: those on Tuesdays are removed to Mondays, because the queen likes the

<sup>1</sup> Lady Cecilia Johnston. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> The right honourable Charles Townshend, second son of Charles, third viscount Townshend. He was known by the name of "The Weathercock," on account of the versatility of his political conduct; and was the subject of Burke's splendid eulogium—"Perhaps there never arose in this country a man of more pointed and finished wit, and, where his passions were not concerned, of more refined, exquisite, and penetrating judgment. He was the delight and ornament of this House, and the charm of every private society which he honored with his presence. There are many young members now present who never saw that prodigy Charles Townshend, nor of course know what a ferment he was able to excite in every thing, by the violent ebullition of his mixed virtues and failings, for failings he undoubtedly had, but none which were not owing to a noble cause, to an ardent, generous, perhaps an immoderate passion for fame, a passion which is the instinct of all great souls." [Ed.]

burlettas, and the king cannot go on Tuesdays, his post-days. On those nights we have the middle front box, railed in, where lady Mary <sup>3</sup> and I sit in triste state like a lord mayor and lady mayoress. The night before last there was a private ball at court, which began at half an hour after six, lasted till one, and finished without a supper. The king danced the whole time with the queen, lady Augusta with her four younger brothers. The other performers were: the two duchesses of Ancaster and Hamilton, who danced little; lady Effingham and lady Egremont, who danced much; the six maids of honour; lady Susan Stewart, as attending lady Augusta; and lady Caroline Russel and lady Jane Stewart, the only women not of the family. Lady Northumberland is at Bath; lady Weymouth lies in; lady Bolingbroke was there in waiting, but in black gloves, so did not dance. The men, besides the royals, were lords March and Eglintown, of the bed-chamber; lord Cantelupe, vice-chamberlain; lord Huntingdon; and four strangers, lord Mandeville, lord Northampton, lord Suffolk, and lord Grey. No sitters-by, but the princess, the duchess of Bedford, and lady Buta.

If it had not been for this ball, I don't know how I should have furnished a decent letter. Pamphlets on Mr. Pitt are the whole conversation, and none of them worth sending cross the water: at least I, who am said to write some of them, think so; by which you may perceive I am not much flattered with the imputation. There must be new personages at least, before I write on any side——Mr. Pitt and the duke of Newcastle! I should as soon think of informing the world that miss Chudleigh is no vestal. You will like better to see some words which Mr. Gray has writ, at miss Speed's request, to an old air of Geminiani: the thought is from the French.

## I.

Thyrasis, when we parted, swore  
 Ere the spring he would return,  
 Ah! what means yon violet,  
 And the buds that deck the thorn?  
 'Twas the lark that upward sprung,  
 'Twas the nightingale that sung.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Mary Coke, sister of lady Strafford, and daughter and coheirress of John, second duke of Argyle. She was the widow of lord Coke, son of the earl of Leicester, who died in 1753. [Ed.]

## II.

Idle notes ! untimely green !  
 Why this unavailing haste ?  
 Western gales and skies serene  
 Speak not always winter past.  
 Cease my doubts, my fears to move ;  
 Spare the honour of my love.

Adieu, madam, your most faithful servant.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Dec. 8, 1761.

I RETURN you the list of prints, and shall be glad you will bring me all, to which I have affixed this mark  $\times$ . The rest I have ; yet the expense of the whole list would not ruin me. Lord Farnham, who, I believe, departed this morning, brings you the list of the duke of Devonshire's pictures.

I have been told that Mr. Bourk's history was of England, not of Ireland ; I am glad it is the latter, for I am now in Mr. Hume's England, and would fain read no more. I not only know what has been written, but what would be written. Our story is so exhausted, that to make it new, they really *make it new*. Mr. Hume has exalted Edward the Second, and depressed Edward the Third. The next historian, I suppose, will make James the First a hero, and geld Charles the Second.

Fingal<sup>1</sup> is come out ; I have not yet got through it ; not but it is very fine—yet I cannot at once compass an epic poem now. It tires me to death to read how many ways a warrior is like the moon, or the sun, or a rock, or a lion, or the ocean. Fingal is a brave collection of similes, and will serve all the boys at Eton and Westminster for these twenty years. I will trust you with a secret, but you must not disclose it ; I should be ruined with my Scotch friends ; in short, I cannot believe it genuine ; I cannot believe a regular poem of six books has been preserved, uncorrupted, by oral tradition, from times before Christianity

<sup>1</sup> Fingal, an ancient epic poem, in six books, 8vo., translated from the Gaelic, by James Macpherson. Walpole's opinion as to the genuineness of these ossianic fragments is that of the generality of critics.

was introduced into the island. What! preserved unadulterated by savages dispersed among mountains, and so often driven from their dens, so wasted by wars civil and foreign! Has one man ever got all by heart? I doubt it; were parts preserved by some, other parts by others? Mighty lucky, that the tradition was never interrupted, nor any part lost—not a verse, not a measure, not the sense! luckier and luckier. I have been extremely qualified myself lately for this Scotch memory; we have had nothing but a coagulation of rains, fogs, and frosts, and though they have clouded all understanding, I suppose, if I had tried, I should have found that they thickened, and gave great consistence to my remembrance.

You want news—I must make it, if I send it. To change the dullness of the scene I went to the play, where I had not been this winter. They are so crowded, that though I went before six, I got no better place than a fifth row, where I heard very ill, and was pent for five hours without a soul near me that I knew. It was *Cymbeline*, and appeared to me as long as if every body in it went really to Italy in every act, and came back again. With a few pretty passages and a scene or two, it is so absurd and tiresome, that I am persuaded Garrick \* \* \* \*

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Dec. 23, 1761. Past midnight.

I AM this minute come home, and find such a delightful letter from you, that I cannot help answering it, and telling you so before I sleep. You need not affirm, that your ancient wit and pleasantry are revived; your letter is but five and twenty, and I will forgive any vanity that is so honest and so well founded. Ireland I see produces wonders of more sorts than one; if my lord Anson was to go lord-lieutenant, I suppose he would return a ravisher. How different am I from this state of revivification! Even such talents as I had are far from blooming again; and while my friends, or cotemporaries, or predecessors, are rising to preside over the fame of this age, I seem a mere antediluvian; must live upon what little stock of reputation I had

\* The rest of this letter is lost. [Or.]

acquired, and indeed grow so indifferent, that I can only wonder how those whom I thought as old as myself, can interest themselves so much about a world whose faces I hardly know. You recover your spirits and wit, Rigby<sup>1</sup> is grown a speaker, Mr. Bentley a poet, while I am nursing one or two gouty friends, and sometimes lamenting that I am likely to survive the few that I have left. Nothing tempts me to launch out again; every day teaches me how much I was mistaken in my own parts, and I am in no danger now but of thinking I am grown too wise; for every period of life has its mistake.

Mr. Bentley's relation to lord Rochester by the St. Johns is not new to me, and you had more reason to doubt of their affinity by the former marrying his mistress, than to ascribe their consanguinity to it. I shall be glad to see the epistle: are not the Wishes to be acted? Remember me, if they are printed; and I shall thank you for this new list of prints.

I have mentioned names enough in this letter to lead me naturally to new ill usage I have received. Just when I thought my book finished, my printer ran away, and had left eighteen sheets in the middle of the book untouched, having amused me with sending proofs. He had got into debt, and two girls \* \* ; being two, he could not marry two Hannahs. You see my luck; I had been kind to this fellow; in short, if the faults of my life had been punished as severely as my merits have been, I should be the most unhappy of beings; but let us talk of something else.

I have picked up at Mrs. Dunch's<sup>2</sup> auction the sweetest Petitot in the world—the very picture of James the Second, that he gave Mrs. Godfrey, and I paid but six guineas and a half for it. I will not tell you how vast a commission I had given; but I will own, that about the hour of sale, I drove about the door to find what likely bidders there were. The first coach I saw was the

<sup>1</sup> The hon. Richard Rigby, M. P. for Tavistock, secretary to the duke of Bedford while lord lieutenant for Ireland. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Arabella Churchill, sister of the great duke of Marlborough, was the mistress of James the second while duke of York, by whom she had four children—the celebrated duke of Berwick, the duke of Albemarle, and two daughters. She afterwards became the wife of colonel Charles Godfrey, master of the Jewel office, and died in 1714, leaving by him two daughters, Charlotte, viscountess Falmouth, and Elizabeth, wife of Edmund Dunch, esq. [Ed.]

Chudleighs ; could I help concluding, that a maid of honour, kept by a duke, would purchase the portrait of a duke kept by a maid of honour—but I was mistaken. The Oxendens reserved the best pictures ; the fine china, and even the diamonds, sold for nothing ; for nobody has a shilling. We shall be beggars if we don't conquer Peru within this half year.

If you are acquainted with my lady Barrymore, pray tell her that in less than two hours t'other night the duke of Cumberland lost four hundred and fifty pounds at loo ; Miss Pelham won three hundred, and I the rest. However, in general, loo is extremely gone to decay ; I am to play at princess Emily's to-morrow for the first time this winter, and it is with difficulty she has made a party.

My lady Pomfret<sup>s</sup> is dead on the road to Bath ; and, unless the deluge stops, and the fogs disperse, I think we shall die. A few days ago, on the cannon firing for the king going to the house, somebody asked what it was for ? Monsieur de Choiseul replied, “ *Apparemment, c'est qu'on voit le soleil.*”

Shall I fill up the rest of my paper with some extempore lines, that I wrote t'other night on lady Mary Coke having St. Anthony's fire in her cheek ? You will find nothing in them to contradict what I have said in the former part of my letter ; they rather confirm it.

No rogue you were, nor can a dart  
From Love's bright quiver wound your heart.  
And thought you, Cupid and his mother  
Would unrevenged their anger smother ?  
No, no, from heaven they sent the fire,  
That boasts St. Anthony its sire :  
They pour'd it on one peccant part,  
Inflamed your cheek, if not your heart.  
In vain—for see the crimson rise,  
And dart fresh lustre through your eyes ;  
While ruddier drops and baffled pain  
Enhance the white they meant to stain.  
Ah ! nymph, on that unfading face  
With fruitless pencil Time shall trace  
His lines malignant, since disease  
But gives you mightier power to please.

<sup>s</sup> The right hon. countess dowager of Pomfret, relict of Thomas Fermor, second lord and first earl of Pomfret, died 17th December 1761. [Ed.]



Willes<sup>4</sup> is dead, and Pratt<sup>5</sup> is to be chief justice ; Mr. Yorke<sup>6</sup> attorney-general ; solicitor, I don't know who. Good night : the watchman cries, past one !

• Yours ever.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Dec. 30, 1761.

I HAVE received two more letters from you since I wrote last week, and I like to find by them that you are so well and so happy. As nothing has happened of change in my situation but a few more months passed, I have nothing to tell you new of myself. Time does not sharpen my passions or pursuits, and the experience I have had by no means prompts me to make new connections. 'Tis a busy world, and well adapted to those who love to bustle in it. I loved it once—loved its very tempest : now I barely open my window, to view what course the storm takes. The town, who, like the devil, when one has once sold oneself to him, never permits one to have done playing the fool, believe I have a great hand in their amusements ; but to write pamphlets, I mean as a volunteer, one must love or hate, and I have the satisfaction of doing neither. I would not be at the trouble of composing a distich to achieve a revolution. 'Tis equal to me what names are on the scene. In the general view, the prospect is very dark : the Spanish war, added to the load, almost oversets our most sanguine heroism ; and now we have an opportunity of conquering all the world, by being at war with all the world, we seem to doubt a little of our abilities. On a survey of our

<sup>4</sup> The right hon. John Willes, knt., lord chief justice of the Common Pleas, died 15th December, 1761. [Ed.]

<sup>5</sup> Charles Pratt was created, in 1765, baron Camden, of Camden-place, in the county of Kent, and soon afterwards was appointed lord high chancellor, but resigned the seals in 1770. In 1776 he was created viscount Bayham, of Bayham, county Sussex, and earl Camden, and died in 1794, and was succeeded by his son, John Jefferys, who was advanced in 1812 to the dignity of marquis Camden, and at the same time created earl of Brecknock in Wales. [Ed.]

<sup>6</sup> Charles Yorke, second son of the first earl of Hardwicke, was afterwards appointed, in 1770, lord Chancellor ; but died suddenly while the patent of his creation to the barony of Morden was in progress. [Ed.]

situation, I comfort myself with saying, "Well, what is it to me?" A selfishness that is far from anxious, when it is the first thought in one's constitution; not so agreeable when it is the last, and adopted by necessity alone.

You drive your expectations much too fast, in thinking my *Anecdotes of Painting* are ready to appear, in demanding *three* volumes. You will see but *two*, and it will be February first. True, I have written three, but I question whether the third will be published at all; certainly not soon; it is not a work of merit enough to cloy the town with a great deal at once. My printer ran away and left a third part of the two first volumes unfinished. I suppose he is writing a tragedy himself, or an epistle to my lord Melcomb, or a panegyric on my lord Bute.

Jemmy Pelham<sup>1</sup> is dead, and has left to his servants what little his servants had left him. Lord Ligonier was killed by the newspapers, and wanted to prosecute them; his lawyer told him it was impossible—a tradesman indeed might prosecute, as such a report might affect his credit. "Well, then," said the old man, "I may prosecute, too, for I can prove I have been hurt by this report: I was going to marry a great fortune, who thought I was but seventy-four; the newspapers have said I am eighty, and she will not have me."

Lord Charlemont's Queen Elizabeth I know perfectly; he out-bid me for it; is his villa finished? I am well pleased with the design in Chambers. I have been *my out-of-town* with lord Waldegrave, Selwyn, and Williams; it was melancholy the missing poor Edgumbe,<sup>2</sup> who was constantly of the Christmas and Easter parties. Did you see the charming picture Reynolds painted for me of him, Selwyn, and Williams? It is by far one of the best things he has executed. He has just finished a pretty whole-length of lady Elizabeth Keppel,<sup>3</sup> in the bride-maid's habit, sacrificing to Hymen.

<sup>1</sup> The hon. James Pelham, of Crowhurst, Sussex, died 27th December 1761; he had been principal secretary to the prince of Wales, and for nearly forty years secretary to the several lords chamberlain. He sat in parliament six times for Hastings and Newark. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Richard, second lord Edgumbe, who died 13th May, 1761. His father Richard, the first lord, created baron Edgumbe in 1742, had been an intimate friend of sir Robert Walpole. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> She was daughter of the earl of Albemarle, and married to the marquis of Tavistock. [Or.]

If the Spaniards land in Ireland, shall you make the campaign? No, no, come back to England; you and I will not be patriots, till the Gauls are in the city, and we must take our great chairs and our fasces, and be knocked on the head with decorum in St. James's market. Good night!

Yours ever.

P.S. I am told that they bind in vellum better at Dublin than any where; pray bring me one book of their binding, as well as it can be done, and I will not mind the price. If Mr. Bourk's history appears before your return, let it be that.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Jan. 26, 1762.

WE have had as many mails due from Ireland as you had from us. I have at last received a line from you; it tells me you are well, which I am always glad to hear; I cannot say you tell me much more. My health is so little subject to alteration, and so preserved by temperance, that it is not worth repetition; thank God you may conclude it is good, if I do not say the contrary.

Here is nothing new but preparations for conquest, and approaches to bankruptcy; and the worst is, the former will advance the latter at least as much as impede it. You say the Irish will live and die with your cousin: I am glad they are so well disposed. I have lived long enough to doubt whether all, who like to live with one, would be so ready to die with one. I know it is not pleasant to have the time arrived when one looks about to see whether they would or not; but you are in a country of more sanguine complexion, and where I believe the clergy do not deny the laity the cup.

The queen's brother<sup>1</sup> arrived yesterday; your brother, prince John, has been here about a week; I am to dine with him to-day at lord Dacre's with the Chute. Our burlettas are gone out of fashion; do the Amicis come hither next year, or go to Guadaloupe, as is said?

<sup>1</sup> The prince of Mecklenburg Strelitz. [Ed.]

I have been told that a lady Kingsland<sup>2</sup> at Dublin has a picture of madame Grammont by Petitot; I don't know who lady Kingsland is, whether rich or poor, but I know there is nothing I would not give for such a picture. I wish you would hunt it; and, if the dame is above temptation, do try if you could obtain a copy in water-colours, if there is any body at Dublin could execute it.

The duchess of Portland has lately enriched me exceedingly; nine portraits of the court of Louis Quatorze! Lord Portland brought them over; they hung in the nursery at Bulstrode; the children amused themselves with shooting at them. I have got them, but I will tell you no more, you don't deserve it; you write to me as if I were your godfather: "Honoured sir, I am brave and well, my cousin George is well, we drink your health every night, and beg your blessing." This is the sum total of all your letters. I thought in a new country, and with your spirits and humour, you could have found something to tell me. I shall only ask you now when you return; but I declare I will not correspond with you: I don't write letters to divert myself, but in expectation of returns; in short, you are extremely in disgrace with me; I have measured my letters for some time, and for the future will answer you paragraph for paragraph. You yourself don't seem to find letter-writing so amusing as to pay itself. Adieu!

Yours ever.

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Feb. 2, 1762.

I SCOLDED you in my last, but I shall forgive you if you return soon to England, as you talk of doing; for though you are

<sup>2</sup> Nicholas Barnewall, third viscount Kingsland, married Mary, daughter of Frances Jennings, sister to the celebrated duchess of Marlborough, by George count Hamilton—"by which marriage," says Walpole elsewhere, "the pictures I saw at Tarvey, lord Kingsland's house, came to him. I particularly recollect the portraits of count Hamilton and his brother Anthony, and two of madame Grammont, one taken in her youth, the other in advanced age." [Ed.]

an abominable correspondent, and only write to beg letters, you are good company, and I have a notion I shall still be glad to see you.

Lady Mary Wortley<sup>1</sup> is arrived; I have seen her; I think her avarice, her dirt, and her vivacity are all increased. Her dress, like her languages, is a galimatias of several countries; the ground-work rags, and the embroidery nastiness. She needs no cap, no handkerchief, no gown, no petticoat, no shoes. An old black-laced hood represents the first; the fur of a horseman's coat, which replaces the third serves for the second; a dimity petticoat is deputy, and officiates for the fourth, and slippers act the part of the last. When I was at Florence, and she was expected there, we were drawing *Sortes Virgilianas* for her; we literally drew

Insanam vatem aspicies.

It would have been a stronger prophecy now, even than it was then.

You told me not a word of Mr. Macnaughton,<sup>2</sup> and I have a great mind to be as coolly indolent about our famous ghost in Cock-lane.<sup>3</sup> Why should one steal half an hour from one's

<sup>1</sup> The celebrated lady Mary Pierrepont, daughter of Evelyn, duke of Kingston, married to Edward Wortley Montagu, esq., the eldest son of the hon. Sidney Montagu, second son of Edward first earl of Sandwich, who married Anne, daughter and heir of sir Francis Wortley, bart., of a very ancient family, seated at Wortley, county York, from the Conquest, who was obliged, according to the settlement of the Wortley estate, to take the name of Wortley.

Mr. Wortley died in 1761; lady Mary, 21st August in the following year. They had one son, Edward, who was disinherited; and one daughter, Mary, on whom the Wortley property devolved. She married, 24th August 1736, John, third earl of Bute, and was created baroness Mount Stuart, with remainder to her issue male by the earl. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> John Macnaughton, esq., executed in December, 1761, for the murder of Miss Knox, daughter of Andrew Knox, esq., of Prehen, M.P. for Donegal. Macnaughton, who had ruined himself by gambling, sought to replenish his fortune by marriage with this young lady, who had considerable expectations; but as her friends would not consent to their union, and he failed both in inveigling her into a secret marriage, and in compelling her by the suits which he commenced in the ecclesiastical courts to ratify an alleged promise of marriage, he revenged himself by shooting her while riding in a carriage with her father. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> The affair of the Cock-lane ghost, a piece of imposture, arising as

amusements to tell a story to a friend in another island? I could send you volumes on the ghost, and I believe if I were to stay a little, I might send its *life*, dedicated to my lord Dartmouth, by the ordinary of Newgate, its two great patrons. A drunken parish clerk set it on foot out of revenge, the methodists have adopted it, and the whole town of London think of nothing else. Elizabeth Canning and the Rabbit-woman were modest impostors in comparison of this, which goes on without saving the least appearances. The archbishop, who would not suffer the Minor to be acted in ridicule of the methodists, permits this farce to be played every night, and I shall not be surprised if they perform in the great hall at Lambeth. I went to hear it, for it is not an *apparition*, but an *audition*. We set out from the opera, changed our clothes at Northumberland-house, the duke of York, lady Northumberland, lady Mary Coke, lord Hertford, and I, all in one hackney-coach, and drove to the spot; it rained torrents; yet the lane was full of mob, and the house so full we could not get in; at last, they discovered it was the duke of York, and the company squeezed themselves into one another's pockets to make room for us. The house, which is borrowed, and to which the ghost has adjourned, is wretchedly small and miserable; when we opened the chamber, in which were fifty people, with no light but one tallow candle at the end, we tumbled over the bed of the child, to whom the ghost comes, and whom they are murdering by inches in such insufferable heat and stench. At the top of the room are ropes to dry clothes. I asked, if we were to have rope-dancing between the acts? We had nothing; they told us, as they would at a puppet-show, that it would not come that night till seven in the morning, that is, when there are only 'prentices and old women. We staid however till half-an-hour after one. The methodists have promised them contributions; provisions are sent in like forage, and all the taverns and ale-houses in the neighbourhood make fortunes. The most diverting part is to hear people wondering *when it will be found out*—as if there

much from malice as mischief, was carried on for a considerable time. It excited, as may be supposed, a great deal of attention, as the Stockwell ghost and the Stamford ghost have done since. Those readers who are curious in such matters may consult the Gents. Magazine, 1761, for full particulars, or some of the many pamphlets published on the occasion. [Ed.]

was any thing to find out—as if the actors would make their noises when they can be discovered. However, as this pantomime cannot last much longer, I hope lady Fanny Shirley will set up a ghost of her own at Twickenham, and then you shall *hear* one. The methodists, as lord Aylesford assured Mr. Chute two nights ago at lord Dacre's, have attempted ghosts three times in Warwickshire. There, how good I am!

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Feb. 6, 1762.

You must have thought me very negligent of your commissions; not only in buying your ruffles, but in never mentioning them; but my justification is most ample and verifiable. Your letters of Jan. second arrived but yesterday with the papers of Dec. twenty-nine. These are the mails that have so long been missing, and were shipwrecked or something on the Isle of Man. Now, you see it was impossible for me to buy you a pair of ruffles for the eighteenth of January, when I did not receive the orders till the fifth of February.

You don't tell me a word (but that is not new to you) of Mr. Hamilton's wonderful eloquence, which converted a whole House of Commons on the five regiments. We have no such miracles here; five regiments might work such prodigies, but I never knew mere rhetoric gain above one or two proselytes at a time in all my practice.

We have a prince Charles here, the queen's brother; he is like her, but more like the Hows; low, but well made, good eyes and teeth. Princess Emily is very ill, has been blistered, and been blooded four times.

My books appear on Monday se'nnight: if I can find any quick conveyance for them, you shall have them; if not, as you are returning soon, I may as well keep them for you. Adieu! I grudge every word I write to you.

Yours ever.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.<sup>1</sup>

Tuesday, Feb. 7.

DEAR SIR,

The little leisure I have to day will, I trust, excuse my saying very few words in answer to your obliging letter, of which no part touches me more than what concerns your health, which, however, I rejoice to hear is re-establishing itself.

I am sorry I did not save your trouble of catalogueing Ames's heads, by telling you, that another person has actually done it, and designs to publish a new edition ranged in a different method. I don't know the gentleman's name, but he is a friend of sir Wm. Musgrave, from whom I had this information some months ago.

You will oblige me much by the sight of the volume you mention. Don't mind the epigrams you transcribe on my father. I have been inured to abuse on him from my birth. It is not a quarter of an hour ago since cutting the leaves of a new dab called *Anecdotes of Polite Literature*, I found myself abused for having defended my father. I don't know the author, and suppose I never shall, for I find Glover's Leonidas is one of the things he admires—and so I leave them to be forgotten together, *Fortunati Ambu!*

I sent your letter to Ducarel, who has promised me those poems—I accepted the promise to get rid of him t'other day, when he would have talked me to death.

Adieu, dear sir,

Yours very sincerely.

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 TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Feb. 22, 1762.

My scolding does you so much good, that I will for the future lecture you for the most trifling peccadillo. You have

<sup>1</sup> A distinguished antiquary, better known by the assistance he gave to others, than by publications of his own. He was vicar of Burnham, in the county of Bucks, and died December 16th, 1782, in his sixty-eighth year, within six weeks of the date of the last letter to him in this collection. [Or.]



written me a very entertaining letter, and wiped out several debts ; not that I will forget one of them if you relapse.

As we have never had a rainbow to assure us that the world shall not be snowed to death, I thought last night was the general *connixation*. We had a tempest of wind and snow for two hours beyond any thing I remember : chairs were blown to pieces, the streets covered with tassels and glasses and tiles, and coaches and chariots were filled like reservoirs. Lady Raymond's house in Berkeley-square is totally unroofed, and lord Robert Bertie<sup>1</sup>, who is going to marry her, may descend into it like a Jupiter Pluvius. It is a week of wonders, and worthy the note of an almanack maker. Miss Draycott, within two days of matrimony, has dismissed Mr. Beauclerc ; but this is totally forgotten already in the amazement of a new elopement. In all your reading, true or false, have you ever heard of a young earl, married to the most beautiful woman in the world, a lord of the bedchamber, a general officer, and with a great estate, quitting every thing, resigning wife and world, and embarking for life in a packet boat with a Miss ? I fear your connexions will but too readily lead you to the name of the peer ; it is Henry earl of Pembroke,<sup>2</sup> the nymph Kitty Hunter. The town and lady Pembroke were but too much witnesses to this intrigue, last Wednesday at a great ball at lord Middleton's. On Thursday, they decamped. However, that the writer of their romance, or I, as he is a *noble author*, might not want materials, the earl has left a bushel of letters behind him ; to his mother, to lord Bute, to lord Ligonier, (the two last to resign his employments) and to Mr. Stopford, whom he acquits of all privity to his design. In none he justifies himself, unless this is a justification, that having long tried in vain to make his wife hate and dislike him, he had no way left but this, and it is to be hoped he will succeed ; and then it may not be the worst event that

<sup>1</sup> They were married 5th April, 1762. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Henry Herbert, tenth earl of Pembroke, married 13th March 1756, lady Elizabeth Spencer, second daughter of Charles third duke of Marlborough, by whom he had a son, George eleventh earl, born 10th September 1759 ; and, some years afterwards, when he ran away with her, which he actually did, after they had lived for some time separated, a daughter who died unmarried. [Ed.]

could have happened to her. You may easily conceive the hubbub such an exploit must occasion. With ghosts, elopements, abortive motions, &c. we can amuse ourselves tolerably well, till the season arrives for taking the field and conquering the Spanish West-Indies.

I have sent you my books by a messenger; lord Barrington was so good as to charge himself with them. They barely saved their distance; a week later, and no soul could have read a line in them, unless I had changed the title page, and called them the Loves of the earl of Pembroke and Miss Hunter.

I am sorry lady Kingsland is so rich. However, if the papists should be likely to rise, pray disarm her of the enamel, and commit it to safe custody in the round tower at Strawberry. Good night, mine is a life of letter writing, I pray for a peace, that I may sheath my pen.

Yours ever,

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TO DR. DUCAREL.<sup>1</sup>

Feb. 24, 1762.

SIR,

I AM glad my books have at all amused you, and am much obliged to you for your notes and communications. Your thought of an English Montfaucon accords perfectly with a design I have long had of attempting something of that kind, in which, too, I have been lately encouraged; and therefore I will beg you at your leisure, as they shall occur, to make little notes of customs, fashions, and portraits, relating to our history and manners. Your work on vicarages, I am persuaded, will be very useful, as every thing you undertake is, and curious.—After the medals I lent Mr. Perry, I have a little reason to take it ill, that he has entirely neglected me; he has published a number,<sup>2</sup> and sent it to several persons, and never to me. I wanted to see him, too, because I know of two very curious

<sup>1</sup> Librarian at Lambeth Palace, and a well known antiquary. He died in 1785. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> A series of English medals, by Francis Perry, 4to. London, 1762, with thirteen plates. Mr. Perry likewise etched a series of fourteen views in Kent. [Ed.]

medals, which I could borrow for him. He does not deserve it at my hands, but I will not defraud the public of any thing valuable; and therefore, if he will call on me any morning, but a Sunday or Monday, between eleven and twelve, I will speak to him of them.—With regard to one or two of your remarks, I have not said that *real* lions were originally leopards. I have said that lions in arms, that is, *painted* lions, were leopards; and it is fact, and no inaccuracy. Paint a leopard yellow, and it becomes a lion.—You say, colours *rightly* prepared do not grow black. The art would be much obliged for such a preparation. I have not said that oil-colours would not endure with a glass; on the contrary, I believe they would last the longer.

I am much amazed at Vertue's blunder about my marriage of Henry VII.; and afterwards, he said, *Sykes, knowing how to give names to pictures to make them sell*, called this the marriage of Henry VII.; and afterwards, he said, Sykes had the figures inserted in an old picture of a church. He must have known little indeed, sir, if he had not known how to name a picture that he had painted on purpose that he might call it so! That Vertue, on the strictest examination, could not be convinced that the man was Henry VII., not being like any of his pictures. Unluckily, he is extremely like the shilling, which is much more authentic than any picture of Henry VII. But here Sykes seems to have been extremely deficient in his tricks. Did he order the figure to be painted like Henry VII., and yet could not get it painted like him, which was the easiest part of the task? Yet how came he to get the queen painted like, whose representations are much scarcer than those of her husband? and how came Sykes to have pomegranates painted on her robe, only to puzzle the cause? It is not worth adding, that I should much sooner believe the church was painted to the figures, than the figures to the church. They are hard and antique: the church in a better style, and at least more fresh. If Vertue had made no better criticisms than these, I would never have taken so much trouble with his MS. Adieu!

I am, &c.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Feb. 25, 1762.

I SENT you my gazette but two days ago ; I now write to answer a kind long letter I have received from you since.

I have heard of my brother's play several years ago ; but I never understood that it was completed, or more than a few detached scenes. What is become of Mr. Bentley's play and Mr. Bentley's epistle ?

When I go to Strawberry, I will look for where lord Cutts was buried ; I think I can find it. I am disposed to prefer the younger picture of madame Grammont by Lely ; but I stumbled at the price ; twelve guineas for a copy in enamel is very dear. Mrs. Vezey tells me his originals cost sixteen, and are not so good as his copies. I will certainly have none of his originals. His, what is his name ? I would fain resist this copy ; I would more fain excuse myself for having it. I say to myself, it would be rude not to have it, now lady Kingsland and Mr. Montagu have had so much trouble—well—I *think I must have it*, as my lady Wishfort says, *why does not the fellow take me?* Do try if he will not take ten ; remember it is the younger picture : and oh ! now you are remembering, don't forget all my prints and a book bound in vellum. There is a thin folio, too, I want, called *Hibernica* ; it is a collection of curious papers, one a translation by Carew earl of Totness :<sup>1</sup> I had forgot that you have no books in Ireland ; however, I must have this, and your pardon for all the trouble I give you.

No news yet of the runaways : but all that comes out antecedent to the escape, is more and more extraordinary and absurd. The day of the elopement he had invited his wife's family and other folk to dinner with her, but said he must himself dine at a tavern ; but he dined privately in his own dressing-room, put on a sailor's habit, and black wig, that he had brought home

<sup>1</sup> *Hibernica*, or some ancient pieces relating to Ireland, &c. Dublin, 1747, folio. The translation alluded to by Walpole, is from an Anglo-Norman poem, contained in a MS. in the Archbishop's library at Lambeth. The original poem is preparing for publication by M. Francisque Michel, and has been recently analysed in *Fraser's Magazine* for 1836. [Ed.]

with him in a bundle, and threatened the servants he would murder them if they mentioned it to his wife. He left a letter for her, which the duke of Marlborough was afraid to deliver to her, and opened. It desired she would not write to him, as it would make him completely mad. He desires the king would preserve his rank of major-general, as some time or other he may serve again. Here is an indifferent epigram made on the occasion: I send it you, though I wonder any body could think it a subject to joke upon.

As Pembroke a horseman by most is accounted,  
'Tis not strange that his lordship a Hunter has mounted.

Adieu!  
Yours ever.

TO THE COUNTESS OF AILESBUURY.

Strawberry-hill, March 5, 1762.

MADAM,

One of your slaves, a fine young officer, brought me two days ago a very pretty medal from your ladyship. Amidst all your triumphs you do not, I see, forget your English friends, and it makes me extremely happy. He pleased me still more, by assuring me that you return to England when the campaign opens. I can pay this news by none so good as by telling you that we talk of nothing but peace. We are equally ready to give law to the world, or peace. Martinico<sup>1</sup> has not made us intractable. We and the new czar<sup>2</sup> are the best sort of people upon earth: I am sure, madam, you must adore him; he is willing to resign all his conquests, that you and Mr. Conway may be settled again at Park-place. My lord Chesterfield, with the despondence of an old man and the wit of a young one, thinks the French and Spaniards must make some attempt upon these islands, and is frightened lest we should not be so well prepared to repel invasions as to make them: he says, "*What*

<sup>1</sup> The citadel of Port Royal in that island capitulated to general Monkton on the 4th February, 1762. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Peter III. ascended the throne of Russia on the death of his aunt, the empress Elizabeth, 5th January 1762. [Ed.]

*will it avail us if we gain the whole world, and lose our own soul!*

I am here alone, madam, and know nothing to tell you. I came from town on Saturday for the worst cold I ever had in my life, and, what I care less to own even to myself, a cough. I hope lord Chesterfield will not speak more truth in what I have quoted, than in his assertion, that one need not cough if one did not please. It has pulled me extremely, and you may believe I do not look very plump, when I am more emaciated than usual. However, I have taken James's powder for four nights, and have found great benefit from it; and if miss Conway does not come back with *soixante et douze quartiers*, and the hauteur of a landgravine, I think I shall still be able to run down the precipices at Park-place with her—This is to be understood, supposing that we have any summer. Yesterday was the first moment that did not feel like Thule; not a glimpse of spring or green, except a miserable almond-tree, half opening one bud, like my lord P \* \* \* 's eye.

It will be warmer, I hope, by the king's birthday, or the old ladies will catch their deaths. There is a court dress to be instituted—(to thin the drawing-room)—stiff-bodied gowns and bare shoulders. What dreadful discoveries will be made both on fat and lean! I recommend you to the idea of Mrs. C \* \* \*, when half-stark; and I might fill the rest of my paper with such images, but your imagination will supply them; and you shall excuse me, though I leave this a short letter: but I wrote merely to thank your ladyship for the medal, and, as you perceive, have very little to say, besides that known and lasting truth, how much I am Mr. Conway's, and

Your ladyship's faithful humble servant.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, March 9, 1762.

I AM glad you have received my books safe, and are content with them. I have little idea of Mr. Bentley's; though his imagination is sufficiently Pindaric, nay obscure, his numbers are not apt to be so tuneful as to excuse his flights.

He should always give his wit, both in verse and prose, to somebody else to make up. If any of his things are printed at Dublin, let me have them; I have no quarrel with his talents. Your cousin's behaviour has been handsome, and so was his speech, which is printed in our papers. Advice is arrived to-day, that our troops have made good their landing at Martinico; I don't know any of the incidents yet.

You ask me for an epitaph for lord Cutts.<sup>1</sup> I scratched out the following lines last night as I was going to bed; if they are not good enough, pray don't take them: they were written in a minute, and you are under no obligation to like them.

Late does the muse approach to Cutts's grave,  
But ne'er the grateful muse forgets the brave:  
He gave her subjects for th' immortal lyre,  
And sought in idle hours the tuneful choir;  
Skillful to mount by either path to fame,  
And dear to memory by a double name.  
Yet if ill known amid th' Aonian groves,  
His shade a stranger and unnotic'd roves,  
The dauntless chief a nobler band may join:  
They never die, who conquer'd at the Boyne.

The last line intends to be popular in Ireland; but you must take care to be certain that he was at the battle of the Boyne; I conclude so; and it should be specified the year, when you erect the monument. The latter lines mean to own his having been but a moderate poet, and to cover that mediocrity under his valour; all which is true. Make the sculptor observe the stops.

I have not been at Strawberry above a month, nor ever was so long absent; but the weather has been cruelly cold and disagreeable. We have not had a single dry week since the beginning of September; a great variety of weather, all bad. Adieu!

Yours ever.

<sup>1</sup> Lord John Cutts, a brave English soldier, died at Dublin, 1707. His poems were published in 1687. [Ed.]

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, March 22, 1762.

YOU may fancy what you will, but the eyes of all the world are not fixed upon Ireland. Because you have a little virtue, and a lord lieutenant,<sup>1</sup> that refuses four thousand pounds a year, and a chaplain<sup>2</sup> of a lord lieutenant, that declines a huge bishoprick, and a secretary,<sup>3</sup> whose eloquence can convince a nation of blunders, you imagine that nothing is talked of but the castle of Dublin. In the first place, virtue may sound its own praises, but it never is praised; and, in the next place, there are other feats besides self-denials; and for eloquence, we overflow with it. Why, the single eloquence of Mr. Pitt, like an annihilated star, can shine many months after it has set. I tell you it has conquered Martinico. If you will not believe me, read the gazette, read Moncton's letter;<sup>4</sup> there is more martial spirit in it than in half Thucydides, and in all the grand Cyrus. Do you think Demosthenes or Themistocles ever raised the Grecian stocks two per cent. in four-and-twenty hours? I shall burn all my Greek and Latin books; they are histories of little people. The Romans never conquered the world, till they had conquered three parts of it, and were three hundred years about it; we subdue the globe in three campaigns; and a globe, let me tell you, as big again as it was in their days. Perhaps you may think me proud; but you don't know that I had some share in the reduction of Martinico; the express was brought by my godson, Mr. Horatio Gates;<sup>5</sup> and I have a very good precedent for attributing some of the glory to myself: I have by me a love-letter, written during my father's administration, by a

<sup>1</sup> The Irish House of Commons having voted an address to the king to increase the salary of the lord lieutenant, the earl of Halifax declined having any augmentation. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> Doctor Crane, chaplain to the earl of Halifax, had refused the bishoprick of Elphin. [Or.]

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Hamilton. [Or.]

<sup>4</sup> General Moncton's letter, containing an account of the capitulation of the Isle of Martinique, on the 4th February 1762, appeared in the *London Gazette Extraordinary*, on the 23d March. [Ed.]

<sup>5</sup> Major Gates, one of General Moncton's aides-de-camp. [Ed.]



journeyman tailor to my brother's second chambermaid; his offers were honourable; he proposed matrimony, and to better his terms, informed her of his pretensions to a place; they were founded on what he called, *some services to the government*. As the nymph could not read, she carried the epistle to the housekeeper to be deciphered, by which means it came into my hands. I enquired what were the merits of Mr. vice Crispin; was informed that he had made the suit of clothes for a figure of lord Marr, that was burned after the rebellion. I hope now you don't hold me too presumptuous for pluming myself on the reduction of Martinico. However, I shall not aspire to a post, nor to marry my lady Bute's Abigail. I only trust my services to you as a friend, and do not mean under your temperate administration to get the list of Irish pensions loaded with my name, though I am godfather to Mr. Horatio Gates.

The duchess of Grafton and the English have been miraculously preserved at Rome by being at loo, instead of going to a great concert, where the palace fell in, and killed ten persons and wounded several others. I shall send orders to have an altar dedicated in the capitol.

Pammio O. M.  
Capitolino  
Ob Annam Ducissam de Grafton  
Merito Incolumem.

I tell you of it now, because I don't know whether it will be worth while to write another letter on purpose. Lord Albemarle takes up the victorious grenadiers at Martinico, and in six weeks will conquer the Havannah. Adieu!

Yours ever,  
HORATIO.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, April 29, 1762.

I AM most absurdly glad to hear you are returned well and safe, of which I have at this moment received your account from Hankelow, where you talk of staying a week. However, not knowing the exact day of your departure, I direct this to Great-

worth, that it may rather wait for you, than you for it, if it should go into Cheshire and not find you there. As I should ever be sorry to give you any pain, I hope I shall not be the first to tell you of the loss of poor lady Charlotte Johnstone,<sup>1</sup> who, after a violent fever of less than a week, was brought to bed yesterday morning of a dead child, and died herself at four in the afternoon. I heartily condole with you, as I know your tenderness for all your family, and the regard you have for colonel Johnstone. The time is wonderfully sickly; nothing but sore throats, colds, and fevers. I got rid of one of the worst of these disorders, attended with a violent cough, by only taking seven grains of James's powder for six nights. It was the first cough I ever had, and when coughs meet with so spare a body as mine, they are not apt to be so easily conquered. Take great care of yourself, and bring the fruits of your expedition in perfection to Strawberry. I shall be happy to see you there whenever you please. I have no immediate purpose of settling there yet, as they are laying floors, which is very noisy, and as it is uncertain when the parliament will rise; but I would go there at any time to meet you. The town will empty instantly after the king's birth-day; and consequently I shall then be less broken in upon, which I know you do not like. If, therefore, it suits you, any time you will name after the fifth of June will be equally agreeable; but sooner if you like it better.

We have little news at present, except a profusion of new peerages, but are likely I think to have much greater shortly. The ministers disagree, and quarrel with as much alacrity as ever; and the world expects a total rupture between lord Bute and the late king's servants. This comedy has been so often represented, it scarce interests one, especially one who takes no part, and who is determined to have nothing to do with the world, but hearing and seeing the scenes it furnishes.

The new peers, I don't know their rank, scarce their titles, are lord Wentworth<sup>2</sup> and sir William Courtenay,<sup>3</sup> viscounts;

<sup>1</sup> Sister to the earl of Halifax. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> Edward lord Wentworth, created 1st May 1762, viscount Wentworth, of Wellsborough, Leicestershire. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> Sir W. Courtney, Bart. created 1st May 1762, viscount Courtney, of Powderham Castle, Devon. [Ed.]

lord Egmont,<sup>4</sup> lord Milton,<sup>5</sup> Vernon of Sudbury,<sup>6</sup> old Fox-lane,<sup>7</sup> sir Edward Montagu,<sup>8</sup> barons; and lady Caroline Fox,<sup>9</sup> a baroness; the duke of Newcastle<sup>10</sup> is created lord Pelham, with an entail to Tommy Pelham; and lord Brudenel is called to the House of Lords, as lord Montagu.<sup>11</sup> The duchess of Manchester was to have had the peerage alone, and wanted the latter title: her sister, very impertinently, I think, as being the younger, objected and wished her husband marquis of Monthermer. This difference has been adjusted, by making sir Edward Montagu lord Beaulieu, and giving the title of the family to lord Brudenel. With pardon of your *Cu-blood*, I hold, that lord Cardigan makes a very trumpery figure by so meanly relinquishing all Brudenelhood.

Adieu! let me know soon when you will keep your Strawberry tide.  
Yours ever.

P.S. Lord Anson<sup>12</sup> is in a very bad way; and Mr. Fox, I think, is not in a much better.

<sup>4</sup> The Rt. Hon. John Percival, earl of Egmont in Ireland, was created baron Lovel and Holland, of Enmore, Somersetshire. [Ed.]

<sup>5</sup> The right hon. Joseph, lord Milton, baron Milton of Shrone Hall in Ireland, was created baron Milton of Milton Abbey, Dorset. [Ed.]

<sup>6</sup> George Venables Vernon, of Sudbury, Derbyshire, esq. created lord Vernon, baron of Kinderton, Cheshire. [Ed.]

<sup>7</sup> George Fox Lane, esq., of Bramham, Yorkshire, and his heirs male by Harriot, his then wife, baron Bingley, in Yorkshire. [Ed.]

<sup>8</sup> Sir Edward Montagu, of Ditton Park, Bucks., and his heirs male by his wife Isabella, duchess dowager of Manchester, baron Beaulieu of Beaulieu, Hants. [Ed.]

<sup>9</sup> Lady Caroline Fox, created lady Holland, baroness of Holland, county Lincoln, with the dignity of lord Holland to her heirs male. [Ed.]

<sup>10</sup> His grace the duke of Newcastle, created baron Pelham of Stanmer, with remainder, in default of issue, to Thomas Pelham of Stanmer, Sussex. [Ed.]

<sup>11</sup> John Montagu, commonly called lord Brudenell, created baron Montagu of Broughton, Northamptonshire. [Ed.]

<sup>12</sup> The death of his lordship, who was at the time first lord of the Admiralty, commander-in-chief of His Majesty's fleet, &c. took place at his seat, Moor Park, Herts., June 6th, 1762. [Ed.]

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, May 14, 1762.

It is very hard, when you can plunge over head and ears in Irish claret, and not have even your heel vulnerable by the gout, that such a Pythagorean as I am should be subject to it! It is not two years since I had it last, and here am I with my foot again upon cushions. But I will not complain; the pain is trifling, and does little more than prevent my frisking about. If I can bear the motion of the chariot, I shall drive to Strawberry to-morrow; for I had rather only look at verdure and hear my nightingales from the bow-window, than receive visits and listen to news. I can give you no certain satisfaction relative to the viceroy, your cousin.<sup>1</sup> It is universally said that he has no mind to return to his dominions, and pretty much believed that he will succeed to lord Egremont's seals, who will not detain them long from whoever is to be his successor.

I am sorry you have lost another Montagu, the duke of Manchester.<sup>2</sup> Your cousin Guildford is among the competitors for chamberlain to the queen. The duke of Chandos, lord Northumberland, and even the duke of Kingston,<sup>3</sup> are named as other candidates; but surely they will not turn the latter loose into another chamber of maids of honour! Lord Cantelupe has asked to rise from vice-chamberlain, but met with little encouragement. It is odd that there are now seventeen English and Scotch dukes unmarried, and but seven out of twenty-seven have the garter.

It is comfortable to me to have a prospect of seeing Mr. Conway soon; the ruling part of the administration are disposed to recal our troops from Germany. In the meantime, our officers and their *wives* are embarked for Portugal—what must Europe think of us when we make wars and assemblies all over the world?

<sup>1</sup> The earl of Halifax was gazetted first lord of the admiralty on the 19th June, 1762, in the room of lord Anson. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Robert Montagu, third duke of Manchester, lord chamberlain to the queen, died 10th May, 1762, and was succeeded by his eldest son George, fourth duke, who dying in 1788, was succeeded by his eldest son William, the present and fifth duke. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> The earl of Shelburne was named to that office. [Ed.]

I have been for a few days this week at lord Thomond's ; by making a river-like piece of water, he has converted a very ugly spot into a tolerable one. As I was so near, I went to see Audley Inn<sup>4</sup> once more ; but it is only the monument now of its former grandeur. The gallery is pulled down, and nothing remains but the great hall, and an apartment like a tower at each end. In the church I found, still existing and quite fresh, the escutcheon of the famous countess of Essex and Somerset.

Adieu ! I shall expect you with great pleasure the beginning of next month.

Yours ever.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, May 20, 1762.

DEAR SIR,

You have sent me the most kind and obliging letter in the world, and I cannot sufficiently thank you for it ; but I shall be very glad to have an opportunity of acknowledging it in person, by accepting the agreeable visit you are so good as to offer me, and for which I have long been impatient. I should name the earliest day possible ; but, besides having some visits to make, I think it will be more pleasant to you a few weeks hence (I mean any time in July,) when the works, with which I am finishing my house, will be more advanced, and the noisy part, as laying floors, and fixing wainscots, at an end, and which now make me

<sup>4</sup> In Essex, formerly the largest palace in England. It was built out of the ruins of a dissolved monastery, near Saffron Walden, by Thomas, second son of Thomas, duke of Norfolk, who married the only daughter and heir of lord Audley, chancellor to king Henry VIII. This Thomas was summoned to parliament in queen Elizabeth's time as lord Audley of Walden, and was afterwards created earl of Suffolk by James I., to whom he was lord chancellor and lord high treasurer. It was intended for a royal palace for that king, who when it was finished was invited to see it, and lodged there one night on his way to Newmarket : when, after having viewed it with great surprise and astonishment, he was asked how he approved of it,—he answered, "very well, but troth man, it is too much for a king ; but it may do for a lord high treasurer," and so left it upon the earl's hands. It was afterwards purchased by Charles II., but, he never being able to pay the purchase-money, was restored to the family by William III. [Ed.]

in a deplorable litter. As you give me leave, I will send you notice.

I am glad my books amused you;<sup>5</sup> yet you, who are so much deeper an antiquarian, must have found more faults and omissions, I fear, than your politeness suffers you to reprehend; yet you will, I trust, be a little more severe. We both labour, I will not say for the public, (for the public troubles its head very little about our labours,) but for the few of posterity that shall be curious; and therefore, for their sake, you must assist me in making my works as complete as possible. This sounds ungrateful, after all the trouble you have given yourself; but I say it to prove my gratitude, and to show you how fond I am of being corrected.

For the faults of impression, they were owing to the knavery of a printer, who, when I had corrected the sheets, amused me with revised proofs, and never printed off the whole number, and then ran away. This accounts, too, for the difference of the ink in various sheets, and for some other blemishes; though there are still enough of my own, which I must not charge on others.

Ubal dini's book I have not, and shall be pleased to see it; but I cannot think of robbing your collection, and am amply obliged by the offer.

The Anecdotes of Horatio Palavicini are extremely entertaining.

In an Itinerary of the late Mr. Smart Lethiullier, I met the very tomb of Gainsborough this winter, that you mention; and, to be secure, sent to Lincoln for an exact draught of it. But what vexed me then, and does still, is, that by the defect at the end of the inscription, one cannot be certain whether he lived in CCC, or CCCC, as another C might have been there. Have you any corroborating circumstance, sir, to affix his existence to 1300 more than to 1400? Besides, I don't know any proof of his having been architect of the church: his epitaph only calls him *Cæmentarius*, which, I suppose, means *Mason*.

I have observed, since my book was published, what you mention of the tapestry in Laud's trial: yet, as the Journals were my authority, and certainly cannot be mistaken, I have con-

cluded, that Hollar engraved his print after the Restoration. Mr. Wright, clerk of the House of Lords, says, that Oliver placed them in the House of Commons. I don't know on what grounds he says so.

I am, sir, with great gratitude,

Your most obliged humble servant.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, May 25, 1762.

I AM diverted with your anger at old Richard ; can you really suppose that I think it any trouble to frank a few covers for you? Had I been with you, I should have cured you and your whole family in two nights with James's powder. If you have any remains of the disorder, let me beg you take seven or eight grains when you go to bed: if you have none, shall I send you some? For my own part, I am released again, though I have been tolerably bad, and one day had the gout for several hours in my head. I do not like such speedy returns. I have been so much confined, that I could not wait on Mrs. Osborn, and I do not take it unkindly, that she will not let me have the prints without fetching them. I met her, that is, passed her, t'other day as she was going to Bushy, and was sorry to see her look much older.

Well ! to-morrow is fixed for that phenomenon, the duke of Newcastle's resignation. He has had a parting *levée* ; and as I suppose all bishops are prophets, they foresee that he will never come into place again, for there was but one that had the decency to take leave of him after crowding his rooms for forty years together ; it was Cornwallis. I hear not even lord Lincoln resigns. Lord Bute succeeds to the treasury, and is to have the garter, too, on Thursday with prince William. Of your cousin I hear no more mention, but that he returns to his island. I cannot tell you exactly even the few changes that are to be made ; but I can divert you with a *bon-mot*, which they give to my lord Chesterfield. The new peerages being mentioned, somebody said, " I suppose there will be no duke made ;" he replied, " Oh yes, there is to be one."—" Is? who? "—Lord Talbot:

he is to be created duke Humphrey, and there is to be no table kept at court but his." If you don't like this, what do you think of George Selwyn, who asked Charles Boone if it is true that he is going to be married to the fat rich Crawley? Boone denied it. "Lord!" said Selwyn, "I thought you were to be Patrick Fleming on the mountain, and that gold and silver you were counting!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Yours ever.

P.S. I cannot help telling you how comfortable the new disposition of the court is to me; the king and queen are settled for good and all at Buckingham-house, and are stripping the other palaces to furnish it. In short, they have already fetched pictures from Hampton-court, which indicates their never living there; consequently Strawberry-hill will remain in possession of its own tranquillity, and not become a cheese-cake house to the palace. All I ask of princes is, not to live within five miles of me.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Wednesday night, June 1.

SINCE you left Strawberry, the town (not the king of Prussia) has beaten count Daun, and made the peace, but the benefits of either have not been felt beyond Change-alley. Lord Melcomb is dying of a dropsy in his stomach, and lady Mary Wortley of a cancer in her breast.

Mr. Hamilton was here last night, and complained of your not visiting him. He pumped me to know if lord Hertford has not thoughts of the crown of Ireland, and was more than persuaded that I should go with him: I told him what was true, that I knew nothing of the former; and for the latter, that I would as soon return with the king of the Cherokees.<sup>1</sup> When

<sup>1</sup> Three Cherokee Indian Chiefs arrived in London from South Carolina, in June, 1762, and became, of course, the lions of the day. [Ed.]



England has nothing that can tempt me, it would be strange if Ireland had. The Cherokee majesty dined here yesterday at lord Macclesfield's, where the Clive sang to them and the mob ; don't imagine I was there, but I heard so at my lady Suffolk's.

We have tapped a little butt of rain to-night, but my lawn is far from being drunk yet. Did not you find the Vine in great beauty? My compliments to it, and to your society. I only write to enclose the enclosed. I have consigned your button to old Richard. Adieu !

Yours ever.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, June 8, 1762.

WELL, you have had Mr. Chute. I did not dare to announce him to you, for he insisted on enjoying all your ejaculations. He gives me a good account of your health and spirits, but does not say when you come hither. I hope the general, as well as your brother John, know how welcome they would be, if they would accompany you. I trust it will be before the end of this month, for the very beginning of July I am to make a little visit to lord Ilchester, in Somersetshire, and I should not like not to see you before the middle or end of next month.

Mrs. Osborn has sent me the prints ; they are woeful ; but that is my fault and the engraver's, not yours, to whom I am equally obliged ; you don't tell me whether Mr. Bentley's play was acted or not, printed or not.

There is another of the queen's brothers come over. Lady Northumberland made a pompous festino for him t'other night ; not only the whole house, but the garden, was illuminated, and was quite a fairy scene. Arches and pyramids of lights alternately surrounded the enclosure ; a diamond necklace of lamps edged the rails and descent, with a spiral obelisk of candles on each hand ; and dispersed over the lawn were little bands of kettle-drums, clarionets, fifes, &c. and the lovely moon, who came without a card. The birth-day was far from being such a show ; empty and unfine as possible. In truth, popularity does not make great promises to the new administration, and for

fear it should hereafter be taxed with changing sides, it lets lord Bute be abused every day, though he has not had time to do the least wrong thing. His levee was crowded. Bothma<sup>1</sup>, the Danish minister, said, "*La chaleur est excessive!*" George Selwyn replied, "*Pour se mettre au froid, il faut aller chez Monsieur le Duc de Newcastle!*" There was another George not quite so tender. George Brudenel was passing by; somebody in the mob said, "What is the matter here?" Brudenel answered, "Why, there is a Scotchman got into the treasury, and they can't get him out." The archbishop, conscious of not having been at Newcastle's last levee, and ashamed of appearing at lord Bute's first, pretended he had been going by in his way from Lambeth, and, upon inquiry, found it was lord Bute's levee, and so had thought he might as well go in—I am glad he thought he might as well tell it.

The mob call Buckingham-house, Holyrood-house; in short, every thing promises to be like times *I* can remember. Lord Anson is dead; poor Mrs. Osborn will not break her heart; I should think lord Melcomb<sup>1</sup> will succeed to the Admiralty. Adieu!

Yours ever.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, July 29, 1762.

SIR,

I fear you will have thought me neglectful of the visit you was so good as to offer me for a day or two at this place: the truth is, I have been in Somersetshire on a visit, which was protracted much longer than I intended. I am now returned, and shall be glad to see you as soon as you please, Sunday or Monday next, if you like either, or any other day you will name. I cannot defer the pleasure of seeing you any longer, though to my mortification you will find Strawberry-hill with its worst looks—not a blade of grass! My workmen, too, have disappointed me; they have been in the association for forcing their

<sup>1</sup> Lord Halifax succeeded to the admiralty: lord Melcomb died 28th July, 1762. His title became extinct. A considerable estate went to earl Temple, and a patent place of £2,000 a year to the sons of the right hon. Henry Fox. [Ed.]

masters to raise their wages, and but two are yet returned—so you must excuse litter and shavings.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant.

TO THE COUNTESS OF AILESBUURY.

Strawberry-hill, July 31, 1762.

MADAM,

Magnanimous as the fair soul of your ladyship is, and plaited with superabundance of Spartan fortitude, I felicitate my own good fortune who can circle this epistle with branches of the gentle olive, as well as crown it with victorious laurel. This pompous paragraph, madam, which in compliment to my lady Lyttelton I have penned in the style of her lord, means no more, than that I wish you joy of the castle of Waldeck,<sup>1</sup> and more joy on the peace, which I find every body thinks is concluded. In truth, I still have my doubts; and yesterday came news, which, if my lord Bute does not make haste, may throw a little rub in the way. In short, the czar is dethroned. Some give the honour to his wife; others, who add the little circumstance of his being murdered too, ascribe the revolution to the archbishop of Novogorod, who, like other priests, thinks assassination a less affront to Heaven than three Lutheran churches. I hope the latter is the truth; because in the honeymoonhood of lady C \* \* \* 's tenderness, I don't know but she might miscarry at the thought of a wife preferring a crown, and scandal says, a regiment of grenadiers, to her husband.

I have little meaning in naming lady Lyttelton and lady C \* \* \*, who I think are at Park-place. Was not there a promise that you all three would meet Mr. Churchill and lady Mary here in the beginning of August? Yes, indeed there was, and I put in my claim.—Not confining your heroic and musical ladyship to a day or a week; my time is at your command: and I wish the rain was at mine; for, if you or it do not come soon, I shall not have a leaf left. Strawberry is browner than lady B \* \* \* F \* \* \*.

I was grieved, madam, to miss seeing you in town on Monday.

<sup>1</sup> At the taking of which Mr. Conway had assisted. [Or.]

particularly as I wished to settle this party. If you let me know when it will be your pleasure, I will write to my sister.

I am your ladyship's  
most faithful servant.

To the EARL of STRAFFORD.

Strawberry-hill, August 5, 1762.

MY DEAR LORD,

As you have correspondents of better authority in town, I don't pretend to send you great events, and I know no small ones. Nobody talks of any thing under a revolution. That in Russia alarms me, lest lady \* \* \* should fall in love with the czarina, who has deposed *her* lord \* \* \*, and set out for Petersburg. We throw away a whole summer in writing Britons and North Britons; the Russians change sovereigns faster than Mr. Wilkes can choose a motto for a paper. What years were spent here in controversy on the abdication of King James, and the legitimacy of the pretender! Commend me to the czarina.<sup>1</sup> They doubted, that is, her husband did, whether her children were of genuine blood-royal. She appealed to the Preobazinsky guards, excellent casuists; and, to prove duke Paul heir to the crown, assumed it herself. The proof was compendious and unanswerable.

I trust you know that Mr. Conway has made a figure by taking the castle of Waldeck. There has been another action to prince Ferdinand's advantage, but no English were engaged.

You tantalize me by talking of the verdure of Yorkshire; we have not had a tea-cup-full of rain till to-day for these six weeks. Corn has been reaped that never wetted its lips; not a blade of grass; the leaves yellow and falling as in the end of October. In short, Twickenham is rueful; I don't believe Westphalia

<sup>1</sup> The proclamation issued on the accession of the empress Catherine, contains the announcement of the death of the emperor Paul, in very extraordinary terms. "But to our great regret and affliction we learned yesterday evening, that by the permission of the Almighty, the late emperor departed this life." \* \* \* \* \* which is followed by a request to her subjects, "to consider this unexpected and sudden death as a special effect of the divine providence. [Ed.]

looks more barren. Nay, we are forced to fortify ourselves, too. Hanworth was broken open last night, though the family was all there. Lord Vere lost a silver standish, an old watch, and his writing-box with fifty pounds in it. They broke it open in the park, but missed a diamond ring, which was found, and the telescope, which by the weight of the case they had fancied full of money. Another house in the middle of Sunbury has had the same fate. I am mounting cannon on my battlements.

Your chateau, I hope, proceeds faster than mine. The carpenters are all associated for increase of wages; I have had but two men at work these five weeks. You know, to be sure, that lady Mary Wortley cannot live. Adieu, my dear lord!

Your most faithful servant.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, August 5, 1762.

SIR,

As I had been dilatory in accepting your kind offer of coming hither, I proposed it as soon as I returned. As we are so burnt, and as my workmen have disappointed me, I am not quite sorry that I had not the pleasure of seeing you this week. Next week I am obliged to be in town on business. If you please, therefore, we will postpone our meeting till the first of September; by which time, I flatter myself we shall be *green*, and I shall be able to shew you my additional apartment to more advantage. Unless you forbid me, I will expect you, sir, the very beginning of next month. In the mean time, I will only thank you for the obliging and curious notes you have sent me, which will make a great figure in my second edition.

I am, Sir,

Your much obliged humble servant.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, August 10, 1762.

I HAVE received your letter from Greatworth since your return, but I do not find that you have got one which I sent you to the Vine, enclosing one directed for you: Mr. Chute says you did not mention hearing from me there. I left your button, too, in town with old Richard to be transmitted to you. Our drought continues, though we have had one handsome storm. I have been reading the story of Phæton in the *Metamorphoses*; it is a picture of Twickenham. *Ardeat Athos, taurusque Cilix*, &c.; mount Richmond burns, parched is Petersham, *Parnasusque biceps*, dry is Pope's grot, the nymphs of Clivden are burning to blackmoors, their faces are already as glowing as a cinder, Cynus is changed into a swan; *quodque suo Tagus amne vehit, fluit ignibus aurum*; my gold fishes are almost molten. Yet this conflagration is nothing to that in Russia: what do you say to a czarina mounting her horse, and marching at the head of fourteen thousand men, with a large train of artillery, to dethrone her husband? Yet, she is not the only virago in that country; the conspiracy was conducted by the sister of the czar's mistress, a heroine under twenty! They have no fewer than two czars now in coops—that is, supposing these gentle damsels have murdered neither of them. Turkey will become a moderate government; one must travel to frozen climates if one chooses to see revolutions in perfection. *Here's room for meditation even to madness*: the deposed emperor possessed Muscovy, was heir to Sweden, and the true heir of Denmark; all the northern crowns centred in his person; one hopes he is in a dungeon, that is, one hopes he is not assassinated. You cannot crowd more matter into a lecture of morality than is comprehended in those few words. This is the fourth czarina that you and I have seen; to be sure, as historians, we have not passed our time ill. Mrs. Ann Pitt, who, I suspect, envies the heroine of twenty a little, says, "The czarina has only robbed *Peter* to pay *Paul*;" and I do not believe that her brother, Mr. William Pitt, feels very happy, that he cannot immediately dispatch a squadron to the Baltic to reinstate the

friend of the king of Prussia. I cannot afford to live less than fifty years more; for so long, I suppose, at least, it will be before the court of Petersburg will cease to produce amusing scenes. Think of old count Biron, formerly master of that empire, returning to Siberia, and bowing to Bestucheff, whom he may meet on the road from thence. I interest myself now about nothing but Russia; lord Bute must be sent to the Orcades before I shall ask a question in English politics; at least I shall expect that Mr. Pitt, at the head of the Preobazinski guards, will seize the person of the prime minister for giving up our conquests *to the chief enemy of this nation*.

My pen is in such a sublime humour, that it can scarce condescend to tell you that sir Edward Deering<sup>1</sup> is going to marry Polly Hart, Danver's old mistress; and three more baronets, whose names nobody knows, but Collins, are treading in the same steps.

My compliments to the house of Montagu—upon my word I congratulate the general and you, and your viceroy, that you escaped being deposed by the primate of Novogorod.

Yours ever.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, August 19, 1762.

SIR,

I am very sensible of the obligations I have to you and Mr. Masters, and ought to make separate acknowledgments to both; but, not knowing how to direct to him, I must hope that you will kindly be once more the channel of our correspondence; and that you will be so good as to convey to him an answer to what you communicated from him to me, and in particular my thanks for the most obliging offer he has made me of a picture of Henry VII.; of which I will by no means rob him. My view in publishing the Anecdotes was, to assist gentlemen in discover-

<sup>1</sup> This match does not appear to have taken place. Sir Edward Deering, the sixth baronet, whose father had died on the 15th April, 1762, married first, in 1755, Selina, daughter and co-heiress of sir Robert Turnese, bart., of Waldershare, in the county of Kent, by whom he had a son and a daughter: and secondly, Deborah, only daughter of John Winchester, esq., of Nether-sole, by whom he had four sons and three daughters. [Ed.]

ing the hands of pictures they possess ; and I am sufficiently rewarded when that purpose is answered. If there is another edition, the mistake in the calculation of the tapestry shall be rectified, and any others which any gentleman will be so good as to point out. With regard to the monument of sir Nathaniel Bacon, Vertue certainly describes it as at Culford ; and, in looking to the place to which I am referred, in Mr. Master's history of Corpus Christi College,<sup>2</sup> I think he himself allows in the note that there is such a monument at Culford. Of sir Balthazar Gerbier, there are several different prints. Nich. Lanicre purchasing pictures at the king's sale, is undoubtedly a mistake for one of his brothers.—I cannot tell now whether Vertue's mistake or my own. At Longleate, is a whole length of Frances duchess of Richmond, exactly such as Mr. Master describes, but in oil. I have another whole length of the same duchess, I believe by Mytins, but younger than that at Longleate. But the best picture of her is in Wilson's life of King James, and very diverting indeed. I will not trouble you, sir, or Mr. Masters, with any more at present ; but, repeating my thanks to both, will you assure that

I am, &c.

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 9, 1762.

Nondum laurus erat, longoque decentia crine  
Tempora cingebat de qualibet arbore Phœbus.

THIS is a hint to you, that as Phœbus, who was certainly your superior, could take up with a chestnut garland, or any crown he found, you must have the humility to be content without laurels, when none are to be had : you have hunted far and near for them, and taken true pains to the last in that old nursery-garden, Germany, and by the way have made me shudder with your last journal : but you must be easy with *qualibet*

<sup>2</sup> The History of the College of Corpus Christi and of the B. Virgin Mary, (commonly called Bene't) in the University of Cambridge, from its foundation to the present time, by Robert Masters, B. D. in two parts. Cambridge, 1753. 4to. [Ed.]



other *arbore*; you must come home to your own plantations. The duke of Bedford is gone in a fury to make peace, for he cannot be even pacific with temper;<sup>1</sup> and by this time I suppose the duke de Nivernois is unpacking his portion of olive *dans la rue de Suffolk-street*. I say, I suppose—for I do not, like my friends at Arthur's, whip into my post-chaise to see every novelty. My two sovereigns, the duchess of Grafton and lady Mary Coke, are arrived, and yet I have seen neither Polly nor Lucy. The former, I hear, is entirely French; the latter as absolutely English.

Well! but if you insist on not doffing your cuirass, you may find an opportunity of wearing it. The storm thickens. The city of London are ready to hoist their standard; treason is the *bon ton* at that end of the town; seditious papers pasted up at every corner: nay, my neighbourhood is not unfashionable; we have had them at Brentford and Kingston. The Peace is the cry; but to make weight, they throw in all the abusive ingredients they can collect. They talk of your friend the duke of Devonshire's resigning; and, for the duke of Newcastle, it puts him so much in mind of the end of queen Anne's time, that I believe he hopes to be minister again for another forty years.

In the mean time, there are but dark news from the Havannah; the Gazette, who would not fib for the world, says, we have lost but four officers; the World, who is not quit so scrupulous, says, our loss is heavy.—But what shocking notice to those who have *Harry Conways* there! The Gazette breaks off with saying, that they were to storm the next day! Upon the whole, it is regarded as a preparative to worse news.

Our next monarch was christened last night, George Augustus Frederick; the princess, the duke of Cumberland, and duke of Mecklenburgh, sponsors; the ceremony performed by the bishop of London. The queen's bed, magnificent, and they say in taste, was placed in the great drawing-room: though she is not to see company in form, yet it looks as if they had intended people should have been there, as all who presented themselves were admitted, which were very

<sup>1</sup> The duke started on his mission on the 6th September, and crossed to Dover on the 8th. He was received at Paris with the greatest respect, and received the honour of an escort into that city, by four hundred of the king's body guards. [Ed.]

few, for it had not been notified; I suppose to prevent too great a crowd: all I have heard named, besides those in waiting, were the duchess of Queensbury, lady Dalkeith, Mrs. Grenville, and about four more ladies.

My lady Ailesbury is abominable: she settled a party to come hither, and put it off a month; and now she has been here and seen my cabinet, she ought to tell you what good reason I had not to stir. If she has not told you that it is the finest, the prettiest, the newest and the oldest thing in the world, I will not go to Park-place on the 20th, as I have promised. Oh! but tremble you may for me, though you will not for yourself—all my glories were on the point of vanishing last night in a flame! The chimney of the new gallery, which chimney is full of deal-boards, and which gallery is full of shavings, was on fire at eight o'clock. Harry had quarrelled with the other servants, and would not sit in the kitchen; and to keep up his anger had lighted a vast fire in the servants' hall, which is under the gallery. The chimney took fire; and if Margaret had not smelt it with the first nose that ever a servant had, a quarter of an hour had set us in a blaze. I hope you are frightened out of your senses for me: if you are not, I will never live in a panic for three or four years for you again.

I have had lord March<sup>3</sup> and the Rena<sup>4</sup> here for one night, which does not raise my reputation in the neighbourhood, and may usher me again for a Scotchman into the North Briton.<sup>5</sup> I have had, too, a letter from a German that I never saw, who tells me, that, hearing by chance how well I am with my lord

<sup>3</sup> William, third earl of March, son of William, second earl of March, by lady Anne Hamilton, eldest daughter of John, earl of Selkirk and Ruglen, who, upon her father's decease, became countess of Ruglen; and upon her decease, in 1748, was succeeded in the earldom by the subject of the present note, who, on the death of Charles, third duke of Queensbury, 22d October 1778, succeeded to the dukedom. His grace was enrolled among the peers of England, 21st August 1786, by the title of baron Douglas of Amesbury, and died unmarried in 1810, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. [Ed.]

<sup>4</sup> A fashionable courtesan. [Or.]

<sup>5</sup> The favourable opinion given by Mr. Walpole of the abilities of the Scotch in the Royal and Noble Authors, first drew upon him the notice of the North Briton. [Or.]

Bute, he desires me to get him a place. The North Briton first recommended me for an employment, and has now given me interest at the backstairs. It is a notion, that whatever is said of one, has generally some kind of foundation: surely I am a contradiction to this maxim! yet, was I of consequence enough to be remembered, perhaps posterity would believe that I was a flatterer! Good night!

Yours ever,

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, September 24, 1762.

I WAS disappointed at not seeing you, as you had given me hopes, but shall be glad to meet the general, as I think I shall, for I go to town on Monday to restore the furniture to my house, which has been painted; and to stop the gaps as well as I can, which I have made by bringing away every thing hither; but as long as there are auctions, and I have any money or hoards, those wounds soon close.

I can tell you nothing of your dame Montagu and her arms; but I dare to swear Mr. Chute can. I did not doubt but you would approve Mr. Bateman's, since it has changed its religion; I converted it from Chinese to Gothic. His cloister of founders, which by the way is Mr. Bentley's, is delightful; I envy him his old chairs, and the tomb of bishop Caducanus; but I do not agree with you in preferring the duke's to Stowe. The first is in a greater style, I grant, but one always perceives the mesalliance; the blood of Bagshot-heath will never let it be green. If Stowe had but half so many buildings as it has, there would be too many; but that profusion, that glut enriches, and makes it look like a fine landscape of Albano; one figures oneself in Tempe or Daphne. I never saw St. Leonard's-hill; would you speak seriously of buying it! one could stretch out the arm from one's post-chaise, and reach you when one would.

I am here all in ignorance and rain, and have seen nobody these two days since I returned from Park-place. I do not know whether the mob hissed my lord Bute at his installation,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The ceremony of the installation of prince William and lord Bute as

as they intended, or whether my lord Talbot drubbed them for it. I know nothing of the peace, nor of the Havannah; but I could tell you much of old English engravers, whose lives occupy me at present. On Sunday, I am to dine with your prime minister Hamilton; for though I do not seek the world, and am best pleased when quiet here, I do not refuse its invitations, when it does not press one to pass above a few hours with it. I have no quarrel to it, when it comes not to me, nor asks me to lie from home. That favour is only granted to the elect, to Greatworth, and a very few more spots. Adieu!

Yours ever.

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, September 28, 1762.

To my sorrow and your wicked joy, it is a doubt whether monsieur de Nivernois will shut the temple of Janus. We do not believe him quite so much in earnest as the dove<sup>1</sup> we have sent, who has summoned his turtle to Paris. She sets out the day after to-morrow, escorted, to add gravity to the embassy, by George Selwyn. The stocks don't mind this journey of a rush, but draw in their horns every day. We can learn nothing of the Havannah, though the axis on which the whole treaty turns. We believe, for we have never seen them, that the last letters thence brought accounts of great loss, especially by the sickness. Colonel Burgoyne<sup>2</sup> has given a little fillip to the Spaniards, and shown them, that though they can take Portugal from the Portuguese, it will not be entirely so easy to wrest it from the English. Lord Pulteney,<sup>3</sup> and my nephew,<sup>4</sup> lady Waldegrave's brother, distinguished themselves. I hope your hereditary prince is recovering of the wounds in his loins; for they say he is to marry princess Augusta.

knight of the garter, took place at Windsor on the 22d September, the anniversary of the coronation. [Ed.]

<sup>1</sup> The duke of Bedford, then ambassador at Paris. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> Colonel, afterwards general Burgoyne, with the comte de Lippe, commanded the British troops sent to the relief of Portugal. [Or.]

<sup>3</sup> Only son of William Pulteney, earl of Bath. He died before his father. [Or.]

<sup>4</sup> Edward, only son of sir Edward Walpole. He died in 1771. [Or.]

Lady Ailesbury has told you, to be sure, that I have been at Park-place. Every thing there is in beauty ; and, I should think, pleasanter than a campaign in Germany. Your countess is handsomer than fame ; your daughter improving every day ; your plantations more thriving than the poor woods about Marburg and Cassel. Chinese pheasants swarm there.—For lady C\*\*\*, I assure you, she sits close upon her egg, and it will not be her fault if she does not hatch a hero. We missed all the glories of the installation,<sup>5</sup> and all the faults, and all the frowning faces there. Not a knight was absent, but the lame and the deaf.

Your brother, lady Hertford, and lord Beauchamp, are gone from Windsor into Suffolk. Henry,<sup>6</sup> who has the genuine indifference of a *Harry Conway*, would not stir from Oxford for those pageants. Lord Beauchamp showed me a couple of his letters, which have more natural humour and cleverness than is conceivable. They have the ease and drollery of a man of parts who has lived long in the world—and he is scarce seventeen !

I am going to Lord Waldegrave's for a few days, and, when your countess returns from Goodwood, am to meet her at C\*\*\*'s. Lord Strafford, who has been terribly alarmed about my lady, mentions, with great pleasure, the letters he receives from you. His neighbour and cousin, lord Rockingham, I hear, is one of the warmest declaimers at Arthur's against the present system. Abuse continues in much plenty, but I have seen none that I thought had wit enough to bear the sea. Good night ! There are satiric prints enough to tapestry Westminster-hall.

Yours ever.

Stay a moment : I recollect telling you a lie in my last, which, though of no consequence, I must correct. The right reverend midwife, Thomas Secker, archbishop, did christen the babe, and not the bishop of London, as I had been told by matron authority. *A-propos* to babes : have you read Rousseau on Education ? I almost got through a volume at

<sup>5</sup> An installation of knights of the garter. [Or.]

<sup>6</sup> Henry Seymour Conway, second son of Francis, earl and afterwards marquis of Hertford. [Or.]

Park-place, though impatiently ; it has more tautology than any of his works, and less eloquence. Sure he has writ more sense and more nonsense than ever any man did of both ! Al I have yet learned from this work is, that one should have a tutor for one's son to teach him to have no ideas, in order that he may begin to learn his alphabet as he loses his maidenhead.

Thursday, noon, 30th.

Io Havannah ! Io Albemarle ! I had sealed my letter, and given it to Harry for the post, when my lady Suffolk sent me a short note from Charles Townshend, to say the Havannah surrendered on the 12th of August, and that we have taken twelve ships of the line in the harbour. The news came late last night. I do not know a particular more. God grant no more blood be shed ! I have hopes again of the peace. My dearest Harry, now we have preserved you to the last moment, do take care of yourself. When one has a whole war to wade through, it is not worth while to be careful in any one battle ; but it is silly to fling one's self away in the last. Your character is established ; prince Ferdinand's letters are full of encomiums on you ; but what will weigh more with you, save yourself for another war, which I doubt you will live to see, and in which you may be superior commander, and have space to display your talents. A second in service is never remembered, whether the honour of the victory be owing to him, or he killed. Turenne would have had a very short paragraph, if the prince of Condé had been general when he fell. Adieu !

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 30, 1762.

It gives me great satisfaction, that Strawberry-hill pleased you enough to make it a second visit. I could name the time instantly, but you threaten me with coming so loaded with presents, that it will look mercenary, not friendly, to accept your visit. If your chaise is empty, to be sure I shall rejoice to hear it at my gate about the 22d of this next

month: if it is crammed, though I have built a convent, I have not so much of the monk in me as not to blush—nor can content myself with praying to our lady of Strawberries to reward you.

I am greatly obliged to you for the accounts from Gothurst. What treasures there are still in private seats, if one knew where to hunt them! The emblematic picture of lady Digby is like that at Windsor, and the fine small one at Mr. Skinner's. I should be curious to see the portrait of sir Kenelm's father; was not he the remarkable Everard Digby?<sup>1</sup> How singular, too, is the picture of young Joseph and madam Potiphar! *His Majora*—one has heard of Joseph's that did not find the lady's purse any hindrance to Majora.

You are exceedingly obliging in offering to make an index to my prints, sir; but that would be a sad way of entertaining you. I am antiquary and virtuoso enough myself not to dislike such employment, but could never think it charming enough to trouble any body else with it. Whenever you do me the favour of coming hither, you will find yourself entirely at liberty to choose your own amusements—if you choose a bad one, and in truth there is not very good, you must blame yourself, while you know I hope that it would be my wish that you did not repent your favours to,

—Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Strawberry-hill, October 1, 1762.

MADAM,

I hope you are as free from any complaint, as I am sure you are full of joy. Nobody partakes more of your satisfaction for Mr. Hervey's<sup>1</sup> safe return;<sup>2</sup> and now he is safe, I trust

<sup>1</sup> The father of sir Kenelm Digby was sir Everard Digby, who was executed in 1605 as a conspirator in the Gunpowder Plot. The autobiography of sir Kenelm was first published from the original manuscript in 1827, with an introductory memoir by the editor, sir N. Harris Nicholas. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> General William Hervey, youngest son of lady Hervey. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> From the Havannah. [Or.]

you enjoy his glory: for this is a wicked age; you are one of those un-Lacedæmonian mothers, that are not content unless your children come off with all their limbs. A Spartan countess would not have had the confidence of my lady Albemarle to appear in the drawing-room without at least one of her sons being knocked on the head.<sup>3</sup> However, pray, madam, make my compliments to her; one must conform to the times, and congratulate people for being happy, if they like it. I know one matron, however, with whom I may condole; who, I dare swear, is miserable that she has not one of her acquaintance in affliction, and to whose door she might drive with all her sympathising greyhounds to inquire after her, and then to Hawkins's, and then to Graham's, and then cry over a ball of rags that she is picking, and be so sorry for poor Mrs. Such-an-one, who has lost an only son!

When your ladyship has hung up all your trophies, I will come and make you a visit. There is another ingredient I hope not quite disagreeable that Mr. Hervey has brought with him, un-Lacedæmonian, too, but admitted among the other vices of our system. If besides glory and riches they have brought us peace, I will make bonfire myself, though it should be in the mayoralty of that virtuous citizen Mr. Beckford. Adieu, madam!

Your ladyship's most faithful humble servant.

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington-street, October 4, 1762.

I AM concerned to hear you have been so much out of order, but should rejoice your sole command<sup>1</sup> disappointed you, if this late cannonading business<sup>2</sup> did not destroy all my little pros-

<sup>3</sup> Lady Anne Lenox, countess of Albemarle, had three sons present at the taking of the Havannah. The eldest, lord Albemarle, commanded the land forces; the second, afterwards lord Keppel, was then captain of a man of war; and the third was colonel of a regiment. [Or.]

<sup>1</sup> During lord Granby's absence from the army in Flanders the command-in-chief had devolved on Mr. Conway. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> The affair of Bucker-Muhl. [Or.] On the 21st September 1762, one of the severest cannonades ever known, since though there were fifty pieces



pects. Can one believe the French negotiators are sincere, when their marshals are so false? What vexes me more is to hear you seriously tell your brother that you are always unlucky, and lose all opportunities of fighting. How can you be such a child? You cannot, like a German, love fighting for its own sake. No: you think of the mob of London, who, if you had taken Peru, would forget you the first lord mayor's day, or for the first hyæna that comes to town. How can one build on virtue and on fame too? When do they ever go together? In my passion, I could almost wish you were as worthless and as great as the king of Prussia? If conscience is a punishment, is not it a reward, too. Go to that silent tribunal, and be satisfied with its sentence.

I have nothing new to tell you. The Havannah is more likely to break off the peace than to advance it. We are not in a humour to give up the world; *anzi*, are much more disposed to conquer the rest of it. We shall have some cannonading, I believe, if we sign the peace. Mr. Pitt, from the bosom of his retreat, has made Beckford mayor. The duke of Newcastle, if not taken in again, will probably end his life as he began it—at the head of a mob. Personalities and abuse, public and private, increase to the most outrageous degree, and yet the town is at the emptiest. You may guess what will be the case in a month. I do not see at all into the storm: I do not mean that there will not be a great majority to vote any thing; but there are times when even majorities cannot do all they are ready to do. Lord Bute has certainly great luck, which is something in politics, whatever it is in logic: but whether peace or war, I would not give him much for the place he will have this day twelvemonth. Adieu! The watchman goes past one in the morning; and, as I have nothing better than reflections and conjectures to send you, I may as well go to bed.

of cannon employed, their execution was confined to about 400 paces; and not only the fire of the artillery, but the musquetry too, of the two opposite posts, was not intermitted a single instant for near fifteen hours. [Ed.]

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, October 14, 1762.

You will not make your fortune in the Admiralty at least ; your king's cousin is to crossover and figure in with George Grenville<sup>1</sup> ; the latter takes the Admiralty, lord Halifax the seals—still, I believe, reserving Ireland for pocket-money ; at least no new viceroy is named. Mr. Fox undertakes the House of Commons—and the peace—and the war—for if we have the first, we may be pretty sure of the second.

You see lord Bute totters ; reduced to shift hands so often, it does not look like much stability. The campaign at Westminster will be warm. When Mr. Pitt can have such a mouthful as lord Bute, Mr. Fox, and the peace, I do not think that three thousand pounds a year will stop it. Well, I shall go into my old corner, under the window, and laugh ; I had rather sit by my fire here ; but if there are to be bullfeasts, one would go and see them, when one has a convenient box for nothing, and is very indifferent about the cavalier combatants. Adieu !

Yours ever.

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To THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, October 29, 1762.

You take my philosophy very kindly, as it was meant ; but I suppose you smile a little in your sleeve to hear me turn moralist. Yet why should not I ? Must every absurd young man prove a foolish old one ? Not that I intend, when the latter term is quite arrived, to profess preaching ; nor should, I believe, have talked so gravely to you, if your situation had not made me grave. Till the campaign is ended, I shall be in no humour to smile. For the war, when it will be over, I have no idea. The peace is a jack-o'-lanthorn that dances before one's

<sup>1</sup> Lord Halifax was gazetted as one of his Majesty's principal secretaries of state on the 14th October 1762, and the hon. George Grenville (late secretary) was gazetted as first lord, in the room of the earl of Halifax, on the 16th of that month. [Ed.]

eyes, is never approached, and at best seems ready to lead some folks into a woful quagmire.

As your brother was in town, and I had my intelligence from him, I concluded you would have the same, and therefore did not tell you of this last revolution, which has brought Mr. Fox again upon the scene. I have been in town but once since; yet learned enough to confirm the opinion I had conceived, that the building totters, and that this last buttress will but push on its fall. Besides the clamorous opposition already encamped, the world talks of another, composed of names not so often in mutiny. What think you of the great duke,<sup>1</sup> and the little duke,<sup>2</sup> and the old duke,<sup>3</sup> and the Derbyshire duke,<sup>4</sup> banded together against the favourite?<sup>5</sup> If so, it proves the court, as the late lord G \*\*\*\*\* wrote to the mayor of Litchfield, will have a majority in every thing but numbers. However, my letter is a week old before I wrote it: things may have changed since last Tuesday. Then the prospect was *des plus* gloomy.<sup>6</sup> Portugal at the eve of being conquered—Spain preferring a diadem to the mural crown of Havannah—a squadron taking horse for Naples, to see whether king Carlos has any more private bowels than public, whether he is a better father than brother. If what I heard yesterday be true, that the parliament is to be put off till the 24th, it does not look as if they were ready in the green-room, and despised catcalls.

You bid me to send you the flower of brimstone, the best thing published in this season of outrage. I should not have waited for orders, if I had met with the least tolerable morsel. But this opposition ran stark mad at once, cursed, swore, called names, and has not been one minute cool enough to have a grain of wit. Their prints are gross, their papers scurrilous; indeed the authors abuse one another more than any body else. I have not seen a single ballad or epigram. They are as seriously dull as if the controversy was religious. I do not take in a paper

<sup>1</sup> Of Cumberland. [Or.]    <sup>2</sup> Of Bedford. [Or.]    <sup>3</sup> Of Newcastle. [Or.]

<sup>4</sup> Of Devonshire. [Or.]    <sup>5</sup> John Stuart, earl of Bute. [Or.]

<sup>6</sup> On the 29th October 1762, orders were given for 3,000 additional light troops to march to Portsmouth, and embark immediately for Lisbon; in consequence of a letter from the king of Portugal, under his own hand, in which he pressed in the most pathetic terms for further succour from the English court. [Ed.]

of either side, and being very indifferent, the only way of being impartial, they shall not make me pay till they make me laugh. I am here quite alone, and shall stay a fortnight longer, unless the parliament prorogued lengthens my holidays. I do not pretend to be so indifferent, to have so little curiosity, as not to go and see the duke of Newcastle frightened *for* his country—the only thing that never yet gave him a panic. Then I am still such a schoolboy, that though I could guess half their orations, and know *all* their meaning, I must go and hear Cæsar and Pompey scold in the Temple of Concord. As this age is to make such a figure hereafter, how the Gronoviuses and Warburtons would despise a senator that deserted the forum when the masters of the world harangued! For, as this age is to be historic, so of course it will be a standard of virtue too; and we, like our wicked predecessors, the Romans, shall be quoted, till our very ghosts blush, as models of patriotism and magnanimity. What lectures will be read to poor children on this æra! Europe taught to tremble, the great king humbled, the treasures of Peru diverted into the Thames, Asia subdued by the gigantic Clive! for in that age men were near seven feet high; France suing for peace at the gates of Buckingham-house, the steady wisdom of the duke of Bedford drawing a circle round the Gallie monarch, and forbidding him to pass it till he had signed the cession of America; Pitt, more eloquent than Demosthenes, and trampling on proffered pensions like—I don't know who; lord Temple sacrificing a brother to the love of his country; Wilkes as spotless as Sallust, and the Flamen Churchill<sup>7</sup> knocking down the foes of Britain with statues of the gods!—Oh! I am out of breath with eloquence and prophecy, and truth and lies: my narrow chest was not formed to hold inspiration! I must return to piddling with my painters: those lofty subjects are too much for me. Good night!

Yours ever.

P.S. I forgot to tell you that Gideon, who is dead worth more than the whole land of Canaan, has left the reversion of all his milk and honey, after his son and daughter and their children, to the duke of Devonshire, without insisting on his taking the name, or even being circumcised.

<sup>7</sup> Charles Churchill the poet. [Or.]

Lord Albermarle is expected home in December. My nephew Keppel<sup>8</sup> is bishop of Exeter, not of the Havannah, as you may imagine, for his mitre was promised the day before the news came.

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TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 31, 1762.

MADAM,

It is too late, I fear, to attempt acknowledging the honour madame de Chabot<sup>1</sup> does me ; and yet, if she is not gone, I would fain not appear ungrateful. I do not know where she lives, or I would not take the liberty again of making your ladyship my penny-post. If she is gone, you will throw my note into the fire.

Pray, madam, blow your nose with a piece of flannel—not that I believe it will do you the least good—but, as all wise folks think it becomes them to recommend nursing and flanneling the gout, I imitate them ; and I don't know any other way of lapping it up, when it appears in the person of a running cold. I will make it a visit on Tuesday next, and shall hope to find it tolerably vented,

I am, madam,  
your ladyship's most faithful servant.

P.S. You must tell me all the news, when I arrive, for I know nothing of what is passing. I have only seen in the papers, that the cock and hen doves<sup>2</sup> that went to Paris not having been able to make peace, there is a third dove<sup>3</sup> just flown thither to help them.

<sup>8</sup> Frederick Keppel, youngest brother of George, earl of Albemarle, who commanded at taking the Havannah, had married Laura, eldest daughter of sir Edward Walpole. [Or.]

<sup>1</sup> Lady Mary Chabot, daughter of William, third lord and second earl of Stafford, and wife of Guy, count Rohan—Chabot died without issue in 1769, [Ed.]

The duke and duchess of Bedford. [Or.]

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Hans Stanley. [Or.]

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Thursday, Nov. 4.

THE events of these last eight days will make you stare. This day se'nnight the duke of Devonshire<sup>1</sup> came to town, was flatly refused an audience, and gave up his key. Yesterday lord Rockingham resigned, and your cousin Manchester was named to the bedchamber. The \* \* \* \* then in council called for the book, and dashed out the duke of Devonshire's name. If you like spirit, *en voila*!

Do you know I am sorry for all this? You will not suspect me of tenderness for his grace of Devonshire, nor, recollecting how the whole house of Cavendish treated me on my breach with my uncle, will any affronts that happen to them, call forth my tears. But I think the act too violent and too serious, and dipped in a deeper dye than I like in politics. Squabbles, and speeches, and virtue, and prostitution, amuse one sometimes; less and less indeed every day; but measures, from which you must advance and cannot retreat, is a game too deep; one neither knows who may be involved, nor where will be the end. It is not pleasant. Adieu!

Yours ever.

To THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, Nov. 13, 1762.

DEAR SIR,

You will easily guess that my delay in answering your obliging letter, was solely owing to my not knowing whither to direct to you. I waited till I thought you may be returned home. Thank you for all the trouble you have given, and do give yourself for me; it is vastly more than I deserve.

Duke Richard's portrait I willingly wave, at least for the pre-

<sup>1</sup> The duke of Devonshire resigned his office of lord chamberlain on the 31st October; and lord George Cavendish that of comptroller of the household; and lord Besborough that of one of the postmasters-general on the same day. [Ed.]

sent, till one can find out who he is. I have more curiosity about the figures of Henry VII. at Christ's college. I shall be glad sometime or the other to visit them, to see how far either of them agree with his portrait in my picture of his marriage. St. Ethelreda was mighty welcome.

We had variety of weather since I saw you, but I fear none of the patterns made your journey more agreeable.

I am, sir,

Your much obliged humble servant.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Dec. 20, 1762.

As I am far from having been better since I wrote to you last, my post-chaise points more and more to Naples. Yet Strawberry, like a mistress,

As oft as I descend the hill of health,  
Washes my hold away.

Your company would have made me decide much faster, but I see I have little hopes of that, nor can I blame you ; I don't use so rough a word with regard to myself, but to your pursuing your amusement, which I am sure the journey would be. I never doubted your kindness to me one moment ; the affectionate manner in which you offered, three weeks ago, to accompany me to Bath, will never be forgotten. I do not think my complaint very serious, for how can it be so, when it has never confined me a whole day ? But my mornings are so bad, and I have had so much more pain this last week, with restless nights, that I am convinced it must not be trifled with. Yet, I think Italy would be the last thing I would try, if it were not to avoid politics : yet I hear nothing else. The court and opposition both grow more violent every day from the same cause ; the victory of the former. Both sides torment me with their affairs, though it is so plain I do not care a straw about either. I wish I were great enough to say, as a French officer on the stage at Paris said to

the pit, "*Accordez vous, canaille!*" Yet, to a man without ambition or interestedness, politicians are *canaille*. Nothing appears to me more ridiculous in my life than my having ever loved their squabbles, and that at an age when I loved better things, too! My poor neutrality, which thing I signed with all the world, subjects me, like other insignificant monarchs on parallel occasions, to affronts. On Thursday, I was summoned to princess E\*\*\*'s loo. Loo she called it, *politics* it was. The second thing she said to me was, "How were you the two long days?" "Madam, I was only there the first." "And how did you vote?" "Madam, I went away." "Upon my word that was carving well." Not a very pleasant apostrophe to one who certainly never was a time-server! Well, we sat down. She said, "I hear Wilkinson is turned out, and that sir Edward Winnington<sup>1</sup> is to have his place; who is he?" addressing herself to me, who sat over against her. "He is the late Mr. Winnington's heir, madam." "Did you like that Winnington?" "I can't but say I did, madam." She shrugged up her shoulders, and continued; "Winnington originally was a great Tory; what do you think he was when he died?" "Madam, I believe what all people are in place." Pray, Mr. Montagu, do you perceive any thing rude or offensive in this? Hear then; she flew into the most outrageous passion, coloured like scarlet, and said, "None of your wit; I don't understand joking on those subjects; what do you think your father would have said if he had heard you say so? He would have murdered you, and you would have deserved it." I was quite confounded and amazed; it was impossible to explain myself across a loo table, as she is so deaf: there was no making a reply to a woman and a princess, and particularly for me, who have made it a rule when I must converse with royalties, to treat them with the greatest respect, since it is all the court they will ever have from me. I said to those on each side on me, "What can I do? I cannot explain myself now." Well, I held my peace, and so did she for a quarter of an hour. Then she began with me

<sup>1</sup> Sir Edward Winnington, grandson of sir Francis Winnington, knight, of Stanford Court, in the county of Worcester, an eminent lawyer, and solicitor-general to king James the second, and son of Walpole's friend, Thomas Winnington, esq., one of the lords of the Treasury, was created a baronet, 15th February 1755. [Ed.]



again, examined me on the whole debate, and at last asked me directly, which I thought the best speaker, my father or Mr. Pitt. If possible, this was more distressing than her anger. I replied, it was impossible to compare two men so different; that I believed my father was more a man of business than Mr. Pitt. "Well, but Mr. Pitt's language?" "Madam," said I, "I have always been remarkable for admiring Mr. Pitt's language." At last, this unpleasant scene ended; but, as we were going away, I went close to her, and said, "Madam, I must beg leave to explain myself; your royal highness has seemed to be very angry with me, and I am sure I did not mean to offend you: all I intended to say was, that I supposed Tories were Whigs when they got places!" "Oh!" said she, "I am very much obliged to you, indeed I was very angry." Why she was angry, or what she thought I meant, I do not know to this moment, unless she supposed that I would have hinted that the duke of Newcastle and the opposition were not men of consummate virtue, and had lost their places out of principle. The very reverse was at that time in my head, for I meant Tories would be just as loyal as the Whigs, when they got any thing by it.

You will laugh at my distresses, and in truth they are a little serious; yet they almost put me out of humour. If your cousin realises his fair words to you, I shall be very good-humoured again. I am not so morose as to dislike my friends for being in place. Indeed, if they are in great place, my friendship goes to sleep like a paroli at Pharaoh, and does not wake again till their deal is over. Good night!

Yours ever.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington-street, Dec. 23, 1762.

DEAR SIR,

You are always abundantly kind to me, and pass my power of thanking you. You do nothing but give yourself trouble and me presents. My cousin Calthorp is a great rarity, and I think I ought, therefore, to return him to you, but that would not be treating him like a relation, or you like a friend. My ancestor's epitaph, too, was very agreeable to me.

I have not been at Strawberry-hill these three weeks. My maid is ill there, and I have not been well myself with the same flying gout in my stomach and breast, of which you heard me complain a little in the summer. I am much persuaded to go to a warmer climate, which often disperses these unsettled complaints. I do not care for it, nor can determine till I see I grow worse: if I do go, I hope it will not be for long; and you shall certainly hear again before I set out.

Your's most sincerely.

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, February 23, 1763.

YOUR letter of the 19th seems to postpone your arrival rather than advance it; yet lady Ailesbury tells me that to her you talk of being here in ten days. I wish devoutly to see you, though I am not departing myself; but I am impatient to have your disagreeable function at an end, and to know that you enjoy yourself after such fatigues, dangers, and ill-requited services. For any public satisfaction you will receive in being at home, you must not expect much. Your mind was not formed to float on the surface of a mercenary world. My prayer (and my belief) is, that you may always prefer what you always have preferred, your integrity, to success. You will then laugh, as I do, at the attacks and malice of faction or ministers. I taste of both; but, as my health is recovered, and my mind does not reproach me, they will perhaps only give me an opportunity, which I should never have sought, of proving that I have some virtue—and it will not be proved in the way they probably expect. I have better evidence than by hanging out the tattered ensigns of patriotism. But this and a thousand other things I shall reserve for our meeting. Your brother has pressed me much to go with him, if he goes, to Paris.<sup>2</sup> I take it very kindly, but have excused myself, though I have promised either to accompany him for a short time at first, or to go to him if he

<sup>1</sup> The re-embarkation of the British troops from Flanders after the peace.  
[Or.]

<sup>2</sup> As ambassador. [Or.]

should have any particular occasion for me: but my resolution against ever appearing in any public light is unalterable. When I wish to live less and less in the world here, I cannot think of mounting a new stage at Paris. At this moment I am alone here, while every body is ballotting in the House of Commons. Sir John Philips proposed a commission of accounts, which has been converted into a select committee of 21, eligible by ballot. As the ministry is not predominant in the *affections* of mankind, some of them may find a jury elected that will not be quite so complaisant as the house is in general when their votes are given *openly*. As many may be glad of this opportunity, I shun it; for I should scorn to do any thing in secret, though I have some enemies that are not quite so generous.

You say you have seen the North Briton, in which I make a capital figure. Wilkes, the author, I hear, says, that if he had thought I should have taken it so well, he would have been damned before he would have written it—but I am not sore where I am not sore.

The theatre at Covent-garden has suffered more by riots than even Drury-lane.\* A footman of lord Dacre has been hanged for murdering the butler. George Selwyn had great hand in bringing him to confess it. That Selwyn should be a capital performer in a scene of that kind is not extraordinary: I tell it you for the strange coolness which the young fellow, who was but nineteen, expressed: as he was writing his confession, "I

\* On Tuesday, 25th January 1763, there was a serious riot at Drury-lane, in consequence of the managers refusing admittance at the end of the third act of a play for half price; when the glass lustres were broken and thrown upon the stage, the benches torn up and the performance put a stop to. The same scene was threatened on the following evening, but was prevented by Garrick's consenting to "give admittance for half price after the third act," *except during the first winter of a new pantomime.*

At Covent-garden the redress demanded having been readily acceded, no disturbance took place on that occasion; but a more serious riot happened there on the 24th February, in consequence of a demand for full prices at the Opera of Artaxerxes. The mischief done was the greatest ever known on any occasion of the kind, the loss being estimated at not less than two thousand pounds. The rashness of the rioters, four of whom were committed to the gatehouse, was so great, that they cut away the wooden pillars between the boxes, so that if the insides of them had not been iron, the galleries must have fallen upon them and crushed them. [Ed.]

murder—" he stopped, and asked, "How do you spell *murdered*?"

Mr. Fox is much better than at the beginning of the winter; and both his health and power seem to promise a longer duration than people expected. Indeed, I think the latter is so established, that lord Bute would find it more difficult to remove him, than he did his predecessors, and may even feel the effects of the weight he has made over to him; for it is already obvious that lord Bute's levee is not the present path to fortune. Permanence is not the complexion of these times—a distressful circumstance to the votaries of a court, but amusing to us spectators. Adieu!

Yours ever.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, March 29, 1763.

THOUGH you are a runaway, a fugitive, a thing without friendship or feeling, though you grow tired of your acquaintance in half the time you intended, I will not give you up: I will write to you once a quarter, just to keep up a connection that grace may catch at, if it ever proposes to visit you. This is my plan, for I have little or nothing to tell you. The ministers only cut one another's throats, instead of ours. They growl over their prey like two curs over a bone, which neither can determine to quit; and the whelps in opposition are not strong enough to beat either away; though like the species, they will probably hunt the one that shall be worsted. The saddest dog of all, Wilkes, shews most spirit. The last North Briton is a master-piece of mischief. He has written a dedication, too, to an old play, the fall of Mortimer, that is wormwood; and he had the impudence to other day to ask Dyson if he was going to the treasury; "Because," said he, "a friend of mine has dedicated a play to lord Bute, and it is usual to give dedicators something; I wish you would put his lordship in mind of it." Lord and lady Pembroke are reconciled, and live again together. Mr. Hunter would have taken his daughter, too, but upon condition she should give back her settlement to lord Pembroke and her child: she replied nobly, that she did not trouble herself about

fortune, and would willingly depend on her father ; but for her child, she had nothing left to do but to take care of that, and would not part with it ; so she keeps both, and I suppose will soon have her lover again, too, for \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* T'other sister<sup>1</sup> has been sitting to Reynolds, who by her husband's direction has made a speaking picture. Lord Bolingbroke said to him, " You must give the eyes something of Nelly O'Brien, or it will not do." As he has given Nelly something of his wife's, it was but fair to give her something of Nelly's, and my lady will not throw away the present !

I am going to Strawberry for a few days, *pour faire mes paques*. The gallery advances rapidly. The ceiling is Harry the Seventh's chapel in *propiâ personâ* ; the canopies are all placed ; I think three months will quite complete it. I have bought at lord Granville's sale the original picture of Charles Brandon<sup>2</sup> and his queen ; and have to-day received from France a copy of madame Maintenon, which with my La Valière, and copies of madame Grammont, and of the charming portrait of the Mazarine at the duke of St. Alban's, is to accompany Bianca Capello and Ninon L'Enclos in the round tower. I hope now there will never be another auction, for I have not an inch of space, or a farthing left. As I have some remains of paper, I will fill it up with a song that I made t'other day in the post-chaise, after a particular conversation that I had with miss Pelham, the night before, at the duke of Richmond's.

#### THE ADVICE:

##### I.

The bus'ness of woman, dear Chloe, is pleasure,  
And by love ev'ry fair one her minutes should measure.  
" Oh ! for love we're all ready," you cry—very true ;  
Nor would I rob the gentle fond god of his due.  
Unless in the sentiments Cupid has part,  
And dips in the amorous transport his dart ;  
'Tis tumult, disorder, 'tis loathing and hate ;  
Caprice gives it birth, and contempt is its fate.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Bolingbroke and the countess of Pembroke were sisters, being daughters of Charles, second duke of Marlborough.

Lord Bolingbroke's marriage was dissolved by parliament in 1768, and the lady married the hon. Topham Beauclerke. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, who married *La Reine Blanche* Mary of England, sister of Henry VIII. and widow of Louis XII. of France. [Ed.]

## II.

True passion insensibly leads to the joy,  
 And grateful esteem bids its pleasures ne'er cloy.  
 Yet here you should stop—but your whimsical sex  
 Such romantic ideas to passion annex,  
 That poor men, by your visions and jealousy worried,  
 To nymphs less ecstatic, but kinder are hurried.  
 In your heart, I consent, let your wishes be bred;  
 Only take care your heart don't get into your head.

Adieu! till Midsummer-day.

Yours ever.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, April 6, 1763.

You will pity my distress when I tell you that lord Waldegrave has got the small-pox, and a bad sort. This day se'n-night, in the evening, I met him at Arthur's: he complained to me of the head-ache, and a sickness in the stomach. I said, "My dear lord, why don't you go home, and take James's powder, you will be well in the morning." He thanked me, said he was glad I had put him in mind of it, and he would take my advice. I sent in the morning; my niece said he had taken the powder, and that James thought he had no fever, but that she found him very low. As he had no fever, I had no apprehension. At eight o'clock on Friday night, I was told abruptly at Arthur's, that lord Waldegrave had the small-pox. I was excessively shocked, not knowing if the powder was good or bad for it. I went instantly to the house; at the door I was met by a servant of lady Ailesbury, sent to tell me that Mr. Conway was arrived. These two opposite strokes of terror and joy overcame me so much, that when I got to Mr. Conway's I could not speak to him, but burst into a flood of tears. The next morning, lord Waldegrave hearing I was there, desired to speak to me alone. I should tell you, that the moment he knew it was the small-pox, he signed his will. This has been the unvaried tenor of his behaviour, doing just what is wise and necessary, and nothing more. He told me, he knew how great the chance

was against his living through that distemper at his age. That, to be sure, he should like to have lived a few years longer, but if he did not, he should submit patiently. That all he desired was, that if he should fail, we would do our utmost to comfort his wife, who, he feared, was breeding, and who, he added, was the best woman in the world. I told him he could not doubt our attention to her, but that at present all our attention was fixed on him. That the great difference between having the small-pox young, or more advanced in years, consisted in the fear of the latter, but that as I had so often heard him say, and now saw, that he had none of those fears, the danger of age was considerably lessened. Dr. Wilmot says, that if any thing saves him, it will be his tranquillity. To my comfort I am told, that James's powder has probably been a material ingredient towards his recovery. In the mean time, the universal anxiety about him is incredible. Dr. Barnard, the master of Eton, who is in town for the holidays, says, that, from his situation, he is naturally invited to houses of all ranks and parties, and that the concern is general in all. I cannot say so much of my lord, and not do a little justice to my niece, too. Her tenderness, fondness, attention, and courage are surprising. She has no fears to become her, nor heroism for parade. I could not help saying to her, "There never was a nurse of your age had such attention." She replied, "There never was a nurse of my age had such an object." It is this astonishes one, to see so much beauty sincerely devoted to a man so unlovely in his person; but if Adonis was sick, she could not stir seldomer out of his bedchamber. The physicians seem to have little hopes, but, as their arguments are not near so strong as their alarms, I own I do not give it up, and yet I look on it in a very dangerous light.

I know nothing of news and the world, for I go to Albemarle-street early in the morning, and don't come home till late at night. Young Mr. Pitt has been dying of a fever in Bedfordshire. The bishop of Carlisle,<sup>1</sup> whom I have appointed visitor of Strawberry, is gone down to him. You will be much disappointed if you expect to find the gallery near finished. They threaten me with three months before the gilding can be begun.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Charles Lyttelton, president of the society of Antiquaries, was consecrated bishop of Carlisle in 1762, in the room of Dr. Osbaldeston, translated to the see of London. [Ed.]

Twenty points are at a stand by my present confinement, and I have a melancholy prospect of being forced to carry my niece thither the next time I go. The duc de Nivernois, in return for a set of the Strawberry editions, has sent me four seasons, which, I conclude, he thought very good, but they shall pass their whole round in London, for they have not even the merit of being badly old enough for Strawberry. Mr. Bentley's epistle to lord Melcomb has been published in a magazine. It has less wit by far than I expected from him, and to the full as bad English. The thoughts are old Strawberry phrases; so are *not* the panegyrics. Here are six lines written extempore by lady Temple, on lady Mary Coke, easy and genteel, and almost true:

But, but . . . She sometimes laughs, but never loud;  
 elegant too . . . She's handsome, too, but somewhat proud:  
 much as to . . . At court, she bears away the belle;  
 never . . . She dresses fine, and figures well;  
 with decency . . . With decency she's gay and airy;  
 and . . . Who can this be but lady Mary?

There has been tough doings in parliament about the tax on cyder:<sup>2</sup> and in the western counties the discontent is so great, that if Mr. Wilkes will turn patriot-hero, or patriot-incendiary in earnest, and put himself at their head, he may obtain a rope of martyrdom before the summer is over. Adieu! I tell you my sorrows, because, if I escape them, I am sure nobody will rejoice more.

Yours ever.

<sup>2</sup> A tax on cyder of four shillings a hogshead at the pound's mouth, which was this year laid on, created such dissatisfaction that many of the apple growers threatened to demolish their orchards and convert them into pasture.

It was during the debate on the subject of the cyder tax that Mr. Grenville acquired the name of the Gentle Shepherd. He was contending, in answer to Mr. Pitt, that such a measure was unavoidable, as government knew not where to impose another tax of equal efficiency. "The right honorable gentleman" said he "complains of the severity of the tax; why does he not propose another tax instead of it. *Tell me where, tell me where,*" this he repeated several times with great energy: "*tell me where you can lay another tax?*" "*Gentle Shepherd, tell me where!*" replied Mr. Pitt, in a musical tone, repeating the words of a popular canzonet; immoderate bursts of laughter followed, and Mr. Grenville retained for ever the name of *The Gentle Shepherd*. [Ed.]



TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington street, Friday night, late

Amidst all my own grief and all the distress, which I have this moment left, I cannot forget you, who have so long been my steady and invariable friend. I cannot leave it to newspapers and correspondents to tell you my loss. Lord Waldegrave<sup>1</sup> died to-day. Last night he had some glimmerings of hope. The most desponding of the faculty flattered us a little. He himself joked with the physicians, and expressed himself in this engaging manner; asking what day of the week it was; they told him Thursday: "Sure," said he, "it is Friday." "No, my lord, indeed it is Thursday." "Well," said he, "see what a rage this distemper makes one; I want to steal nothing but a day." By the help of opiates, with which, for two or three days, they had numbed his sufferings, he rested well. This morning he had no worse symptoms. I told lady Waldegrave, that as no material alteration was expected before Sunday, I would go to dine at Strawberry, and return in time to meet the physicians in the evening; in truth, I was worn out with anxiety and attendance, and wanted an hour or two of fresh air. I left her at twelve, and had ordered dinner at three, that I might be back early. I had not risen from table when I received an express from lady Betty Waldegrave, to tell me that a sudden change had happened, that they had given him James's powder, but that they feared it was too late, and that he probably would be dead before I could come to my niece, for whose sake she begged I would return immediately. It was indeed too late! too late for every

<sup>1</sup> James Waldegrave, second earl Waldegrave, born 4th March 1714-15. He was appointed, 18th December 1752, governor and privy purse to his majesty king George III., then prince of Wales, and to prince Edward, duke of York; and in two days afterwards, being sworn of the privy council, took his seat at the board accordingly. In 1755, the earl was installed a knight of the garter, and in the same year appointed one of the tellers of the Exchequer. His lordship married, in 1759, Maria, second illegitimate daughter of sir Edward Walpole, K.B., by whom he had three daughters only. Her ladyship, after the earl's decease, which took place on the 8th of April 1763, became the wife of his royal highness William Henry duke of Gloucester, by whom she was mother of the late duke of Gloucester, and of her royal highness the princess Sophia of Gloucester. [Ed.]

thing—late as it was given, the powder vomited him even in the agonies—had I had power to direct, he should never have quitted James; but these are vain regrets! vain to recollect how particularly kind he, who was kind to every body, was to me! I found lady Waldegrave at my brother's; she weeps without ceasing, and talks of his virtues and goodness to her in a manner that distracts one. My brother bears this mortification with more courage than I could have expected from his warm passions: but nothing struck me more than to see my rough savage Swiss, Louis, in tears, as he opened my chaise. I have a bitter scene to come; to-morrow morning I carry poor lady Waldegrave to Strawberry. Her fall is great, from that adoration and attention that he paid her, from that splendour of fortune, so much of which dies with him, and from that consideration, which rebounded to her from the great deference which the world had for his character. Visions perhaps. Yet who could expect that they would have passed away even before that fleeting thing, her beauty!

IF I had time or command enough of my thoughts, I could give you as long a detail of as unexpected a revolution in the political world. To-day has been as fatal to a whole nation, I mean to the Scotch, as to our family. Lord Bute resigned this morning. His intention was not even suspected till Wednesday, nor at all known a very few days before. In short there is nothing, more or less than a panic; a fortnight's opposition has demolished that scandalous but vast majority, which a fortnight had purchased, and in five months a plan of absolute power had been demolished by a panic. He pleads to the world bad health; to his friends, more truly, that the nation was set at him. He pretends to intend retiring absolutely, and giving no umbrage. In the mean time he is packing up a sort of ministerial legacy, which cannot hold even till next session, and I should think would scarce take place at all. George Grenville is to be at the head of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer; Charles Townshend to succeed him, and lord Shelburn Charles. Sir Francis Dashwood to have his barony of Despensers and the great wardrobe, in the room of lord Gower, who takes the privy seal, if the duke of Bedford takes the presidentship; but there are many *ifs* in the arrangement; the principal *if* is, if they dare stand a tempest, which has so terrified the pilot. You ask

what becomes of Mr. Fox? Not at all pleased with this sudden determination, which has blown up so many of his projects, and left him time to heat no more furnaces, he goes to France by the way of the House of Lords,<sup>1</sup> but keeps his place and his tools till something else happens. The confusion I suppose will be enormous, and the next act of the drama a quarrel among the opposition, who would be all powerful, if they could do what they cannot, hold together and not quarrel for the plunder. As I shall be at a distance for some days, I shall be able to send you no more particulars of this interlude, but you will like a piece my brother made when he was told of this explosion; "Then," said he, "they must turn the *Jacks* out of the drawing-rooms again, and again take them into the kitchen." Adieu; what a world to set one's heart on!

Yours ever,

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, April 14, 1763.

I HAVE received your two letters together, and foresaw that your friendly good heart would feel for us just as you do. The loss is irreparable, and my poor niece is sensible it is. She has such a veneration for her lord's memory, that if her sister and I make her cheerful for a moment, she accuses herself of it the next day to the bishop of Exeter,<sup>1</sup> as if he was her confessor, and that she had committed a crime. She cried for two days to such a degree, that if she had been a fountain it must have stopped. Till yesterday she scarce eat enough to keep her alive, and looks accordingly; but at her age she must be comforted: her esteem will last, but her spirits will return in spite of herself. Her lord has made her sole executrix, and added what little *douceurs* he could to her jointure, which is but a thousand pounds a-year, the estate being but three-and-twenty hundred. The little girls will have about eight thousand pounds a-piece; for the teller's place was so great during the war, that notwith-

<sup>1</sup> He was created a baron on the 16th April 1763, by the title of lord Holland, baron of Foxley. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> The bishop of Exeter was married to a sister of lady Waldegrave. [Or.]

standing his temper was a sluice of generosity, he had saved thirty thousand pounds since his marriage.

Her sisters have been here with us the whole time. Lady Huntingtower is all mildness and tenderness ; and by dint of attention I have not displeased the other. Lord Huntingtower has been here once ; the bishop most of the time : he is very reasonable and good-natured, and has been of great assistance and comfort to me in this melancholy office, which is to last here till Monday or Tuesday. We have got the eldest little girl too, lady Laura, who is just old enough to be amusing ; and last night my nephew arrived here from Portugal. It was a terrible meeting at first, but as he is very soldierly and lively, he got into spirits, and diverted us much with his relations of the war and the country. He confirms all we have heard of the villany, poltroonery, and ignorance of the Portuguese, and of their aversion to the English ; but I could perceive, even through his relation, that our flippancies and contempt of them must have given a good deal of play to their antipathy.

You are admirably kind, as you always are, in inviting me to Greatworth, and proposing Bath ; but besides its being impossible for me to take any journey just at present, I am really very well in health, and the tranquillity and air of Strawberry have done much good. The hurry of London, where I shall be glad to be just now, will dissipate the gloom that this unhappy loss has occasioned ; though a deep loss I shall always think it. The time passes tolerably here ; I have my painters and gilders, and constant packets of news from town, besides a thousand letters of condolence to answer ; for both my neice and I have received innumerable testimonies of the regard that was felt for lord Waldegrave. I have heard of but one man who ought to have known his worth, that has shewn no concern ; but I suppose his childish mind is too much occupied with the loss of his last governor !<sup>3</sup> I have given up my room to my neice, and have betaken myself to the Holbein chamber, where I am retired from the rest of the family when I choose it, and nearer to overlook my workmen. The chapel is quite finished, except the carpet. The sable mass of the altar gives it a very sober air :

<sup>3</sup> The king, George III., to whom lord Waldegrave had been governor, and who had just lost the services of lord Bute. [Ed.]

for notwithstanding the solemnity of the painted windows, it had a gaudiness that was a little profane.

I can know no news here but by rebound; and yet, though they are to rebound again to you, they will be as fresh as any you can have at Greatworth. A kind of administration is botched up for the present, and even gave itself an air of that fierceness with which the winter sat out. Lord Hardwicke was told, that his sons must vote with the court, or be turned out; he replied, as he meant to have them in place, he chose they should be removed now. It looks ill for the court when he is sturdy. They wished, too, to have Pitt, if they could have had him without consequences; but they don't find any recruits repair to their standard. They brag that they should have had lord Waldegrave; a most notorious falsehood, as he had refused every offer they could invent the day before he was taken ill. The duke of Cumberland orders his servants to say, that so far from joining them, he believes if lord Waldegrave could have been foretold of his death, he would have preferred it to an union with Bute and Fox. The former's was a decisive panic; so sudden, that it is said lord Egremont was sent to break his resolution of retiring to the king. The other, whose journey to France does not indicate much less apprehension, affects to walk in the streets at the most public hours to mark his not trembling. In the mean time the two chiefs have paid their bravoes magnificently: no less than fifty-two thousand pounds a-year are granted in reversion! Young Martin,<sup>4</sup> who is older than I am, is named my successor; but I intend he shall wait some years: if they had a mind to serve me, they could not have selected a fitter tool to set my character in a fair light by the comparison. Lord Bute's son has the reversion of an auditor of the imprest; this is all he has done ostensibly for his family, but the great things bestowed on the most insignificant objects, make me suspect some private compacts. Yet I may wrong him, but I do not mean it. Lord Granby has refused Ireland, and the Northumberlands<sup>5</sup> are to transport their magnificence thither. I lament

<sup>4</sup> Samuel Martin, esq. M.P. for Camelford, one of the joint secretaries of the Treasury, named to succeed Walpole as usher of the receipts of Exchequer, comptroller of the great roll, and keeper of the foreign receipts. [Ed.]

<sup>5</sup> The earl of Northumberland was gazetted, on the 20th April, lord lieutenant of Ireland, and on the 14th May, the marquis of Granby was appointed master of the Ordinance. [Ed.]

that you made so little of that voyage, but this is the season of unrewarded merit! One should blush to be preferred within the same year. Do but think that Calcraft is to be an Irish lord! Fox's millions, or Calcraft's tythes of millions, cannot purchase a grain of your virtue or character. Adieu!

Yours most truly.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, April 22, 1763.

I HAVE two letters from you, and shall take care to execute the commission in the second. The first diverted me much.

I brought my poor niece from Strawberry on Monday. As executrix, her presence was quite necessary, and she has never refused to do any thing reasonable that has been desired of her. But the house and the business have shocked her terribly; she still eats nothing, sleeps worse than she did, and looks dreadfully; I begin to think she will miscarry. She said to me the other day, "They tell me that if my lord had lived, he might have done great service to his country at this juncture, by the respect all parties had for him. This is very fine; but as he did not live to do those services, it will never be mentioned in history!" I thought this solicitude for his honour charming. But he will be known by history; he has left a small volume of memoirs, that are a *chef-d'œuvre*. He twice shewed them to me, but I kept his secret faithfully; now it is for his glory to divulge it.

I am glad you are going to Dr. Lewis. After an Irish voyage I do not wonder you want careening. I have often preached to you—nay, and lived to you, too; but my sermons were flung away and my example.

"This ridiculous administration is patched up for the present; the detail is delightful, but that I shall reserve for Strawberry-tide. Lord Bath has complained to Fanshaw of lord Pulteney's<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The "Memoirs from 1754 to 1758, by James earl of Waldegrave," which were published in 1821, with an introduction; said to be from the pen of lord Holland. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Son of the earl of Bath. [Or.] Lord viscount Pulteney was a lord of the bed chamber, member for Westminster, and colonel of the royal volunteers.

extravagance, and added, "if he had lived he would have spent my whole estate." This almost comes up to sir Robert Brown, who, when his eldest daughter was given over, but still alive, on that uncertainty sent for an undertaker, and bargained for her funeral in hopes of having it cheaper, as it was possible she might recover. Lord Bath has purchased the Hatton vault in Westminster-abbey, squeezed his wife, son, and daughter into it, reserved room for himself, and has set the rest to sale. Come; all this is not far short of sir Robert Brown.

To my great satisfaction, the new lord Holland has not taken the least friendly, or even formal notice of me, on lord Waldegrave's death. It dispenses me from the least farther connexion with him, and saves explanations, which always entertain the world more than satisfy.

Dr. Cumberland is an Irish bishop; I hope before the summer is over that some beam from your cousin's portion of the triumvirate may light on poor Bentley. If he wishes it till next winter, he will be forced to try still new sunshine. I have taken Mrs. Pritchard's house for lady Waldegrave; I offered her to live with me at Strawberry, but with her usual good sense she declined, as she thought the children would be troublesome.

Charles Townshend's episode in this revolution passes belief; though he does not tell it himself. If I had a son born, and an old fairy were to appear and offer to endow him with her choicest gift, I should cry out, "Powerful Goody, give him any thing but parts!" Adieu!

Yours ever,

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, May 1, 1763.

I FEEL happy at hearing your happiness; but, my dear Harry, your vision is much indebted to your long absence, which

Makes bleak rocks and barren mountains smile.

I mean no offence to Park-place, but the bitterness of the wea-

teers at Madrid. His lordship went over with his regiment in the defence of Portugal. He died the 16th February 1763. [Ed.]

ther makes me wonder how you can find the country tolerable now. This is a May-day for the latitude of Siberia! The milkmaids should be wrapped in *the motherly comforts of a swan-skin petticoat*. In short, such hard words have passed between me and the north-wind to-day, that, according to the language of the times, I was very near abusing it for coming from Scotland, and to imputing it to lord Bute. I don't know whether I should not have written a North Briton against it, if the printers were not all sent to Newgate, and Mr. Wilkes<sup>1</sup> to the Tower—ay, to the Tower, *tout de bon*. The new ministry are trying to make up for their ridiculous insignificance by a *coup d'éclat*. As I came hither yesterday, I do not know whether the particulars I have heard are genuine—but in the Tower he certainly is, taken up by lord Halifax's warrant for treason; *vide* the North Briton of Saturday was se'nnight. It is said he refused to obey the warrant, of which he asked and got a copy from the two messengers, telling them he did not mean to make his escape, but sending to demand his *habeas corpus*, which was refused. He then went to lord Halifax, and thence to the Tower; declaring they should get nothing out of him but what they knew. All his papers have been seized. Lord chief justice Pratt, I am told, finds great fault with the wording of the warrant.

I don't know how to execute your commission for books of architecture, nor care to put you to expense, which I know will not answer. I have been consulting my neighbour, young Mr. Thomas Pitt,<sup>2</sup> my present architect: we have all books of that sort here, but cannot think of one which will help you to a cottage or a green-house. For the former you should send me your idea, your dimensions; for the latter, don't you rebuild your old one, though in another place? A pretty green-house I never saw; nor without immoderate expense can it well be an agreeable object. Mr. Pitt thinks a mere portico without a pediment, and windows removeable in summer, would be the best plan you could have. If so, don't you remember something of that kind,

<sup>1</sup> Wilkes was arrested in the night of the 29th, but his threats induced the officers to defer the execution of their warrant until the next morning, the 30th April 1763; when he was carried before the Secretaries of State for examination, and by them committed to the Tower. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards created lord Camelford. [Or.]



which you liked, at sir Charles Cotterel's at Rousham? But a fine green-house must be on a more exalted plan. In short, you must be more particular, before I can be at all so.

I called at Hammersmith yesterday about lady Ailesbury's tubs; one of them is nearly finished, but they will not both be completed these ten days. Shall they be sent to you by water? Good-night to her ladyship and you, and the infants,<sup>3</sup> whose progress in waxen statuary I hope advances so fast, that by next winter she may rival Rackstrow's old man. Do you know that, though apprised of what I was going to see, it deceived me, and made such an impression on my mind, that thinking on it as I came home in my chariot, and seeing a woman steadfastly at work in a window in Pall-mall, it made me start to see her move. Adieu!

Yours ever.

Arlington-street, Monday night.

The mighty commitment set out with a blunder; the warrant directed the printer, and all concerned (unnamed) to be taken up. Consequently Wilkes had his *habeas corpus* of course, and was committed again; moved for another in the Common-pleas, and is to appear there to-morrow morning. Lord Temple being, by another strain of power, refused admittance to him, said, "I thought this was the Tower, but find it is the Bastille." They found among Wilkes's papers an unpublished North Briton, designed for last Saturday. It contained advice to the king not to go to St. Paul's on the thanksgiving, but to have a snug one in his own chapel; and to let George Sackville carry the sword. There was a dialogue in it, too, between Fox and Calcraft: the former says to the latter, "I did not think you would have served me so, Jemmy Twitcher."

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington-street, May 6, very late, 1763.

THE complexion of the times is a little altered since the beginning of this last winter. Prerogative, that gave itself such airs in November, and would speak to nothing but a Tory, has

<sup>3</sup> Anne Seymour Conway. [Or.]

had a rap this morning that will do it some good, unless it is weak enough to do itself more harm. The judges of the Common-pleas have unanimously dismissed Wilkes from his imprisonment, as a breach of privilege;<sup>1</sup> his offence not being a breach of the peace, only tending to it. The people are in transports; and it will require all the vanity and confidence of those able ministers lord S\*\*\* and Mr. C\*\*\* to keep up the spirits of the court.

I must change this tone, to tell you of the most dismal calamity that ever happened. Lady Molesworth's house, in Upper Brook-street, was burned to the ground between four and five this morning. She herself, two of her daughters, her brother,<sup>2</sup> and six servants, perished. Two other of the young ladies jumped out of the two pair of stairs and garret windows: one broke her thigh, the other (the eldest of all) broke her's, too, and has had it cut off. The fifth daughter is much burnt. The French governess leaped from the garret, and was dashed to pieces. Dr. Molesworth and his wife, who were there on a visit, escaped; the wife by jumping from the two pair of stairs, and saving herself by a rail; he by hanging by his hands, till a second ladder was brought, after a first had proved too short. Nobody knows how or where the fire began; the catastrophe is shocking beyond what one ever heard: and poor lady Molesworth, whose character and conduct were the most amiable in the world, is universally lamented. Your good hearts will feel this in the most lively manner.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Wilkes was discharged on the 6th of May, by the lord chief justice Pratt, who decided, that he was entitled to plead his privilege as a member of parliament; the crime of which he was accused, namely, a libel, being in the eyes of the law only a *high misdemeanor*, whereas the only three cases which could affect the privilege of a member of parliament, were *treason*, *felony*, and the *peace*: the last signifying, as his lordship explained, a breach of the peace. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Captain Usher.—Lady Molesworth was daughter of the rev. W. Usher, archdeacon of Clonfert, and the second wife of Richard third viscount Molesworth, who was aide-de-camp to the duke of Marlborough at the battle of Ramillies, and had the honour of saving his grace's life in that engagement. He afterwards obtained the rank of lieutenant-general in the army, and filled the high offices of master-general of the ordnance, and commander-in-chief of his majesty's forces in Ireland. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> The king, upon hearing of this calamity, immediately sent the young ladies a handsome present, ordered a house to be taken and furnished for

I go early to Strawberry to-morrow, giving up the new opera, madame de Boufflers, and Mr. Wilkes, and all the present topics. Wilkes, whose case has taken its place by the side of the seven bishops, calls himself the eighth—not quite improperly, when one remembers that sir Jonathan Trelawney, who swore like a trooper, was one of those confessors.

There is a good letter in the *Gazetteer* on the other side, pretending to be written by lord Temple, and advising Wilkes to cut his throat, like lord E \* \* \*, as it would be of infinite service to their cause. There are published, too, three volumes of lady Mary Wortley's letters,<sup>4</sup> which I believe are genuine, and are not unentertaining.—But have you read Tom Hervey's<sup>5</sup> letter to the late king? That beats every thing for madness, horrid indecency, and folly, and yet has some charming and striking passages.

I have advised Mrs. H \* \* \* to inform against Jack, as writing in the *North Briton*; he will then be shut up in the Tower, and may be shown for old Nero.<sup>6</sup> Adieu!

Yours ever.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, May 16, 1763.

DEAR SIR,

I promised you should hear from me if I did not go abroad, and I flatter myself that you will not be sorry to know that I am much better in health than I was at the beginning of the winter. My journey is quite laid aside, at least for this year; though as lord Hertford goes ambassador to Paris, I propose to make him a visit there next spring.

them at his expense, and not only continued the pension settled on the mother, but ordered it to be increased £200 per annum. [Ed.]

<sup>4</sup> This was a surreptitious edition.—Her ladyship's works, including her *Correspondence, Poems, and Essays*, were published in 1803, from papers in the possession of John first marquis of Bute, under the editorship of Mr. Dallaway. [Ed.]

<sup>5</sup> "A Letter from the right hon. Thomas Hervey to the late King." The author was son of John first earl of Bristol, and uncle of George William the second earl. [Ed.]

<sup>6</sup> An old lion there, so called. [Or.]

As I shall be a good deal here this summer, I hope you did not take a surfeit of Strawberry-hill, but will bestow a visit on it while its beauty lasts; the gallery advances fast now, and I think in a few weeks will make a figure worth your looking at.

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, May 17, 1763.

*On vient de nous donner une très jolie fête au château de Straberri: tout était tapissé de narcisses, de tulipes, et de lilacs; des cors de chasse, des clarionettes, des petits vers galants faits par des fées, et qui se trouvaient sous la presse, des fruits à la glace, du thé, du café, des biscuits, et force hot-rolls.* This is not the beginning of a letter to you, but of one, that I might suppose sets out to-night for Paris, or rather, which I do not suppose will set out thither; for though the narrative is circumstantially true, I don't believe the actors were pleased enough with the scene, to give so favourable an account of it.

The French do not come hither to see. *À l'Anglais* happened to be the word in fashion; and half a dozen of the most fashionable people have been the dupes of it. I take for granted that their next mode will be *à l'Iroquoise*, that they may be under no obligation of realizing their pretensions. Madame de Boufflers<sup>1</sup> I think will die a martyr to a taste, which she fancied she had, and finds she has not. Never having stirred ten miles from Paris, and having only rolled in an easy coach from one hotel to another on a gliding pavement, she is already worn out with being hurried from morning till night from one sight to another. She rises every morning so fatigued with the toils of the preceding day, that she has not strength, if she had inclination, to observe the least, or the finest thing she sees! She came hither to-day to a great breakfast I made for her, with her eyes a foot deep in her head, her hands dangling, and scarce able to support her knitting bag. She had been yesterday to see a ship launched, and went

<sup>1</sup> The comtesse de Boufflers, who, after the revolution in France of the year 1789, resided in England for two or three years, with her daughter-in-law, the comtesse Emilie de Boufflers. [Or.]

from Greenwich by water to Ranelagh. Madame Dusson, who is Dutch-built, and whose muscles are pleasure-proof, came with her; there were besides, lady Mary Coke, lord and lady Holderness, the duke and duchess of Grafton, lord Hertford, lord Villiers,<sup>2</sup> Offley, Messieurs de Fleury, D'Eon,<sup>3</sup> et Duclos. The latter is author of the *Life of Louis Onze*; dresses like a dissenting minister, which I suppose is the livery of a *bel esprit*, and is much more impetuous than agreeable. We breakfasted in the great parlour, and I had filled the hall and large cloister by turns with French horns and clarionettes. As the French ladies had never seen a printing-house, I carried them into mine; they found something ready set, and desiring to see what it was, it proved as follows:

The Press speaks—

For Madame de Boufflers.

The graceful fair, who loves to know,  
Nor dreads the north's inclement snow;  
Who bids her polished accent wear  
The British diction's harsher air;  
Shall read her praise in every clime,  
Where types can speak or poet's rhyme.

For Madame Dusson.

Feign not an ignorance of what I speak;  
You could not miss my meaning were it Greek:  
'Tis the same language Belgium utter'd first,  
The same which from admiring Gallia burst.  
True sentiment a like expression pours;  
Each country says the same to eyes like yours.

<sup>2</sup> George Bussy Villiers, younger and only surviving son of William Villiers third earl of Jersey. He succeeded to the earldom on the 28th of August 1769, and on his death on the 22d of August 1805, was succeeded by his son the present earl. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> The chevalier D'Eon was, on his arrival in England, secretary to the duke de Nivernois, the French ambassador, and upon the duke's return to France, was appointed minister plenipotentiary, but on the comte de Guerchy being some time afterwards nominated ambassador, the chevalier was ordered to resume his secretaryship; at which he was so greatly mortified, that he quarrelled with and libelled the comte de Guerchy, for which libel he was indicted and found guilty in the Court of King's Bench, on the 9th of July 1764. [Ed.]

You will comprehend that the first speaks English, and that the second does not; that the second is handsome, and the first not; and that the second was born in Holland. This little gentillesse pleased, and atoned for the popery of my house, which was not serious enough for Madame de Boufflers, who is Montmorency, *et du sang du premier Chrétien*; and too serious for Madame Dusson, who is a Dutch Calvinist. The latter's husband was not here, nor Drumgold,<sup>4</sup> who have both got fevers, nor the due de Nivernois,<sup>5</sup> who dined at Claremont. The gallery is not advanced enough to give them any idea at all, as they are not apt to go out of their way for one; but the cabinet, and the glory of yellow glass at top, which had a charming sun for a foil, did surmount their indifference, especially as they were animated by the duchess of Grafton, who had never happened to be here before, and who perfectly entered into the air of enchantment and fairyism, which is the tone of the place, and was peculiarly so to-day;—*à-propos*, when do you design to come hither? Let me know, that I may have no measures to interfere with receiving you and your grandsons.

Before lord Bute ran away, he made Mr. Bentley a commissioner of the lottery; I don't know whether a single or a double one; the latter, which I hope it is, is two hundred a year.

Thursday, 19th.

I AM ashamed of myself to have nothing but a journal of pleasures to send you; I never passed a more agreeable day than yesterday. Miss Pelham gave the French an entertainment at Esher; but they have been so feasted and amused, that none of them were well enough, or reposed enough to come, but Nivernois and Madame Dusson. The rest of the company were, the Graftons, lady Rockingham, lord and lady Pembroke, lord and lady Holderness, lord Villiers, count Woronzow the Russian minister, lady Sondes, Mr. and Miss Mary Pelham, lady Mary Coke, Mrs. Anne Pitt, and Mr. Shelly. The day was delightful; the scene transporting; the trees, lawns, concaves, all in the perfection in which the ghost of Kent would joy to see them.

<sup>4</sup> Secretary to the due de Nivernois. [Or.]

<sup>5</sup> The ambassador and plenipotentiary sent by the court of France to treat for the peace. He left England on the 22d of May 1763, on his return to Paris. [Ed.]

At twelve we made the tour of the farm in eight chaises, and calashes, horsemen, and footmen, setting out like a picture of Wouvermans'. My lot fell in the lap of Mrs. Anne Pitt, which I could have excused, as she was not at all in the style of the day—romantic, but political. We had a magnificent dinner, cloaked in the modesty of earthenware; French horns and haut-boys on the lawn. We walked to the Belvidere on the summit of the hill, where a theatrical storm only served to heighten the beauty of the landscape, a rainbow on a dark cloud falling precisely behind the tower of a neighbouring church, between another tower and the building at Claremont. Monsieur de Nivernois, who had been absorbed all day, and lagging behind, translating my verses, was delivered of his version, and of some more lines which he wrote on Miss Pelham in the Belvidere, while we drank tea and coffee. From thence we passed into the wood, and the ladies formed a circle on chairs before the mouth of the cave, which was overhung to a vast height with wood-bines, lilacs, and liburnums, and dignified by the tall shapely cypresses. On the descent of the hill were placed the French horns; the abigails, servants, and neighbours wandering below by the river; in short, it was Parnassus, as Watteau would have painted it. Here we had a rural syllabub, and part of the company returned to town; but were replaced by Giardini\* and Onofrio, who, with Nivernois on the violin, and lord Pembroke on the bass, accompanied Miss Pelham, lady Rockingham, and the duchess of Grafton, who sang. This little concert lasted till past ten; then there were minuets, and as we had seven couple left, it concluded with a country dance. I blush again, for I danced, but was kept in countenance by Nivernois, who has one wrinkle more than I have. A quarter after twelve, they sat down to supper, and I came home by a charming moonlight. I am going to dine in town, and to a great ball with fire-works

\* Felice Giardini, the celebrated violinist, born at Turin in 1716, and a pupil of Somis, one of Corelli's best scholars, arrived in London in 1750, when he appears to have created almost as great a sensation as Paganini in our own days. He resided in this country until 1784, when he went to Naples, under the patronage of sir W. Hamilton. In 1789 he returned to England; but his reputation was no longer what it had been, and he then went to Moscow, where he died at the age of eighty, in poverty and wretchedness. [Ed.]

at Miss Chudleigh's,<sup>7</sup> but I return hither on Sunday, to bid adieu to this abominable Arcadian life; for really when one is not young, one ought to do nothing but *s'ennuyer*; I will try, but I always go about it awkwardly. Adieu!

Yours ever.

P. S. I enclose a copy of both the English and French verses.

A Madame de Boufflers.

Boufflers, qu'embellissent les graces,  
Et qui plairait sans le vouloir,  
Elle à qui l'amour du savoir  
Fit braver le Nord et les glaces;  
Boufflers se plait en nos vergers,  
Et veut à nos sons étrangers  
Plier sa voix enchanteresse.  
Répétons sons nom mille fois,  
Sur tous les cœurs Boufflers aura des droits,  
Par-tout où la rime et la Presse  
A l'amour prêteront leur voix.

A Madame D'Usson.

Ne feignez point, Iris, de ne pas nous entendre;  
Ce que vous inspirez, en Grec doit se comprendre.  
On vous l'a dit d'abord en Hollandois,  
Et dans un langage plus tendre  
Paria vous l'a répété mille fois.  
C'est de nos cœurs l'expression sincère,  
En tout climat, Iris, à toute heure, en tous lieux,  
Par-tout où brilleront vos yeux,  
Vous apprendrez combien ils savent plaire.

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY,

Arlington-street, May 21, 1763.

You have now seen the celebrated madame de Boufflers. I dare say you could in that short time perceive that she is agreeable; but I dare say, too, that you will agree with me that vivacity is by no means the *partage* of the French—bating the *étourderie* of the *mousquetaires* and of a high-dried *petit-maitre* or

<sup>7</sup> Afterwards duchess of Kingston. [Or.]



two, they appear to me more lifeless than Germans. I cannot comprehend how they came by the character of a lively people. Charles Townshend has more *sal volatile* in him than the whole nation. Their king is taciturnity itself; Mirepoix was a walking mummy; Nivernois has about as much life as a sick favourite child; and monsieur Dusson is a good-humoured country gentleman, who has been drunk the day before, and is upon his good behaviour. If I have the gout the next year, and am thoroughly humbled by it again, I will go to Paris; that I may be upon a level with them: at present, I am *trop fou* to keep them company. Mind, I do not insist that, to have spirits, a nation should be as frantic as poor \* \* \*, as absurd as the duchess of Queensbury,<sup>1</sup> or as dashing as the Virgin Chudleigh. Oh, that you had been at her ball t'other night! History could never describe it and keep its countenance. The queen's real birthday, you know, is not kept: this maid of honour kept it—nay, while the court is in mourning, expected people to be out of mourning; the queen's family really was so, lady Northumberland having desired leave for them. A scaffold was erected in Hyde-park for fireworks. To show the illuminations without to more advantage, the company were received in an apartment totally dark, where they remained for two hours—If they gave rise to any more birthdays, who could help it? The fire-works were fine, and succeeded well. On each side of the court were two large scaffolds for the Virgin's trades-people. When the fireworks ceased, a large scene was lighted in the court, representing their majesties; on each side of which were six obelisks, painted with emblems, and illuminated; mottos beneath in Latin and English:—1. For the prince of Wales, a ship, *Multorum spes*. 2. For the princess dowager, a bird of Paradise, and two little ones, *Meos ad sidera tollo*. People smiled. 3. Duke of York, a temple, *Virtuti et honori*. 4. Princess Augusta, a bird of Paradise, *Non habet parem*—unluckily this was translated, *I have no peer*. People laughed out, considering where this was exhibited. 5. The three younger

<sup>1</sup> Lady Catherine Hyde, second daughter of Henry Hyde, earl of Clarendon and Rochester, and wife of Charles Douglas, duke of Dover and Queensbury. She was the

“Kitty beautiful and young,”

of Matthew Prior's verses. [Ed.]

princes, an orange-tree, *Promittit et dat.* 6. The two younger princesses, the flower crown-imperial. I forget the Latin: the translation was silly enough, "Bashful in youth, graceful in age." The lady of the house made many apologies for the poorness of the performance, which she said was only oil-paper, painted by one of her servants; but it really was fine and pretty. The duke of Kingston was in a frock *comme chez lui*. Behind the house was a cenotaph for the princess Elizabeth, a kind of illuminated cradle; the motto, "All the honours the dead can receive." This burying-ground was a strange codicil to a festival; and, what was more strange, about one in the morning, this sarcophagus burst out into crackers and guns. The marriage of Anspach began the ball with the Virgin. The supper was most sumptuous.

You ask, when I propose to be at Park-place. I ask, shall not you come to the duke of Richmond's masquerade, which is the 2d of June? I cannot well be with you till towards the end of that month.

The enclosed is a letter which I wish you to read attentively, to give me your opinion upon it, and return it. It is from a sensible friend of mine in Scotland, who has lately corresponded with me on the enclosed subjects, which I little understand; but I promised to communicate his ideas to George Grenville, if he would state them. Are they practicable? I wish much that something could be done for those brave soldiers and sailors, who will all come to the gallows, unless some timely provision can be made for them. The former part of his letter relates to a grievance he complains of, that many men who have *not* served, are admitted into garrisons, and then into our hospitals, which were designed for meritorious sufferers.<sup>2</sup> Adieu!

Yours ever.

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington-street, Saturday evening.

No, indeed I cannot consent to your being a dirty

<sup>2</sup> As this letter is not to be found, no further light can be thrown on its contents. [Or.]

Philander.<sup>1</sup> Pink and white, and white and pink ! and both as greasy as if you had gnawed a leg of a fowl on the stairs of the Hay-market, with a \* \* \* from the Cardigan's Head ! For heaven's sake don't produce a tight rose-coloured thigh, unless you intend to prevent my lord \* \* \* 's return from Harrowgate. Write, the moment you receive this, to your tailor to get you a sober purple domino, as I have done, and it will make you a couple of summer waistcoats.

In the next place, have your ideas a little more correct about us of times past. We did not furnish our cottages with chairs of ten guineas a-piece. Ebony for a farm-house !<sup>2</sup> So, two hundred years hence some man of taste will build a hamlet in the style of George the Third, and beg his cousin Tom Hearne to get him some chairs for it, of mahogany gilt, and covered with blue damask. Adieu ! I have not a minute's time more.

Yours, &c.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Huntingdon, May 30, 1763.

As you interest yourself about Kimbolton, I begin my journal of two days here. But I must set out with owning, that I believe I am the first man that ever went sixty miles to an auction. As I came for ebony, I have been up to my chin in ebony; there is literally nothing but ebony in the house; all the other goods, if there were any, and I trust my lady Conyers did not sleep upon ebony mattresses, are taken away. There are two tables and eighteen chairs, all made by the Hallet of two hundred years ago. These I intend to have; for mind, the auction does not begin till Thursday. There are more plebeian chairs of the same materials, but I have left commission for only the true black blood. Thence I went to Kimbolton,<sup>1</sup> and asked to see the house. A kind footman, who in his zeal

<sup>1</sup> At the masquerade given by the duke of Richmond on the 6th of June, 1763, at his house in Privy-garden. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Conway was at this time fitting up a little building at Park-place, called the Cottage, for which he had consulted Mr. Walpole on the propriety of ebony chairs. [Or.]

<sup>1</sup> Kimbolton castle, the seat of the duke of Manchester. [Ed.]

to open the chaise pinched half my finger off, said he would call the housekeeper: but a groom of the chambers insisted on my visiting their graces; and as I vowed I did not know them, he said they were in the great apartment, all the rest was in disorder and altering, and would let me see nothing.—This was the reward of my first lie. I returned to my inn, or alehouse, and instantly received a message from the duke to invite me to the castle. I was quite undressed; and dirty with my journey, and unacquainted with the duchess—yet was forced to go. Thank the god of dust, his grace was dirtier than me. He was extremely civil, and detected me to the groom of the chambers—asked me if I had dined. I said yes—lie the second. He pressed me to take a bed there. I hate to be criticised at a formal supper by a circle of stranger-footmen, and protested I was to meet a gentleman at Huntingdon to-night. The duchess and lady Caroline<sup>2</sup> came in from walking; and to disguise my not having dined, for it was past six, I drank tea with them. The duchess is much altered, and has a bad short cough. I pity Catherine of Arragon for living at Kimbolton.<sup>3</sup> I never saw an uglier spot. The fronts are not so bad as I expected, by not being so French as I expected, but have no pretensions to beauty, nor even to comely ancient ugliness. The great apartment is truly noble, and almost all the portraits good, of what I saw; for many are not hung up, and half of those that are, my lord duke does not know. The earl of Warwick is delightful; the lady Mandeville, attiring herself in her wedding garb, delicious. The Prometheus is a glorious picture, the eagle as fine as my statue. Is not it by Vandyck? The duke told me that Mr. Spence found out it was by Titian—but critics in poetry I see are none in painting. This was all I was shown, for I was not even carried into the chapel. The walls round the house are levelling, and I saw nothing without doors that tempted me to taste. So I made my bow, hurried to my inn, snapped up my dinner, lest I should again be detected, and came hither, where I am writing by a great fire, and give up my friend the east wind, which I have long been partial to for the south-east's sake, and in contradiction to the west, for

<sup>2</sup> Lady Caroline Montagu, sister of the duke of Manchester. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> Queen Catharine of Arragon, after her divorce from Henry VIII., resided some time in this castle, where she died, January 8th 1536. [Ed.]

blowing perpetually and bending all one's plantations. Tomorrow I see Hinchinbrook<sup>4</sup>—and London. Memento, I promised the duke that you should come and write on all his portraits. Do, as you honour the blood of Montagu! Who is the man in the picture with sir Charles Goring, where a page is tying the latter's scarf? And who are the ladies in the double half-lengths?

Arlington-street, May 31.

WELL! I saw Hinchinbrook this morning. Considering it is in Huntingdonshire, the situation is not so ugly or melancholy as I expected; but I do not conceive what provoked so many of your ancestors to pitch their tents in that triste country, unless the Capulets<sup>5</sup> loved fine prospects. The house of Hinchinbrook is most comfortable, and just what I like; old, spacious, irregular, yet not vast or forlorn. I believe much has been done since you saw it—it now only wants an apartment, for in no part of it are there above two chambers together. The furniture has much simplicity, not to say too much; some portraits tolerable, none I think fine. When this lord gave Blackwood the head of the admiral<sup>6</sup> that I have now, he left himself not one so good. The head he kept is very bad: the whole length is fine, except the face of it. There is another of the duke of Cumberland, by Reynolds; the colours of which are as much changed as the original is to the proprietor. The garden is wondrous small, the park almost smaller, and no appearance of territory. The whole has a quiet decency that seems adapted to the admiral after his retirement, or to Cromwell after his exaltation. I returned time enough for the opera, observing all the way I came the proof of the duration of this east wind,

<sup>4</sup> Hinchinbroke, the seat of the earl of Sandwich, to whose eldest son the village of Hinchinbroke gives the title of viscount. [Ed.]

<sup>5</sup> As opposing in every thing the Montagus. [Or.]

<sup>6</sup> Admiral Montagu, earl of Sandwich, by sir P. Lely. [Or.] The first earl of Sandwich, distinguished in early life as a military commander under the parliamentary banner, and subsequently joint high admiral of England, in which capacity, having had sufficient influence to induce the whole fleet to acknowledge the restored monarchy, he received the peerage as his reward. His lordship, who, after the restoration, attained the highest renown as a naval officer, fell in the great sea fight with the Dutch, off Southwold-bay, 28th May 1672. [Ed.]

'for' on the west side the blossoms were so covered with dust one could not distinguish them; on the eastern hand the hedges were white in all the pride of May. Good night!

Wednesday, June 1.

My letter is a perfect diary. There has been a sad alarm in the kingdom of white satin and muslin. The duke of Richmond was seized last night with a sore throat and fever; and though he is much better to-day, the masquerade of to-morrow night is put off till Monday. Many a queen of Scots, from sixty to sixteen, has been ready to die of the fright. Adieu once more! I think I can have nothing more to say before the post goes out to-morrow.

Yours ever.

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, June 16, 1763.

I do not like your putting off your visit hither for so long. Indeed, by September the gallery will probably have all its fine clothes on, and by what have been tried, I think it will look very well. The fashion of the garments to be sure will be ancient, but I have given them an air that is very becoming. Princess Amelia was here last night while I was abroad; and if Margaret is not too much prejudiced by the guinea left, or by natural partiality to what servants call *our house*, I think was pleased, particularly with the chapel.

As Mountain-George will not come to Mahomet-me, Mahomet-I must come to Greatworth. Mr. Chute and I think of visiting you about the seventeenth of July, if you shall be at home, and nothing happens to derange our scheme; possibly we may call at Horton; we certainly shall proceed to Drayton, Burleigh, Fotheringay, Peterborough, and Ely; and shall like much of your company, all, or part of the tour. The only present proviso I have to make is the health of my niece, who is at present much out of order, we think not breeding, and who was taken so ill on Monday, that I was forced to carry her suddenly to town, where I yesterday left her better, at her father's.

There has been a report that the new lord Holland<sup>1</sup> was dead at Paris, but I believe it is not true. I was very indifferent about it: eight months ago it had been lucky. I saw his jackall t'other night in the meadows,<sup>2</sup> the secretary at war, so emptily-important, and distilling paragraphs of old news with such solemnity, that I did not know whether it was a man or the Utrecht gazette.

Yours ever.

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, July 1, 1763.

MR. CHUTE and I intend to be with you on the seventeenth or eighteenth, but, as we are wandering swains, we do not drive one nail into one day of the almanack irremovably. Our first stage is to Bleckley, the parsonage of venerable Cole, the antiquarian of Cambridge. Bleckley lies by Fenny Stratford; now can you direct us how to make Horton<sup>1</sup> in our way from Stratford to Greatworth? If this meander engrosses more time than we propose, do not be disappointed, and think we shall not come, for we shall. The journey you must accept as a great sacrifice either to you or to my promise, for I quit the gallery almost in the critical minute of consummation. Gilders, carvers, upholsterers, and picture-cleaners are labouring at their several forges, and I do not love to trust a hammer or a brush without my own supervisal. This will make my stay very short, but it is a greater compliment than a month would be at another season; and yet I am not profuse of months. Well, but I begin to be ashamed of my magnificence; Strawberry is growing sumptuous in its latter day; it will scarce be any longer like the fruit of its name, or the modesty of its ancient demeanor,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Fox, created, 16th April 1763, baron Holland of Foxley, county Wilts; his lady Georgina Carolina Lenox, eldest daughter of Charles second duke of Richmond, having been previously created baroness of Holland, in the county of Lincoln, in May 1762. This report of his death proved to be unfounded, that event not having taken place until the 1st July 1774. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Welbore Ellis, esq., who was elevated to the peerage on the 13th August 1774, as baron Mendip, of Mendip, in the county of Somerset. He was grand uncle to the late viscount Clifden. [Ed.]

<sup>1</sup> The seat of the earl of Halifax. [Or.]

both which seem to have been in Spencer's prophetic eye, when he sung of

---

the blushing strawberries  
Which lurk, close-shrouded from high-looking eyes,  
Shewing that sweetness low and hidden lies.

In truth, my collection was too great already to be lodged humbly; it has extended my walls, and pomp followed. It was a neat, small house; it now will be a comfortable one, and, except one fine apartment, does not deviate from its simplicity. Adieu! I know nothing about the world, and am only Strawberry's and

Yours sincerely.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, July 1, 1763.

DEAR SIR,

As you have given me leave, I propose to pass a day with you, on my way to Mr. Montagu's. If you have no engagement, I will be with you on the 16th of this month, and if it is not inconvenient, and you will tell me truly whether it is or not, I shall bring my friend Mr. Chute with me, who is destined to the same place. I will beg you, too, to let me know how far it is to Bleckley, and what road I must take: that is, how far from London, or how far from Twickenham, and the road from each, as I am uncertain yet from which I shall set out. If any part of this proposal does not suit you, I trust you will own it, and I will take some other opportunity of calling on you, being most truly,

Dear sir,  
Your much obliged and obedient servant.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, July 12, 1763.

DEAR SIR,

Upon consulting maps and roads, and the knowing, I find it will be my best way to call on Mr. Montagu first, before I



come to you, or I must go the same road twice. This will make it a few days later than I intended before I wait on you, and will leave you time to complete your hay-harvest, as I gladly embrace your offer of bearing me company on the tour. I meditate to Burleigh, Drayton, Peterborough, Ely, and twenty other places, of all which you shall take as much or as little as you please. It will, I think, be Wednesday or Thursday se'nnight before I wait on you, that is the 20th or 21st, and I fear I shall come alone; for Mr. Chute is confined with the gout: but you shall hear again before I set out. Remember I am to see Sir Kenelm Digby's.

I thank you much for your informations. The countess of Cumberland is an acquisition, and quite new to me. With the countess of Kent I am acquainted since my last edition.

Addison certainly changed *scies* in the epitaph to *indicabit* to avoid the jingle with *dies*: though it is possible that the thought may have been borrowed elsewhere. Adieu, sir,

Yours ever.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Stamford, Saturday night, July 23, 1763.

"THUS far our arms have with success been crowned," bating a few mishaps, which will attend long marches like ours. We have conquered as many towns as Louis Quatorze in the campaign of seventy-two; that is, seen them, for he did little more, and into the bargain he had much better roads, and a dryer summer. It has rained perpetually till to-day, and made us experience the rich soil of Northamptonshire, which is a clay-pudding, stuck full of villages. After we parted with you on Thursday, we saw Castle Ashby<sup>1</sup> and Easton Manduit.<sup>2</sup> The first is most magnificently triste, and has all the formality of the Comptons. I should admire it if I could see out of it, or any thing in it: but there is scarce any furniture, and the bad little frames of glass exclude all objects. Easton is miserable enough; there are many modern portraits, and one I was glad to see of the duchess of Shrewsbury. We lay at Wellingborough—

<sup>1</sup> A seat of the earl of Northampton. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> A seat of the earl of Sussex. [Or.]

pray never lie there—the beastliest inn upon earth is there! We were carried into a vast bedchamber, which I suppose is the club-room, for it stunk of tobacco like a justice of peace. I desired some boiling water for tea; they brought me a sugar dish of hot water in a pewter plate. Yesterday morning, we went to Boughton,<sup>3</sup> where we were scarce landed, before the Cardigans, in a coach and six and three chaises, arrived with a cold dinner in their pockets, on their way to Deane;<sup>4</sup> for as it is in dispute, they never reside at Boughton. This was most unlucky, that we should pitch on the only hour in the year in which they are there. I was so disconcerted, and so afraid of falling foul of the countess and her caprices, that I hurried from chamber to chamber, and scarce knew what I saw, but that the house is in the grand old French style, that gods and goddesses lived over my head in every room, and that there was nothing but pedigrees all round me, and under my feet, for there is literally a coat of arms at the end of every step of the stairs: did the duke mean to pun, and intend this for the *descent* of the Montagus? Well! we hurried away, and got to Drayton an hour before dinner. Oh! the dear old place! you would be transported with it. In the first place, it stands in as ugly a hole as Boughton: well! that is not its beauty. The front is a brave strong castle wall, embattled and loop-holed for defence. Passing the great gate, you come to a sumptuous but narrow modern court, behind which rises the old mansion, all towers and turrets. The house is excellent; has a vast hall, ditto dining-room, king's chamber, trunk gallery at the top of the house, handsome chapel, and seven or eight distinct apartments, besides closets and conveniences without end. Then it is covered with portraits, crammed with old china, furnished richly, and not a rag in it under forty, fifty, or a thousand years old; but not a bed or chair that has lost a tooth, or got a grey hair, so well are they preserved. I rummaged it from head to foot, examined every spangled bed, and enamelled pair of bellows, for such there are; in short, I do not believe the old mansion was ever better pleased with an inhabitant, since the days of Walter de Drayton, except when it has received

<sup>3</sup> The seat of lord Montagu. It was built by Ralph, first duke of Montagu, very much after the model of the palaces of Versailles. [Ed.]

<sup>4</sup> A seat of the earl of Cardigan. [Ed.]

its divine old mistress.<sup>5</sup> If one could honour her more than one did before, it would be to see with what religion she keeps up the old dwelling and customs, as well as old servants, who you may imagine do not love her less than other people do. The garden is just as sir John Germain brought it from Holland; pyramidal yews, treillages, and square cradle walks with windows clipped in them. Nobody was there but Mr. Beauclerc<sup>6</sup> and lady Catherine, and two parsons: the two first suffered us to ransack and do as we would, and the two last assisted us, informed us, and carried us to every tomb in the neighbourhood. I have got every circumstance by heart, and was pleased beyond my expectation, both with the place and the comfortable way of seeing it. We staid here till after dinner to-day, and saw Fotheringhay in our way hither. The castle is totally ruined.<sup>7</sup> The mount, on which the keep stood, two door-cases, and a piece of the moat, are all the remains. Near it is a front and two projections of an ancient house, which, by the arms about it, I suppose was part of the palace of Richard and Cicely, duke and duchess of York. There are two pretty tombs for them and their uncle duke of York in the church, erected by order of queen Elizabeth. The church has been very fine, but is now intolerably shabby; yet many large saints remain in the windows, two entire, and all the heads well painted. You may imagine we were civil enough to the queen of Scots, to feel a feel of pity for her, while we stood on the very spot where she was put to death; my companion,<sup>8</sup> I believe, who is a better royalist than I am, felt a little more. There, I have obeyed you. To-morrow we see Burleigh and Peterborough, and lie at Ely; on Monday I hope to be in town, and on Tuesday I hope much

<sup>5</sup> Lady Betty Germain. [Ed.]

<sup>6</sup> Afterwards duke of St. Albans, and father to the present duke. [Or.] Aubrey Beauclerk, esq., M.P. for Thetford, only son of lord Vere of Hanworth. He married, May 1763, lady Catherine Ponsonby, and succeeded to the dukedom of St. Albans as fifth duke, in 1787, upon the death of his cousin. He died in 1802, and was succeeded by his eldest son Aubrey, sixth duke, who was again succeeded by his eldest son. William the late, and eighth duke, was second son of the above named Aubrey. [Ed.]

<sup>7</sup> James I., it is said, ordered it to be destroyed in consequence of its having been the scene of the trial and execution of his mother, Mary queen of Scots, who was beheaded there, 8th February 1587. [Ed.]

<sup>8</sup> Mr. Cole. [Or.]

more to be in the gallery at Strawberry-hill, and to find the gilders laying on the last leaf of gold. Good night.

Yours ever,

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Hobkerill, Monday night, July 25, Vol. 2d.

I CONTINUE. You must know we were drowned on Saturday night. It rained, as it did at Greatworth on Wednesday, all night and all next morning, so we could not look even at the outside of Burleigh; but we saw the inside pleasantly; for lord Exeter, whom I had prepared for our intentions, came to us, and made every door and every lock fly open, even of his magazines, yet unranged. He is going through the house by degrees, furnishing a room every year, and has already made several most sumptuous. One is a little tired of Carlo Maratti and Lucca Jordano, yet still these are treasures: The china and japan are of the finest; miniatures in plenty, and a shrine full of crystal vases, filigree, enamel, jewels, and the trinkets of taste, that have belonged to many a noble dame. In return for his civilities, I made my lord Exeter a present of a glorious cabinet, whose drawers and sides are all painted by Rubens. This present you must know is his own, but he knew nothing of the hand or the value. Just so I have given lady Betty Germain a very fine portrait, that I discovered at Drayton in the woodhouse.

I was not much pleased with Peterborough; the front is adorable, but the inside has no more beauty than consists in vastness. By the way, I have a pen and ink that will not form a letter. We were now sent to Huntingdon in our way to Ely, as we found it impracticable, from the rains and floods, to cross the country thither. We landed in the heart of the assizes, and almost in the middle of the races, both which, to the astonishment of the virtuosi, we eagerly quitted this morning. We were hence sent south to Cambridge, still on our way northward to Ely, but when we got to Cambridge we were forced to abandon all thoughts of Ely, there being nothing but lamentable stories of inundations and escapes. However, I made myself amends with the university, which I have not seen these four-and-twenty

years, and which revived many youthful scenes, which, merely from their being youthful, are forty times pleasanter than any other ideas. You know I always long to live at Oxford: I felt that I could like to live even at Cambridge again. The colleges are much cleaned and improved since my days, and the trees and groves more venerable; but the town is tumbling about their ears. We surprised Gray with our appearance, dined and drank tea with him, and are come hither within sight of land. I always find it worth my while to make journeys, for the joy I have in getting home again.

A second adieu.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

DEAR SIR,

Wednesday is the day I propose waiting on you; what time of it the Lord and the roads know; so don't wait for me any part of it. If I should be violently pressed to stay a day longer at Mr. Montagu's, I hope it will be no disappointment to you: but I love to be uncertain, rather than make myself expected and fail.

Yours ever.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 8, 1763.

DEAR SIR,

You judge rightly, I am very indifferent about Dr. Shorton, since he is not Dr. Shorter.

It has done nothing but rain since my return; whoever wants hay, must fish for it; it is all drowned, or swimming about the country. I am glad our tour gave you so much pleasure; you were so very obliging, as you have always been to me, that I should have been grieved not to have had it give you satisfaction. I hope your servant is quite recovered.

The painters and gilders quit my gallery this week, but I have not got a chair or a table for it yet; however, I hope it will have all its clothes on by the time you have promised me a visit.

To DR. DUCAREL.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 8, 1763.

SIR,

I have been rambling about the country, or should not so long have deferred to answer the favour of your letter. I thank you for the notices in it, and have profited of them. I am much obliged to you too for the drawings you intended me; but I have since had a letter from Mr. Churchill, and he does not mention them.

To THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 9, 1763.

My gallery claims your promise; the painters and gilders finish to-morrow, and next day it washes its hands. You talked of the 15th; shall I expect you then, and the countess,<sup>1</sup> and the contessina,<sup>2</sup> and the baroness?<sup>3</sup>

Lord Digby<sup>4</sup> is to be married immediately to the pretty miss Fielding; and Mr. Boothby, they say, to lady Mary Douglas. What more news I know I cannot send you; for I have had it from lady Denbigh and lady Blandford, who have so confounded names, genders, and circumstances, that I am not sure whether prince Ferdinand is not going to be married to the hereditary prince. Adieu!

Yours ever.

P.S. If you want to know more of me, you may read a whole column of abuse upon me in the Public Ledger of Thursday last; where they inform me that the Scotch cannot be so sensible as the English, because they have not such good writers.

<sup>1</sup> Of Ailesbury. [Or.]<sup>2</sup> Miss Anne Seymour Conway. [Or.]<sup>3</sup> Elizabeth Rich, second wife of George lord Lyttelton. [Or.]<sup>4</sup> Henry Digby, seventh lord Digby in the peerage of Ireland, was created, 13th August 1765, baron Digby of Sherborne, in the county of Dorset, having previously married, on the 5th September 1763, Elizabeth second daughter of the hon. Charles William Fielding, son of Basil fourth earl of Denbigh, who died 19th January 1765. [Ed.]

Alack! I am afraid *the most sensible* men in any country *do not* write.

I had writ this last night. This morning I receive your paper of evasions, *perfidie que vous êtes!* You may let it alone, you will never see any thing like my gallery—and then to ask me to leave it the instant it is finished! I never heard such a request in my days!—Why, all the earth is begging to come to see it: as Edging says, I have had offers enough from blue and green ribands to make me a falbala-apron. Then I have just refused to let Mrs. K \* \* \* and her bishop be in the house with me, because I expected all you—it is mighty well, mighty fine!—No, sir, no, I shall not come; nor am I in a humour to do any thing else you desire: indeed, without your provoking me, I should not have come into the proposal of paying Giardini. We have been duped and cheated every winter for these twenty years by the undertakers of operas, and I never will pay a farthing more till the last moment, nor can be terrified at their puffs; I am astonished you are. So far from frightening me, the kindest thing they could do would be not to let one have a box to hear their old thread-bare voices and frippery shafts; and as for Giardini himself, I would not go cross the room to hear him play to eternity. I should think he could frighten nobody but lady Bingley<sup>5</sup> by a refusal.

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TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry-hill, August 10, 1763.

MY DEAR LORD,

I have waited in hopes that the world would do something worth telling you: it will not, and I cannot stay any longer without asking you how you do, and hoping you have not quite forgot me. It has rained such deluges, that I had some thoughts of turning my gallery into an ark, and began to pack up a pair of bantams, a pair of cats, in short, a pair of every

<sup>5</sup> Harriot Benson, daughter and heiress of Robert lord Bingley, was married 12th July 1731, to George Fox Lane, esq. M.P. for York, who was advanced to the dignity of a peer on the 4th May 1762, by the title of baron Bingley, county York, with limitation to his heirs male by the said lady. [Ed.]

living creature about my house: but it is grown fine at last, and the workmen quit my gallery to-day without hoisting a sail in it. I know nothing upon earth but what the ancient ladies in my neighbourhood knew three-score years ago: I write merely to pay you my pepper-corn of affection, and to inquire after my lady, who I hope is perfectly well. A longer letter would not have half the merit: a line in return will however repay all the merit I can possibly have to one to whom I am so much obliged.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, August 15, 1763.

THE most important piece of news I have to tell you is, that the gallery is finished; that is, the workmen have quitted it. For chairs and tables, not one has arrived yet. Well, how you will tramp up and down in it! Methinks I wish you would. We are in the perfection of beauty: verdure itself was never green till this summer, thanks to the deluges of rain. Our complexion used to be mahogany in August. Nightingales and roses indeed are out of blow, but the season is celestial. I don't know whether we have not even had an earthquake to-day. Lady Buckingham, lady Waldegrave, the bishop of Exeter, and Mrs. Keppel, and the little Hotham dined here; between six and seven we were sitting in the great parlour; I sat in the window looking at the river; on a sudden I saw it violently agitated, and, as it were, lifted up and down by a thousand hands. I called out; they all ran to the window; it continued: we hurried into the garden, and all saw the Thames in the same violent commotion for I suppose a hundred yards. We fancied at first there must be some barge rope; not one was in sight. It lasted in this manner, and at the farther end, towards Teddington, even to dashing. It did not cease before I got to the middle of the terrace, between the fence and the hill. Yet this is nothing to what is to come. The bishop and I walked down to my meadow by the river. At this end were two fishermen in a boat, but their backs had been turned to the agitation, and they had seen nothing. At the farther end of the



field was a gentleman fishing, and a woman by him; I had perceived him on the same spot at the time of the motion of the waters, which was rather beyond where it was terminated. I now thought myself sure of a witness, and concluded he could not have recovered his surprise. I ran up to him. "Sir," said I, "did you see that strange agitation of the waters?" "When, sir? when, sir?" "Now, this very instant, not two minutes ago." He replied, with the phlegm of a philosopher, or of a man that *can* love fishing, "Stay, sir, let me recollect if I remember nothing of it." "Pray, sir," said I, scarce able to help laughing, "you must remember whether you remember it or not, for it is scarce over." "I am trying to recollect," said he, with the same coolness. "Why, sir," said I, "six of us saw it from my parlour window yonder." "Perhaps, answered he, "you might perceive it better where you were, but I suppose it was an earthquake." His nymph had seen nothing neither, and so we returned as wise as most who inquire into natural phenomena. We expect to hear to-morrow that there has been an earthquake somewhere; unless this appearance portended a state-quake. You see, my impetuosity does not abate much; no, nor my youthfullity, which bears me out even at a *sabat*. I dined last week at lady Blandford's, with her, the old Denbigh, the old Litchfield, and Methuselah knows who. I had stuck some sweet peas in my hair, was playing at quadrille, and singing to my *sorcières*. The duchess of Argyle<sup>1</sup> and Mrs. Young came in; you may guess how they stared; at last the duchess asked what was the meaning of those flowers? "Lord, madam," said I, "don't you know it is the fashion? The duke of Bedford is come over with his hair full." Poor Mrs. Young took this in sober sadness, and has reported, that the duke of Bedford wears flowers. You will not know me less by a precipitation of this morning. Pitt and I were busy adjusting the gallery. Mr. Elliot came in and discomposed us; I was horribly tired of him. As he was going, he said, "Well, this house is so charming, I don't wonder at your being able to live so much alone." I, who shudder at the thought of any body's living with me, replied very innocently, but a little too quick,

<sup>1</sup> Mary, daughter of John second lord Ballenden, and wife of John fourth duke of Argyle, who succeeded to the dukedom, 15th April 1761, on the death of Archibald third duke. [Ed.]

"No; only pity me when I don't live alone." Pitt was shocked, and said; "To be sure he will never forgive you as long as he lives." Mrs. Leneve used often to advise me never to begin being civil to people I did not care for: "for," says she, "you grow weary of them, and can't help shewing it, and so make it ten times worse than if you had never attempted to please them."

I suppose you have read in the papers the massacre of my innocents. Every one of my Turkish sheep, that I have been nursing up these fourteen years, torn to pieces in one night by three strange dogs! They killed sixteen outright, and mangled the two others in such a manner, that I was forced to have them knocked on the head. However, I bore this better than an interruption.

I have scrawled and blotted this letter so I don't know whether you can read it; but it is no matter, for I perceive it is all about myself; but what has one else in the dead of summer? In return, tell me as much as you please about yourself, which you know is always a most welcome subject to me. One may preserve one's spirits with one's juniors, but I defy any body to care about their cotemporaries. One wants to know about one's predecessors, but who has the least curiosity about their successors? This is abominable ingratitude: one takes wondrous pains to consign one's own memory to them at the same time that one feels the most perfect indifference to whatever relates to them themselves. Well, they will behave just so in their turns. Adieu!

Yours ever.

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 3, 1673.

I HAVE but a minute's time for answering your letter; my house is full of people, and has been so from the instant I breakfasted, and more are coming; in short, I keep an inn: the sign, the Gothic Castle. Since my gallery was finished, I have not been in it a quarter of an hour together; my whole time is passed in giving tickets for seeing it, and hiding myself while it is seen. Take my advice, never build a charming house for your-

self between London and Hampton-court: every body will live in it but you: I fear you must give up all thoughts of the Vine for this year, at least for some time. The poor master is on the rack; I left him the day before yesterday in bed, where he had been ever since Monday, with the gout in both knees and one foot, and suffering martyrdom every night. I go to see him again on Monday. He has not had so bad a fit these four years and he has probably the other foot still to come. You *must* come to me at least in the mean time, before he is well enough to receive you. After next Tuesday I am unengaged, except on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday following; that is, the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth, when the family from Park-place are to be with me. Settle your motions, and let me know them as soon as you can, and give me as much time as you can spare. I flatter myself the general<sup>1</sup> and lady Grandison will keep the kind promise they made me, and that I shall see your brother John and Mr. Miller too.

My niece is not breeding. You shall have the auction books as soon as I can get them, though I question if there is any thing in your way; however, I shall see you long before the sale, and we will talk on it.

There has been a revolution and a re-revolution, but I must defer the history till I see you, for it is much too big for a letter written in such hurry as this. Adieu!

Yours faithfully.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 7, 1763.

As I am sure the house of Conway will not stay with me beyond Monday next, I shall rejoice to see the house of Montagu this day se'nnight (Wednesday), and shall think myself highly honoured by a visit from lady Beaulieu; <sup>1</sup> I know nobody that has a better taste, and it would flatter me exceedingly if she

<sup>1</sup> General Montagu, who had married the countess dowager of Grandison, on the 15th February, in this year (1763). [Ed.]

<sup>1</sup> Isabella, eldest daughter and co-heir of John duke of Montagu, and relict of William duke of Manchester; married, 1743, Edward Montagu lord Beaulieu, of Beaulieu, Hants. [Ed.]

should happen to like Strawberry. I knew you would be pleased with Mr. T. Pitt;<sup>2</sup> he is very amiable and very sensible, and one of the very few that I reckon quite worthy of being at home at Strawberry.

I have again been in town to see Mr. Chute; he thinks the worst over, yet he gets no sleep, and is still confined to his bed; but his spirits keep up surprisingly. As to your gout, so far from pitying you, 'tis the best thing that can happen to you. All that claret and port are very kind to you, when they prefer the shape of lameness to that of apoplexies, or dropsies, or fevers, or pleurisies.

Let me have a line certain what day I may expect your party, that I may pray to the sun to illuminate the cabinet. Adieu!

Yours ever.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 3, 1763.

I was just getting into my chaise to go to Park-place, when I received your commission for Mrs. Crosby's pictures; but I did not neglect it, though I might as well, for the old gentlewoman was a little whimsical, and though I sent my own gardener and farmer with my cart to fetch them on Friday, she would not deliver them, she said, till Monday; so this morning they were forced to go again. They are now all safely lodged in my cloister; when I say safely, you understand, that two of them have large holes in them, as witness this bill of lading signed by your aunt. There are eleven in all, besides lord Halifax, seven half-lengths and four heads; the former are all desirable, and one of the latter; the three others woful. Mr. Wicks is now in the act of packing them, for we have changed our minds about sending them to London by water, as your waggoner told Louis last time I was at Greatworth, that if they

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Pitt of Boconnock, M.P., lord warden of the Stannaries, and steward of the duchy of Cornwall and Devon, to Frederick prince of Wales. He married Christian, eldest daughter of sir Thomas Lyttelton, bart., of Hagley, by whom he had issue—Thomas, created lord Camelford, a dignity that expired with his son Thomas, second lord, who was killed in a duel in 1804; and two other children. [Ed.]

were left at the Old Hat, near Acton, he would take them up, and convey them to Greatworth; so my cart carries them thither, and they will set out towards you next Saturday. I felt shocked, as you did, to think how suddenly the prospect of joy at Osterly was dashed after our seeing it. However, the young lover died handsomely. Fifty thousand pounds will dry tears, that at most could be but two months old. His brother, I heard, has behaved still more handsomely, and confirmed the legacy, and added from himself the diamonds that had been prepared for her. Here is a charming wife ready for any body that likes a sentimental situation, a pretty woman, and a large fortune.

I have been often at Bulstrode from Chaffont, but I don't like it. It is Dutch and triste. The pictures you mention in the gallery would be curious if they knew one from another; but the names are lost, and they are only sure that they have so many pounds of ancestors in the lump. One or two of them indeed I know, as the earl of Southampton, that was lord Essex's friend.

The works of Park-place<sup>1</sup> go on bravely; the cottage will be very pretty, and the bridge sublime, composed of loose rocks, that will appear to have been tumbled together there the very wreck of the deluge. One stone is of fourteen hundred weight. It will be worth a hundred of Palladio's bridges, that are only fit to be used in an opera. I had a ridiculous adventure on my way hither. A sir Thomas Reeves wrote to me last year, that he had a great quantity of heads of painters, drawn by himself from Dr. Meade's collection, of which many were English, and offered me the use of them. This was one of the numerous unknown correspondents which my books have drawn upon me. I put it off then, but being to pass near his door, for he lives but two miles from Maidenhead, I sent him word I would call on my way to Park-place. After being carried to three wrong houses, I was directed to a very ancient mansion, composed of timber, and looking as unlike modern habitations, as the picture of Penderel's house in Clarendon. The garden was overrun with weeds, and with difficulty we found a belle

<sup>1</sup> Park-place, near Henley in Berkshire, the seat of Walpole; correspondent-general the Honourable H. S. Conway. [Ed.]

Louis came riding back in great haste, and said, "Sir, the gentleman is dead suddenly." You may imagine I was surprised; however, as an acquaintance I had never seen was a very endurable misfortune, I was preparing to depart; but happening to ask some women, that were passing by the chaise, if they knew any circumstance of sir Thomas's death, I discovered that this was not sir Thomas's house, but belonged to a Mr. Meake, a fellow of a college at Oxford, who was actually just dead, and that the antiquity itself had formerly been the residence of Nell Gwynn. Pray inquire after it the next time you are at Frogmore. I went on, and after a mistake or two more, found sir Thomas, a man about thirty in age, and twelve in understanding; his drawings very indifferent, even for the latter calculation. I did not know what to do or say, but commended them, and his child, and his house, said I had all the heads, hoped I should see him at Twickenham, was afraid of being too late for dinner, and hurried out of his house before I had been there twenty minutes. It grieves one to receive civilities when one feels obliged, and yet finds it impossible to bear the people that bestow them.

I have given my assembly, to show my gallery, and it was glorious; but, happening to pitch upon the feast of tabernacles, none of my Jews could come, though Mrs. Clive proposed to them to change the irreligion; so I am forced to exhibit once more. For the morning spectators, the crowd augments instead of diminishing. It is really true that lady Hertford called here t'other morning, and I was reduced to bring her by the back gate into the kitchen; the house was so full of company that came to see the gallery, that I had no where else to carry her. Adieu!

Yours ever.

P. S. I hope the least hint has never dropped from the Beaulieus of that terrible picture of sir Charles Williams, that put me in such confusion the morning they breakfasted here. If they did observe the inscription, I am sure they must have seen, too, how it distressed me. Your collection of pictures is packed up, and makes two large cases, and one smaller.

My next assembly will be entertaining; there will be five countesses, two bishops, fourteen Jews, five papists, a doctor of

physic, and an actress ; not to mention Scotch, Irish, East and West Indians.

I find that, to pack up your pictures, Louis has taken some paper out of a hamper of waste, into which I had cast some of the Conway papers, perhaps only as useless ; however, if you find any such in the packing, be so good as to lay them by for me.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, October 8, 1763.

DEAR SIR,

You are always obliging to me, and always thinking of me kindly ; yet for once you have forgotten the way of obliging me most. You do not mention any thought of coming hither, which you had given me cause to hope would be about this time. I flatter myself nothing has intervened to deprive me of that visit. Lord Hertford goes to France the end of next week ; I shall be in town to take leave of him ; but, after the 15th, that is, this day se'nnight, I shall be quite unengaged, and the sooner I see you after the 15th, the better, for I should be sorry to drag you across the country in the badness of November roads.

I shall treasure up your notices against my second edition ; for the volume of Engravers is printed off, and has been some time ; I only wait for some of the plates. The book you mention I have not seen, nor do you encourage me to buy it. Sometime or other, however, I will get you to let me turn it over.

As I will trust that you will let me know soon when I shall have the pleasure of seeing you here, I will make this a very short letter indeed. I know nothing new or old worth telling you.

Your obedient and obliged humble servant.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, November 12, 1763.

I SEND you the catalogue as you desired; and as I told you, you will, I think, find nothing to your purpose: the present lord bought all the furniture pictures at Navestock:<sup>1</sup> the few now to be sold are the very fine ones of the best masters, and likely to go at vast prices, for there are several people determined to have some one thing that belonged to Lord Waldegrave. I did not get the catalogue till the night before last, too late to send by the post, for I had dined with sir Richard Lyttleton at Richmond, and was forced to return by Kew-bridge, for the Thames was swelled so violently that the ferry could not work. I am here quite alone in the midst of a deluge, without Mrs. Noah, but with half as many animals. The waters are as much out as they were last year, when her vice-majesty of Ireland,<sup>2</sup> that now is sailed to Newmarket with both legs out at the fore glass, was here. *A-propos*, the Irish court goes on ill; they lost a question by forty the very first day on the address. The Irish, not being so absurd or so complimentary as Mr. Allen, they would not suffer the word *adequate* to pass. The prime minister is so unpopular that they think he must be sent back. His patent and Rigby's are called in question. You see the age is not favourable to prime ministers; well! I am going amidst it all, very unwillingly; I had rather stay here, for I am sick of the storms, that once loved them so cordially: over and above, I am not well; this is the third winter my nightly fever has returned; it comes like the bellman before Christmas, to put me in mind of my mortality.

Sir Michael Foster is dead, a Whig of the old rock: he is a greater loss to his country than the prim attorney-general,<sup>3</sup> who has resigned, or than the attorney's father,<sup>4</sup> who is dying, will be.

<sup>1</sup> In Essex, the seat of the Waldegraves. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> The countess of Northumberland. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> The hon. Charles Yorke, who was subsequently appointed lord high chancellor, but died suddenly, 22d January 1770, while the patent of his creation to the barony of Morden was in progress. [Ed.]

<sup>4</sup> Philip Yorke, first earl of Hardwicke, whose death did not take place however until the 6th March 1764. [Ed.]



My gallery is still in such request, that, though the middle of November, I gave out a ticket to-day for seeing it. I see little of it myself, for I cannot sit alone in such state; I should think myself like the mad duchess of Albemarle,<sup>5</sup> who fancied herself empress of China. Adieu !

Yours ever.

I ask you nothing about your coming, for I conclude we shall not see you till Christmas. My compliments to your brother John, and your almoner Mr. Miller.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Nov. 20, 1763.

You are in the wrong; believe me you are in the wrong to stay in the country; London never was so entertaining since it had a steeple or a madhouse. Cowards fight duels; secretaries of state turn methodists on the Tuesday, and are expelled the play-house for blasphemy on Friday. I am not turned methodist, but patriot, and, what is more extraordinary, am not going to have a place. What is more wonderful still, lord Hardwicke has made two of his sons resign their employments. I know my letter sounds as enigmatic as Merlin's almanack: but *my* events have really happened. I had almost persuaded myself like you to quit the world; thank my stars I did not. Why I have done nothing but laugh since last Sunday; though on Tuesday I was one of a hundred and eleven, who were out-voted by three hundred; no laughing matter generally to a *true* patriot, whether he thinks his country undone or himself. Nay, I am still more absurd; even for my dear country's sake I cannot bring myself to connect with lord Hardwicke, or the duke of Newcastle, though they are in the minority—an unprecedented case, not to love every body one despises, when they are of the same side. On the contrary, I fear I resemble a fond woman, and dote on the *dear betrayer*. In short, and to write something that you can understand, you know I have long had

<sup>5</sup> Widow of Christopher duke of Albemarle, and daughter of the duke of Newcastle. [Or.]

a partiality for your cousin Sandwich, who has out Sandwiched himself. He has impeached Wilkes for a blasphemous poem,<sup>1</sup> and has been expelled for blasphemy himself by the beef-steak club at Covent-garden. Wilkes has been shot by Martin,<sup>2</sup> and instead of being burnt at an *auto da fê*, as the bishop of Gloucester intended, is revered as a saint by the mob, and, if he dies, I suppose, the people will squint themselves into convulsions at his tomb, in honour of his memory. Now is not this better than feeding one's birds and one's bantams, poring one's eyes out over old histories, not half so extraordinary as the present, or ambling to squire Bencow's on one's padnag, and playing at cribbage with one's brother John and one's parson? Prithce come to town, and let us put off taking the veil for another year: besides, by this time twelvemonth we are sure the world will be a year older in wickedness, and we shall have more matter for meditation. One would not leave it methinks till it comes to the worst, and that time cannot be many months off. In the mean time, I have bespoken a dagger, in case the circumstance should grow so classic as to make it becoming to kill oneself; however, though disposed to quit the world, as I have no mind to leave it entirely, I shall put off my death to the last minute, and do nothing rashly, till I see Mr. Pitt and lord Temple place themselves in their curule chairs in St. James's-market, and resign their throats to the victors. I am determined to see them dead first, lest they should play me a trick, and be hobbling to Buckingham-house, while I am shivering and waiting for them on the banks of Lethe. Adieu!

Yours,

HORATIUS.

<sup>1</sup> An Essay on Woman, for the publication of which Wilkes was indicted in the Court of King's Bench, 21st February 1764, and found guilty. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> A duel was fought, 16th November 1763, between Mr. Wilkes and Samuel Martin, esq. M.P. for Camelford and late secretary to the treasury, who having been grossly abused in the North Briton, challenged Wilkes, and wounded him severely. [Ed.]

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington-street, Dec. 6, 1763.

DEAR SIR,

According to custom I am excessively obliged to you: you are continually giving me proofs of your kindness. I have now three packets to thank you for, full of information, and have only lamented the trouble you have given yourself.

I am glad for the tomb's sake and my own that sir Giles Allington's monument is restored. The draught you have sent is very perfect. The account of your ancestor Tuer shall not be forgotten in my next edition. The pedigree of Allington I had from Collins before his death, but I think not so perfect as yours. You have made one little slip in it: my mother was grand-daughter, not daughter of sir John Shorter, and was not heiress, having three brothers, who all died after her, and we only quarter the arms of Shorter, which I fancy occasioned the mistake, by their leaving no children. The verses by sir Edward Walpole, and the translation by Bland, are published in my description of Houghton.

I am come late from the House of Lords, and am just going to the opera, so you will excuse me saying more than that I have a print of archbishop Hutton for you (it is Dr. Ducarel's), and a little plate of Strawberry; but I do not send them by the post, as it would crease them: if you will tell me how to convey them otherwise, I will. I repeat many thanks to you.

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Jan. 11, 1764.

It is an age, I own, since I wrote to you; but, except politics, what was there to send you? and for politics, the present are too contemptible to be recorded by any body but journalists, gazetteers, and such historians! The ordinary of Newgate, or Mr. \* \* \* \*, who write for their monthly half-crown, and who are indifferent whether lord Bute, lord Melcombe, or Maclean,<sup>1</sup> is their hero, may swear they find diamonds on dung-hills; but you will excuse *me*, if I let our correspondence lie dormant

<sup>1</sup> A celebrated highwayman. [Ed.]

rather than deal in such trash. I am forced to send lord Hertford and sir Horace Mann such garbage, because they are out of England, and the sea softens and makes palatable any potion, as it does claret; but, unless I can divert *you*, I had rather wait till we can laugh together: the best employment for friends, who do not mean to pick one another's pocket, nor make a property of either's frankness. Instead of politics, therefore, I shall amuse you to-day with a fairy tale.

I was desired to be at my lady Suffolk's on new year's morn, where I found lady Temple and others. On the toilette, miss Hotham<sup>2</sup> spied a small round box. She seized it with all the eagerness and curiosity of eleven years. In it was wrapped up a heart-diamond ring, and a paper in which, in a hand as small as Buckinger's, who used to write the Lord's Prayer in the compass of a silver penny, were the following lines:—

Sent by a sylph, unheard, unseen,  
A new year's gift from Mab our queen:  
But tell it not, for if you do,  
You will be pinch'd all black and blue.  
Consider well, what a disgrace,  
To shew abroad your mottled face:  
Then seal your lips, put on the ring,  
And sometimes think of Ob. the king.

You will easily guess that lady Temple<sup>3</sup> was the poetess, and that we were delighted with the genteelness of the thought and execution. The child, you may imagine, was less transported with the poetry than the present. Her attention, however, was hurried backwards and forwards from the ring to a new coat, that she had been trying on when sent for down; impatient to revisit her coat, and to shew the ring to her maid, she whisked up stairs; when she came down again, she found a letter sealed, and lying on the floor—new exclamations! lady Suffolk bade her open it: here it is:—

Your tongue, too nimble for your sense,  
Is guilty of a high offence;  
Hath introduced unkind debate,  
And topsy-turvy turned our state.

<sup>2</sup> Niece of the countess of Suffolk. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> Anna, one of the daughters and co-heiresses of Thomas Chambers, of the county of Middlesex, esq., and wife of Richard Grenville Temple, earl Temple, to whom she was married, 9th May 1737. [Ed.]

In gallantry I sent the ring,  
 The token of a love-sick king:  
 Under fair Mab's auspicious name,  
 From me the trifling present came.  
 You blabb'd the news in Suffolk's ear;  
 The tattling zephyrs brought it here;  
 As Mab was indolently laid  
 Under a poppy's spreading shade.  
 The jealous queen started in rage;  
 She kick'd her crown, and beat her page:  
 "Bring me my magic wand," she cries;  
 "Under that primrose, there it lies;  
 "I'll change the silly, saucy chit,  
 "Into a flea, a louse, a nit,  
 "A worm, a grasshopper, a rat,  
 "An owl, a monkey, hedge-hog, bat,—  
 "Ixion once a cloud embraced,  
 "By jove and jealousy well placed.  
 "What sport to see proud Oberon stare,  
 "And flirt it with a *pet-en l'air*!"  
 Then thrice she stamp'd the trembling ground,  
 And thrice she waved her wand around;  
 When I, endow'd with greater skill,  
 And less inclined to do you ill,  
 Mutter'd some words, withheld her arm,  
 And kindly stopp'd the unfinish'd charm.  
 But though not changed to owl or bat,  
 Or something more indelicate;  
 Yet, as your tongue has run too fast,  
 Your boasted beauty must not last.  
 No more shall frolic Cupid lie  
 In ambuscade in either eye,  
 From thence to aim his keenest dart  
 To captivate each youthful heart:  
 No more shall envious misses pine  
 At charms now flown, that once were thine:  
 No more, since you so ill behave,  
 Shall injured Oberon be your slave.

The next day my lady Suffolk desired I would write her a patent for appointing lady Temple poet laureate to the fairies. I was excessively out of order with a pain in my stomach, which I had had for ten days, and was fitter to write verses like a poet laureate, than for making one; however, I was going home to dinner alone, and at six I sent her some lines, which you ought to have seen how sick I was, to excuse; but first, I must tell

you my tale methodically. The next morning by nine o'clock Miss Hotham (she must forgive me twenty years hence for saying she was eleven, for I recollect she is but ten), arrived at lady Temple's, her face and neck all spotted with saffron, and limping. "Oh, madam!" said she, "I am undone for ever if you do not assist me!" "Lord, child," cried my lady Temple, "what is the matter?" thinking she had hurt herself, or lost the ring, and that she was stolen out before her aunt was up. "Oh, madam," said the girl, "nobody but you can assist me!" My lady Temple protests the child acted her part so well as to deceive her. "What can I do for you?" "Dear madam, take this load from my back; nobody but you can." Lady Temple turned her round, and upon her back was tied a child's waggon. In it were three tiny purses of blue velvet; in one of them a silver cup, in another a crown of laurel, and in the third four new silver pennies, with the patent, signed at top, Oberon Imperator: and two sheets of warrants strung together with blue silk according to form; and at top an office seal of wax and a chaplet of cut paper on it. The warrants were these:—

From the Royal Mews:

A waggon with the draught horses, delivered by command without fee.

From the Lord Chamberlain's Office:

A warrant with the royal sign manual, delivered by command without fee, being first entered in the office books.

From the Lord Steward's Office:

A butt of sack, delivered without fee or gratuity, with an order for returning the cask for the use of the office, by command.

From the Great Wardrobe:

Three velvet bags, delivered without fee, by command.

From the Treasurer of the Household's Office:

A year's salary paid free from land-tax, poundage, or any other deduction whatever, by command.

From the Jewel Office:

A silver butt, a silver cup, a wreath of bays, by command without fee.

Then came the patent :

By these presents be it known,  
 To all who bend before our throne,  
 Fays and fairies, elves and sprites,  
 Beauteous dames and gallant knights,  
 That we, Oberon the grand,  
 Emperor of fairy land,  
 King of moonshine, prince of dreams,  
 Lord of Aganippe's streams,  
 Baron of the dimpled isles,  
 That lie in pretty maidens' smiles,  
 Arch-treasurer of all the graces  
 Dispersed through fifty lovely faces,  
 Sovereign of the slipper's order,  
 With all the rites thereon that border,  
 Defender of the sylphic faith,  
 Declare—and thus your monarch saith :  
 Whereas there is a noble dame,  
 Whom mortals countess Temple name,  
 To whom ourself did erst impart  
 The choicest secrets of our art,  
 Taught her to tune the harmonious line  
 To our own melody divine,  
 Taught her the graceful negligence,  
 Which scorning art and veiling sense,  
 Achieves that conquest o'er the heart,  
 Sense seldom gains and never art :  
 This lady, 'tis our royal will  
 Our laureate's vacant seat should fill :  
 A chaplet of immortal bays  
 Shall crown her brow and guard her lays ;  
 Of nectar sack an acorn cup  
 Be at her board each year fill'd up ;  
 And as each quarter feast comes round  
 A silver penny shall be found  
 Within the compass of her shoe—  
 And so we bid you all adieu !

Given at our palace of Cowslip-castle, the shortest-night of  
 the year.

OBERON.

And underneath,

HOTHAMINA.

How shall I tell you the greatest curiosity of the story?

The whole plan and execution of the second act were laid and adjusted by my lady Suffolk herself and Will. Chetwynd,<sup>1</sup> master of the mint, lord Bolingbroke's Oroonoko-Chetwynd; he four-score, she past seventy-six; and, what is more, much worse than I was, for added to her deafness, she has been confined these three weeks with the gout in her eyes, and was actually then in misery, and had been without sleep. What spirits, and cleverness, and imagination, at that age, and under those afflicting circumstances! You reconnoitre her old court knowledge, how charmingly she has applied it! Do you wonder I pass so many hours and evenings with her? Alas! I had like to have lost her this morning! They had poulticed her feet to draw the gout downwards, and began to succeed yesterday, but to-day it flew up into her head, and she was almost in convulsions with the agony, and screamed dreadfully; proof enough how ill she was, for her patience and good-breeding make her for ever sink and conceal what she feels. This evening the gout has been driven back to her foot, and I trust she is out of danger. Her loss would be irreparable to me at Twickenham, where she is by far the most rational and agreeable company I have.

I don't tell you that the hereditary prince is still expected and not arrived. A royal wedding would be a flat episode after a *real* fairy tale, though the bridegroom is a hero. I have not seen your brother general yet, but have called on him. When come you yourself? Never mind the town and its filthy politics; we can go to the gallery at Strawberry—stay, I don't know whether we can or not, my hill is almost drowned, I don't know how your mountain is—well we can take a boat, and always be gay there; I wish we may be so at seventy-six and eighty! I abominate politics more and more; we had glories, and would not keep them: well! content, that there was an end of blood; then perks prerogative its ass's ears up; we are always to be saving our liberties, and then staking them again! 'Tis wearisome! I hate the discussion, and yet one cannot always sit at a gaming-

<sup>1</sup> The hon. William Richard Chetwynd, youngest brother of Walter Chetwynd, esq., who, having resided as ambassador at Turin, and subsequently filled the office of master of the stag-hounds, was created, in 1717, viscount Chetwynd of Berehaven, in the county Cork, and baron of Rathdown county, Dublin, and dying without issue, in 1735, was succeeded by his next brother John, second viscount. [Ed.]



~~table and never make a bet.~~ I wish for nothing, I care not a straw for the ins or the outs; I determine never to think of them, ~~yet the contagion catches one;~~ can you tell any thing that will ~~prevent infection!~~ Well then, here I swear—no, I won't swear, ~~'one always breaks one's oath.~~ Oh, that I had been born to love a court like sir William Breton! I should have lived and died with the comfort of thinking that courts there will be to all eternity, and the liberty of my country would never once have ruffled my smile, or spoiled my bow. I envy sir William! Good night!

Yours ever.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington-street, Jan. 31, 1764.

DEAR SIR,

Several weeks ago I begged you to tell me how to convey to you a print of Strawberry-hill, and another of archbishop Hutton. I must now repeat the same request for two more volumes of my Anecdotes of Painting, which are on the point of being published. I hope no illness prevented my hearing from you.

Yours ever.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

DEAR SIR,

I am impatient for your manuscript, but have not yet received it. You may depend on my keeping it to myself, and returning it safely.

I do not know that history of my father, which you mention, by the name of Musgrave. If it is the critical history of his administration, I have it; if not, I shall be obliged to you for it.

Your kindness to your tenants is like yourself, and most humane. I am glad your prize rewards you, and wish your fortune had been as good as mine, who with a single ticket in this last lottery got five hundred pounds.

I have nothing new, that is, nothing old, to tell you. You

care not about the present world, and are the only real philosopher I know.

I this winter met with a very large lot of English heads, chiefly of the reign of James I., which very nearly perfects my collection. There were several which I had in vain hunted for these ten years. I have bought two, some very scarce, but more modern ones out of sir Charles Cotterel's collection. Except a few of Faithorne's, there are scarce any now that I much wish for.

With my Anecdotes I packed up for you the head of archbishop Hutton, and a new little print of Strawberry. If the volumes, as I understand by your letter, stay in town to be bound, I hope your bookseller will take care not to lose those trifles.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington-street, March 3, 1764.

DEAR SIR,

Just as I was going to the opera, I received your MS. I would not defer telling you so, that you may know it is safe. But I have additional reason to write to you immediately; for, on opening the book, the first thing I saw was a new obligation to you, the charming Faithorne of Sr. Orlando Bridgman, which according to your constantly obliging manner you have sent me, and I almost fear you think I begged it; but I can disculpate myself, for I had discovered that it belongs to Dugdale's *Origines Judiciales*, and had ordered my bookseller to try to get me that book, which, when I accomplish, you shall command your own print again; for it is too fine an impression to rob you of.

I have been so entertained with your book, that I have staid at home on purpose, and gone through three parts of it. It makes me wish earnestly some time or other to go through all your collections, for I have already found twenty things of great moment to me. One is particularly satisfactory to me; it is in Mr. Baker's MSS. at Cambridge; the title of Eglesham's book against the duke of Bucks,<sup>1</sup> mentioned by me in

<sup>1</sup> This libellous book, written by a Scotch physician, and which is reprinted in the 2d vol. of the Harleian Miscellany, and in the fifth vol. of

the account of Gerbier, from Vertue, who fished out every thing, and always proves in the right. This piece I must get transcribed by Mr. Gray's assistance. I fear I shall detain your MS. prisoner a little, for the notices I have found, but I will take infinite care of it, as it deserves.

I have got among my *new* old prints a most curious one of one Toole. It seems to be a burlesque. He lived in *temp.* Jac. 1, and appears to have been an adventurer like Sr. Ant. Shirley :<sup>2</sup> can you tell me any thing of him?

I must repeat how infinitely I think myself obliged to you both for the print and the use of your MS. which is of the greatest use and entertainment to me—but you frighten me about Mr. Baker's MSS. from the neglect of them. I should lose all patience if yours were to be treated so. Bind them in iron, and leave them in a chest of cedar. They are, I am sure, most valuable, from what I have found already.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington-street, April 12, 1764.

DEAR SIR,

I shall send your MS. volume this week to Mr. Cartwright, and with a thousand thanks. I ought to beg your pardon for having detained it so long. The truth is, I had not time till last week to copy two or three little things at most. Do not let this delay discourage you from lending me more. If I have them in summer, I shall keep them much less time than in winter. I do not send my print with it as you ordered me, because I find it is too large to lie within the volume; and doubling a mezzotinto, you know, spoils it. You shall have one or more, if you please, whenever I see you.

I have lately made a few curious additions to my collections of various sorts, and shall hope to shew them to you at Strawberry-hill. Adieu!

the Somers' Collection of Tracts, was considered by sir H. Wotton "as one of the alleged incentives which hurried Felton to become an assassin." [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Shirley's various embassies will be found in the collections of Hakluyt and Purchas. An article upon his travels, which were published in 1601, occurs likewise in the second volume of the Retrospective Review. The Travels of the Three Brothers were published from the original MSS. in 1826. [Ed.]

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington-street, April 19, 1764.

I AM just come from the duchess of Argyll's,<sup>1</sup> where I dined. General Warburton was there, and said it was the report at the House of Lords that you are turned out—He imagined, of your regiment—but that I suppose is a mistake for the bedchamber.<sup>2</sup> I shall hear more to-night, and lady Strafford, who brings you this, will tell you; though to be sure you will know earlier by the post to-morrow. My only reason for writing is, to repeat to you, that whatever you do I shall act with you.<sup>3</sup> I resent any thing done to you as to myself. My fortunes shall never be separated from yours—except that some time or other I hope yours will be great, and I am content with mine.

The Manns go on with the business.<sup>4</sup>—The letter you received was from Mr. Edward Mann, not from Gal's widow. Adieu! I was going to say, my *disgraced* friend—How delightful to have a character so unspotted, that the word *disgrace* recoils on those who displace you!

Yours unalterably.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, Saturday-night, eight o'clock,  
April 21, 1764.

I WRITE to you with a very bad head-ache; I have passed a night, for which \* \* \* and the duke of \* \* \* shall pass many an uneasy one! Notwithstanding I heard from every body I met, that your regiment, as well as bedchamber, were taken away, I would not believe it, till last night the duchess of Grafton

<sup>1</sup> Widow of John Campbell, duke of Argyle. She was sister to general Warburton, and had been maid of honour to queen Anne. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Conway was dismissed from all his employments, civil and military, for having opposed the ministry in the House of Commons, on the question of the legality of general warrants, at the time of the prosecution of Mr. Wilkes for the publication of the 'North Briton.' [Or.]

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Walpole was then in the House of Commons, member for King's Lynn in Norfolk. [Or.]

<sup>4</sup> Of army-clothiers. [Or.]

told me, that the night before the duchess of \* \* \* \* \* said to her, "Are not you very sorry for poor Mr. Conway? He has lost every thing." When the witch of Endor pities, one knows she has raised the devil.

I am come hither alone to put my thoughts into some order, and to avoid showing the first sallies of my resentment, which I know you would disapprove; nor does it become your friend to rail. My anger shall be a little more manly, and the plan of my revenge a little deeper laid than in peevish *bons-mots*.<sup>1</sup> You shall judge of my indignation by its duration.

In the mean time, let me beg you, in the most earnest and most sincere of all professions, to suffer me to make your loss as light as it is in my power to make it: I have six thousand pounds in the funds; accept all or what part you want. Do not imagine I will be put off with a refusal. The retrenchment of my expenses, which I shall from this hour commence, will convince you that I mean to replace your fortune as far as I can. When I thought you did not want it, I had made another disposition. You have ever been the dearest person to me in the world. You have shown that you deserve to be so.—You suffer for your spotless integrity.—Can I hesitate a moment to show that there is at least one man who knows how to value you? The new will, which I am going to make, will be a testimonial of my own sense of virtue.

One circumstance has heightened my resentment. If it was *not* an accident, it deserves to heighten it. The very day on which your dismissal was notified, I received an order from the Treasury for the payment of what money was due to me there. Is it possible that they could mean to make any distinction between us? Have I separated myself from you? Is there

<sup>1</sup> The following lines appear in the Gentleman's Magazine for May, 1764.

"On General Conway's Dismission.

"Should future annals the strange story tell,  
How honour, valour, wit, and Conway fell;  
Should they declare *Dismission* was his lot,  
(Though neither *Coward, Traitor, Rebel, Scot*)  
With generous pride our children will disdain  
So foul a stigma on our monarch's reign:  
So great his goodness, and so just his praise  
They'll not believe 'twas done in *George's* days." [Ed.]

that spot on earth where I can be suspected of having paid court? Have I even left my name at a minister's door since you took your part? If they have dared to hint this, the pen that is now writing to you will bitterly undeceive them.

I am impatient to see the letters you have received, and the answers you have sent. Do you come to town? If you do not, I will come to you to-morrow se'nnight, that is, the 29th. I give no advice on any thing, because you are cooler than I am—not so cool, I hope, as to be insensible to this outrage, this villany, this injustice! You owe it to your country to labour the extermination of such ministers!

I am so bad a hypocrite, that I am afraid of showing how deeply I feel this. Yet last night I received the account from the duchess of Grafton with more temper than you believe me capable of: but the agitation of the night disordered me so much, that lord John Cavendish, who was with me two hours this morning, does not, I believe, take me for a hero. As there are some who I know would enjoy my mortification, and who probably designed I should feel my share of it, I wish to command myself—but that struggle shall be added to their bill. I saw nobody else before I came away but Legge,<sup>a</sup> who sent for me and wrote the enclosed for you. He would have said more both to you and lady Ailesbury, but I would not let him, as he is so ill: however, he thinks himself that he shall live. I hope he will! I would not lose a shadow that can haunt these ministers.

I feel for lady Ailesbury, because I know she feels just as I do—and it is not a pleasant sensation. I will say no more, though I could write volumes. Adieu!

Yours, as I ever have been and ever will be.

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington-street, April 24, 1764.

I REJOICE that you feel your loss<sup>1</sup> so little: that you act with dignity and propriety does not surprise me. To have you

<sup>1</sup> The right hon. Henry Bilson Legge, uncle to the earl of Dartmouth, and sometime chancellor of the Exchequer: he died 23d August 1764: [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Of his employments. [Or.]

behave in character and with character, is my first of all wishes; for then it will not be in the power of man to make you unhappy. Ask yourself—Is there a man in England with whom you would change character? Is there a man in England who would not change with you? Then think how little they have taken away!

For me, I shall certainly conduct myself as you prescribe. *Your* friend shall say and do nothing unworthy of *your* friend. You govern me in every thing but one: I mean the disposition I have told you I shall make. Nothing can alter that but a great change in your fortune. In another point, you partly misunderstood me. That I shall explain hereafter.

I shall certainly meet you here on Sunday, and very cheerfully. We may laugh at a world in which nothing of us will remain long but our characters.

Yours eternally.

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, May 10, 1764.

I HOPE I have done well for you, and that you will be content with the execution of your commission. I have bought you two pictures, No. 14, which is by no means a good picture, but it went so cheap and looked so old-fashionably, that I ventured to give eighteen shillings for it. The other is very pretty, No. 17; two sweet children, undoubtedly by sir Peter Lely. This costs you four pounds ten shillings; what shall I do with them—how convey them to you? The picture of lord Romney, which you are so fond of, was not in this sale, but I suppose remains with lady Sidney. I bought for myself much the best picture in the auction, a fine Vandyke of the famous lady Carlisle and her sister Leicester, in one piece: it cost me nine-and-twenty guineas.

In general, the pictures did not go high, which I was glad of, that the vulture, who sells them, may not be more enriched than could be helped. There was a whole length of sir Henry Sidney,<sup>1</sup> which I should have liked, but it went for fifteen

<sup>1</sup> Sir Henry Sidney, the friend and confidant of Edward VI., lord presi-

guineas. Thus ends half the glory of Penshurst! Not one of the miniatures was sold.

I go to Strawberry to-morrow for a week. When do you come to Frogmore? I wish to know, because I shall go soon to Park-place, and would not miss the visit you have promised me. Adieu!

Yours ever.

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington-street, June 5, 1764.

You will wonder that I have been so long without giving you any signs of life; yet, though not writing to you, I have been employed *about* you, as I have ever since the 21st of April; a day your enemies shall have some cause to remember. I had writ nine or ten sheets of an answer to the *Address to the Public*, when I received the enclosed *mandate*.<sup>1</sup> You will see *my masters* order me, as a subaltern of the exchequer, to drop you and defend them—but you will see, too, that instead of obeying, *I have given warning*. I would not communicate any part of this transaction to you, till it was out of my hands, because I knew your affection for me would not approve my going so far—But it was necessary. My honour required that I should declare my adherence to you in the most authentic manner. I found that some persons had dared to doubt whether I would risk every thing for you. You see by these letters that Mr. Grenville himself had presumed so. Even a change in the administration, however unlikely, might happen before I had any opportunity of declaring myself; and then those who should choose to put the worst construction, either on my actions or my silence, might say what they pleased. I was waiting for some opportunity: they have put it into my hands, and I took care not to let it slip. Indeed they have put more into my hands, which I have not let slip neither. Could I expect they would give me so absurd an account of Mr. Grenville's conduct, and give it me in wri-

dent of Wales, and lord deputy of Ireland, in the reign of Elizabeth. He was the father of the celebrated sir Philip Sidney. [Ed.]

<sup>1</sup> The paper here alluded to does not appear. [Or.]



ting? They can only add to this obligation that of provocation to print my letter, which, however strong in facts, I have taken care to make very decent in terms, because it imports us to have the candid (that is, I fear, the mercenary) on our side.—No, that we must not expect, but at least disarmed.

Lord Tavistock has flung his handkerchief to lady Elizabeth Keppel.<sup>2</sup> They all go to Woburn on Thursday, and the ceremony is to be performed as soon as her brother, the bishop, can arrive from Exeter. I am heartily glad the duchess of Bedford does not set her heart on marrying me to any body; I am sure she would bring it about. She has some small intentions of coupling my niece and \* \* \*, but I have forbidden the banns.

The birth-day, I hear, was lamentably empty. We had a funereal loo last night in the great chamber at lady Bel. Finch's; the Duke, princess Emily, and the duchess of Bedford were there. The princess entertained her grace with the joy the duke of Bedford will have in being a grandfather; in which reflection, I believe, the grandmotherhood was not forgotten. Adieu!

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, June 18, 1764.

I TRUST that you have thought I was dead; it is so long since you heard of me. In truth, I had nothing to talk of but cold and hot weather, of rain and want of rain—subjects that have been our summer conversation for these twenty years. I am pleased that you was content with your pictures, and shall be glad if you have begotten ancestors out of them. You may tell your uncle Algernon that I go to-morrow where he would not be ashamed to see me; as there are not many such spots at present; you and he will guess it is to Park-place.

Strawberry, whose glories perhaps verge towards their setting, has been more sumptuous to-day than ordinary, and banquetted their representative majesties of France and Spain. I had

<sup>2</sup> Sister of the earl of Albemarle. The marriage took place on the 7th June 1764. [Ed.]

monsieur and madame de Guerchy,<sup>1</sup> mademoiselle de Nangis their daughter, two other French gentlemen, the prince of Maserano, his brother and secretary, lord March, George Selwyn, Mrs. Ann Pitt, and my niece Waldegrave. The refectory never was so crowded; nor have any foreigners been here before that comprehended Strawberry. Indeed, every thing succeeded to a hair. A violent shower in the morning laid the dust, brightened the green, refreshed the roses, pinks, orange-flowers, and the blossoms, with which the acacias are covered. A rich storm of thunder and lightning gave a dignity of colouring to the heavens; and the sun appeared enough to illuminate the landscape, without basking himself over it at his length. During dinner, there were French-horns and clarionettes in the cloister, and after coffee I treated them with an English, and to them a very new collation, a syllabub milked under the cows that were brought to the brow of the terrace. Thence, they went to the printing-house, and saw a new fashionable French song printed. They drank tea in the gallery, and at eight went away to Vaux-hall.

They really seemed quite pleased with the place and the day; but I must tell you, the treasury of the abbey will feel it, for without magnificence, all was handsomely done. I must keep maigre; at least till the interdict is taken off from my convent. I have kings and queens, I hear in my neighbourhood, but this is no royal foundation. Adieu!

Your poor beadsman,

THE ABBOT OF STRAWBERRY.

P.S. Mr. T \* \* \* 's servile poem is rewarded with one hundred and sixty pounds a-year in the Post-office.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill July, 16, 1764.

MR. CHUTE says you are peremptory that you will not cast a look southwards. Do you know that in that case you will not

<sup>1</sup> The comte de Guerchy, who had arrived in the October preceding, as ambassador from the court of France. [Ed.]

set eyes on me the Lord knows when? My mind is pretty much fixed on going to Paris the beginning of September. I think I shall go, if it is only to scold my lord and lady Hertford for sending me their cousins, the duke and duchess of Berwick,<sup>1</sup> who say they are come to see their relations. By their appearance, you would imagine they were come to beg money of their family. He has just the sort of capacity which you would expect in a Stuart engrafted on a Spaniard. He asked me which way he was to come to Twickenham? I told him through Kensington, to which I supposed his geography might reach. He replied, "*Oh! du côté de la mer.*" She, who is sister of the duke of Aloa, is a decent kind of a body; but they talk wicked French. I gave them a dinner here t'other day, with the marquis of Jamaica, their only child, and a fat tutor, and the few Fitzroys I could amass at this season. They were very civil and seemed much pleased. To-day they are gone to Blenheim by invitation. I want to send you something from the Strawberry press; tell me how I shall convey it;—it is nothing less than the most curious book that ever set its foot into the world. I expect to hear you scream hither: if you don't I shall be disappointed, for I have kept it a most profound secret from you, till I was ready to surprise you with it; I knew your impatience, and would not let you have it piecemeal. It is the life of the great philosopher, lord Herbert,<sup>2</sup> written by himself. Now are you disappointed? Well, read it—not the first forty pages, of which you will be sick—I will not anticipate it, but I will tell you the history. I found it a year ago at lady Hertford's, to whom lady Powis had lent it. I took it up, and soon threw it down again, as the dullest thing I ever saw. She persuaded me to take it home. My lady Waldegrave was here in all her grief; Gray and I read it to amuse her. We could not get on for laughing and screaming. I begged to have it to print; lord Powis, sensible of the extravagance, refused—I insisted—he persisted. I told my lady

<sup>1</sup> The duke of Berwick was introduced at St. James's on the 5th July. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> The life of lord Herbert, of Cherbury, written by himself. Strawberry-hill, 4to, 1764. This was the first edition of this celebrated autobiography. It was reprinted at Edinburgh, in 1807, with a prefatory notice, said to be by sir Walter Scott, and an edition, which also contained his letters, written during his residence at the French court, was published in 1826. [Ed.]

Hertford, it was no matter, I would print it, I was determined. I sat down and wrote a flattering dedication to lord Powis, which I knew he would swallow: he did, and gave up his ancestor. But this was not enough; I was resolved the world should not think I admired it seriously, though there are really fine passages in it, and good sense, too; I drew up an equivocal preface, in which you will discover my opinion, and sent it with the dedication. The earl gulped down the one under the palliative of the other, and here you will have all. Pray take notice of the pedigree, of which I am exceedingly proud; observe how I have clearly arranged so involved a descent: one may boast of one's heraldry. I shall send you, too, lady Temple's poems.<sup>3</sup> Pray keep both under lock and key, for there are but two hundred copies of lord Herbert, and but one hundred of the poems suffered to be printed.

I am almost crying to find the glorious morsel of summer that we have had, turned into just such a watery season as the last. Even my excess of verdure, which used to comfort me for every thing, does not satisfy me now, as I live entirely alone. I am heartily tired of my large neighbourhood, who do not furnish me two or three rational beings at most, and the best of them have no vivacity. London, whither I go at least once a fortnight for a night, is a perfect desert. As the court is gone into a convent at Richmond, the town is more abandoned than ever. I cannot, as you do, bring myself to be content without variety, without events: my mind is always wanting new food; summer does not suit me; but I will grow old some time or other. Adieu!

Yours ever.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, July 16, 1764.

DEAR SIR,

You must think me a brute to have been so long without taking any notice of your obliging offer of coming hither. The truth is, I have not been at all settled here for three days toge-

<sup>3</sup> "Poems by Anna Chambers, countess Temple." Strawberry-hill, 1764, 4to. [Ed.]

ther ; nay, nor do I know when I shall be. I go to-morrow into Sussex ; in August into Yorkshire, and in September into France. If, in any interval of these jaunts, I can be sure of remaining here a week, which I literally have not been this whole summer, I will certainly let you know, and will claim your promise.

Another reason for my writing now, is, I want to know how I may send you lord Herbert's Life, which I have just printed. Did I remember the favour you did me of asking for my own print ? if I did not, it shall accompany this book. Adieu !

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington-street, July 21, 1764.

DEAR SIR,

I must never send you trifles ; for you always make me real presents in return. The beauty of the coin surprises me. Mr. White must be rich, when such are his duplicates. I am acquainted with him, and have often intended to visit his collection : but it is one of those things one never does, because one always may. I give you a thousand thanks in return, and what are not worth more, my own print, Lord Herbert's Life, (this is curious, though it cost me little) and some orange-flowers. I wish you had mentioned the latter sooner : I have had an amazing profusion this year, and given them away to the right and left by handfulls. These are all I could collect to-day, as I was coming to town ; but you shall have more, if you want them.

I consign these things as you ordered : I wish the print may arrive without being rumpled ; it is difficult to convey mezzotintos :—but if this is spoiled, you shall have another.

If I make any stay in France, which I do not think I shall, above six weeks at most, you shall certainly hear from me :—but I am a bad commissioner for searching you out a hermitage. It is too much against my interest : and I had much rather find you one in the neighbourhood of Strawberry. Adieu !

Dear sir, yours most sincerely.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Aug. 16, 1764.

I AM not gone north, so pray write to me. I am not going south, so pray come to me. The duke of Devonshire's journey to Spa has prevented the first, and twenty reasons the second; whenever, therefore, you are disposed to make a visit to Strawberry, it will rejoice to receive you in its old ruffs and fardingales, and without rouge, blonde, and run silks.

You have not said a word to me, ingrate as you are, about lord Herbert; does not he deserve one line? Tell me when I shall see you, that I may make no appointments to interfere with it. Mr. Conway, lady Ailesbury, and lady Lyttleton, have been at Strawberry with me for four and five days, so I am come to town to have my house washed; for you know I am a very Hollander in point of cleanliness. This town is a deplorable solitude; one meets nothing but Mrs. Holman, like the pelican in the wilderness. Adieu!

Yours ever.

To THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, August 29, 1764.

DEAR SIR,

Among the multitude of my papers, I have mislaid, though not lost, the account you were so good as to give me of your ancestor Tuer, as a painter. I have been hunting for it, to insert it in the new edition of my Anecdotes. It is not very reasonable to save myself trouble at the expense of your's; but perhaps you can much sooner turn to your notes than I find your letter. Will you be so good as to send me soon all the particulars you recollect of him. I have a print of sir Lionel Jenkins from his painting.

I did not send you any more orange-flowers, as you desired: for the continued rains rotted all the latter blow: but I had made a vast *pot-pourri*, from whence you shall have as much as you please, when I have the pleasure of seeing you here, which

I should be glad might be in the beginning of October, if it suits your convenience. At the same time you shall have a print of lord Herbert, which I think I did not send you.

I am most truly yours.

P.S. I trust you will bring me a volume or two of your MSS. of which I am most thirsty.

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

September 1, 1764.

I SEND you the reply to "The Counter-address;" it is the lowest of all Grub-street, and I hear is treated so. They have nothing better to say, than that I am in love with you, have been so these twenty years, and am no giant. I am a very constant old swain: they might have made the years above thirty; it is so long I have had the same unalterable friendship for you, independent of being near relations and bred up together. For arguments, so far from any new ones, the man gives up or denies most of the former. I own I am rejoiced not only to see how little they can defend themselves, but to know the extent of their malice and revenge! They must be sorely hurt, when reduced to such scurrility. Yet there is one paragraph, however, which I think is of \* \* \* \* \*'s own inditing. It says, *I flattered, solicited, and then basely deserted him*. I no more expected to hear myself accused of flattery, than of being in love with you; but I shall not laugh at the former as I do at the latter. Nothing but his own consummate vanity could suppose I had ever stooped to flatter *him*! or that any man was connected with him, but who was low enough to be paid for it. Where has he one such attachment?

You have your share, too—The miscarriage at Rochfort now directly laid at your door: repeated insinuations against your courage:—but I trust you will mind them no more than I do, excepting the *flattery*, which I shall not forget, I promise them.

<sup>1</sup> A pamphlet written by Mr. Walpole, in answer to another, called "An Address to the Public on the late dismissal of a General Officer" [Or.]

I came to town yesterday on some business, and found a case.—When I opened it, what was there but my lady Ailesbury's most beautiful of all pictures! <sup>2</sup> Don't imagine I can think it intended for me, or that, if it could be so, I would hear of such a thing. It is far above what can be parted with, or accepted. I am serious—there is no letting such a picture, when one has accomplished it, go from where one can see it every day. I should take the thought equally kind and friendly, but she must let me bring it back, if I am not to do any thing else with it, and it came by mistake. I am not so selfish to deprive her of what she must have such pleasure in seeing. I shall have more satisfaction in seeing it at Park-place; where, in spite of the worst kind of malice, I shall persist in saying my heart is fixed. They may ruin me, but no calumny shall make me desert you. Indeed your case would be completely cruel, if it was more honourable for your relations and friends to abandon you than to stick to you. My option is made, and I scorn their abuse as much as I despise their power.

I think of coming to you on Thursday next for a day or two, unless your house is full, or you hear from me to the contrary. Adieu!

Yours ever.

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TO THE REV. DR. BIRCH.

September 3, 1764.

SIR,

I AM extremely obliged to you for the favour of your letter, and the enclosed curious one of sir William Herbert. It would have made a very valuable addition to Lord Herbert's Life, which is now too late, as I have no hope that lord Powis will permit any more to be printed. There were indeed so very few, and but half of those for my share, that I have not it in my power to offer you a copy, having disposed of my part. It is really a pity that so singular a curiosity should not be public;—but I must not complain, as lord Powis has been so good as to indulge my request thus far.

<sup>2</sup> A landscape executed in worsteds by lady Ailesbury. [Or.]



TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, September 25, 1764.

DEAR SIR,

The third week in October will be just as convenient to me as any other time, and as you choose it, more agreeable; because when you are so obliging to take the trouble of coming so far, I should not be easy if it laid you under any difficulty. Shall we therefore settle it for the 22d or 23d of October?

Your ever obliged humble servant.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 5, 1764.

IT is over with us!—If I did not know your firmness, I would have prepared you by degrees; but you are a man, and can hear the worst at once. The duke of Cumberland<sup>1</sup> is dead.<sup>2</sup> I have heard it but this instant. The duke of Newcastle was come to breakfast with me, and had pulled out a letter from lord Frederick, with a hopeless account of the poor duke of Devonshire. Ere I could read it, colonel Schutz called at the door and told my servant this fatal news! I know no more—it must be at Newmarket, and very sudden; for the duke of Newcastle had a letter from Hodgson, dated on Monday,

<sup>1</sup> William duke of Cumberland, son of George II. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> This report proved to be unfounded. The duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden, was suddenly seriously indisposed at Newmarket, when this letter was written, from the breaking out of the wound which he received at the battle of Dettingen; but his demise did not take place until the 31st October in the following year. On the morning of that day, he was at Court; in the afternoon, he dined with lord Albemarle, and drank tea with the princess of Brunswick at St. James's; from whence he came to his own house, in Upper Grosvenor-street, to be present at a council. Just as the lord Chancellor and the duke of Newcastle arrived, he complained of a pain in his shoulder, and of being cold and shivering; and, desiring to be laid on a couch, which was done, he said to lord Albemarle, "It is all over." Sir Charles Wintringham, the King's physician, was immediately summoned, but his efforts to save him were ineffectual, and he expired without the slightest struggle in about twenty minutes from the commencement of his attack. [Ed.]

which said the duke was perfectly well, and his gout gone:—yes, to be sure, into his head. Princess Amelia had endeavoured to prevent his going to Newmarket, having perceived great alteration in his speech, as the duke of Newcastle had.—Well! it will not be.—Every thing fights against this country! Mr. Pitt must save it himself—or, what I do not know whether he will not like as well, share in overturning its liberty—if they will admit him; which I question now if they will be fools enough to do.

You see I write in despair. I am for the whole, but perfectly tranquil. We have acted with honour, and have nothing to reproach ourselves with. We cannot combat fate. We shall be left almost alone; but I think you will no more go with the torrent than I will. Could I have foreseen this tide of ill-fortune, I would have done just as I have done; and my conduct shall show I am satisfied I have done right. For the rest, come what come may, I am perfectly prepared! and, while there is a free spot of earth upon the globe, that shall be my country. I am sorry it will not be this, but to-morrow I shall be able to laugh as usual. What signifies what happens when one is seven-and-forty, as I am to-day?

“They tell me ’tis my birthday”—but I will not go on with Antony, and say

————— “and I’ll keep it  
With double pomp of sadness,”

No; when they can smile who ruin a great country, sure those who would have saved it may indulge themselves in that cheerfulness which conscious integrity bestows. I think I shall come to you next week; and, since we have no longer any plan of operations to settle, we will look over the map of Europe, and fix upon a pleasant corner for our exile—for, take notice, I do not design to fall upon my dagger, in hopes that some Mr. Addison a thousand years hence may write a dull tragedy about me. I will write my own story a little more cheerfully than he would; but I fear now I must not print it at my own press. Adieu! You were a philosopher before you had any occasion to be so: pray continue so; you have ample occasion!

Yours ever.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, October 13, 1764.

LORD JOHN Cavendish has been so kind as to send me word of the duke of Devonshire's<sup>1</sup> legacy<sup>2</sup> to you. You cannot doubt of the great joy this gives me; and yet it serves to aggravate the loss of so worthy a man! And when I feel it thus, I am sensible how much more it will add to your concern, instead of diminishing it. Yet do not wholly reflect on your misfortune. You might despise the acquisition of five thousand pounds simply; but, when that sum is a public testimonial to your virtue, and bequeathed by a man so virtuous, it is a million. Measure it with the riches of those who have basely injured you, and it is still more! Why it is glory; it is conscious innocence; it is satisfaction—it is affluence without guilt—Oh! the comfortable sound! It is a good name in the history of these corrupt days. There it will exist, when the wealth of your and their country's enemies will be wasted, or will be an indelible blemish on their descendants.

My heart is full, and yet I will say no more. My best loves to all your opulent family. Who says virtue is not rewarded in this world? It is rewarded by virtue, and it is persecuted by the bad. Can greater honour be paid to it?

Yours ever.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, October 27, 1764.

DEAR SIR,

Though I am much concerned at not seeing you, I am more so at not hearing from you, as I fear your sore throat has

<sup>1</sup> William fourth duke of Devonshire. During his administration in Ireland, Mr. Conway had been secretary of state there. [Or.] He died at Spa, 2d October 1764. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> The legacy was contained in a codicil written in the duke's own hand, as follows:—"I give to general Conway five thousand pounds, as a testimony of my friendship for him, and of my sense of his honourable conduct and friendship for me." [Ed.]

proved more troublesome than you apprehended. Pray write me one line to tell me how you are.

I will not trouble you with more now, but to enclose a sheet, by which I hope you will approve the manner in which I have obeyed you.

Yours most faithfully.

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, October 29, 1764.

I AM glad you mentioned it: I would not have had you appear without your close mourning for the duke of Devonshire upon any account. I was once going to tell you of it, knowing your inaccuracy in such matters; but thought it still impossible you should be ignorant how necessary it is. Lord Strafford, who has a legacy of only £200, wrote to consult lady Suffolk. She told him, for such a sum, which only implies a ring, it was sometimes not done; but yet advised him to mourn. In your case, it is indispensable; nor can you see any of his family without it. Besides, it is much better on such an occasion to over, than under do. I answer this paragraph first, because I am so earnest not to have you blamed.

Besides wishing to see you all, I have wanted exceedingly to come to you, having much to say to you; but I am confined here, that is, Mr. Chute is: he was seized with the gout last Wednesday se'nnight, the day he came hither to meet George Montagu, and this is the first day he has been out of his bed-chamber. I must therefore put off our meeting till Saturday, when you shall certainly find me in town.

We have a report here, but the authority bitter bad, that lord March is going to be married to \* \* \*. I don't believe it the less for our knowing nothing of it; for unless their daughter were breeding, and it were to save her character, neither \* \* \*, nor \* \* \* would disclose a tittle about it. Yet in charity they should advertise it, that parents and relations, if it is so, may lock up all knives, ropes, laudanum, and rivers, lest it should occasion a violent mortality among his fair admirers.

I am charmed with an answer I have just read in the papers of a poor man in Bedlam, who was ill-used by an apprentice.

because he would not tell him why he was confined there. The unhappy creature said at last, "Because God has deprived me of a blessing which you never enjoyed." There never was any thing finer or more moving! Your sensibility will not be quite so much affected by a story I heard t'other day of sir Fletcher Norton.<sup>1</sup> He has a mother—yes, a mother: perhaps you thought, that, like that tender urchin Love,

— duris in cotibus illum

Ismarus, aut Rhodope, aut extremi Garamantes,  
Nec nostri generis puerum nec sanguinis edunt.

Well, Mrs. Rhodope lives in a mighty shabby hovel at Preston, which the dutiful and affectionate sir Fletcher began to think not suitable to the dignity of one who has the honour of being his parent. He cheapened a better, in which were two pictures which the proprietor valued at three-score pounds. The *attorney* insisted on having them for nothing as fixtures—the landlord refused, the bargain was broken off, and the dowager madam Norton remains in her original hut. I could tell another story which you would not dislike; but as it might hurt the person concerned, if it was known, I shall not send it by the post; but will tell it you when I see you. Adieu!

Yours most cordially.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

DEAR SIR,

I am heartily concerned for my disappointment, and more for the cause of it. Take care of yourself, and by no means venture catching cold. I shall be equally glad to see you on Tuesday, but I beg you not to come even then, if your throat is not perfectly cured.

Yours most sincerely.

<sup>1</sup> Son of Thomas Norton, esq., of Grantley. He was appointed solicitor-general, 14th December 1761, received the honour of knighthood in 1762, and was raised to the attorney-generalship in 1763. In 1769, upon the resignation of sir John Cust, he was elected speaker of the House of Commons, and upon his retirement was created lord Grantley, baron of Markenfield, in the county of York, by patent dated 9th April 1782. [Ed.]

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, October 30, 1764.

DEAR SIR,

I am rejoiced to hear you are well, but horridly vexed at my own negligence and oversight. Assure yourself I never wrote *procurer*, but *procureur*, leaving the original term, as I think one seldom gives a just idea by translating titles. If I *castrate* the whole half sheet, I will not leave it *procurer*.

I am obliged to go to London on Saturday for two or three days, but have no doubt of being back here before Thursday, 8th, and if I am, hope to see you for longer than a dinner. Thank you for your notices; I am sure, say what you will, I am still in your debt for a thousand obliging instances of friendship; and in truth am willing to be more so, for the communication of your MSS.

Yours most sincerely.

P.S. The enclosed trifle is only to fill up the packet.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, Nov. 8, 1764.

I AM much disappointed, I own, dear sir, at not seeing you: more so, as I fear it will be long before I shall, for I think of going to Paris early in February. I ought indeed to go directly, as the winter does not agree with me here. Without being positively ill, I am positively not well: about this time of year, I have little fevers every night, and pains in my breast and stomach, which bid me repair to a more flannel climate. These little complaints are already begun; and, as soon as affairs will permit me, I mean to transport them southward.

I am sorry it is out of my power to make the addition you wish to Mr. Tuer's article: many of the following sheets are printed off, and there is no inserting any thing now, without shoving the whole text forward, which you see is impossible. You promised to bring me a portrait of him: as I shall have four or five new plates, I can get his head into one of them:

will you send it as soon as you can possibly to my house in Arlington-street ; I will take great care of it, and return it you safe.

I thank you much for your corrections, though they are too late for my next edition ; it is printed to past the middle of the third volume.

Yours most sincerely.

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TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

November 10, 1764.

SOH ! madam, you expect to be thanked, because you have done a very obliging thing !<sup>1</sup> But I won't thank you, and I won't be obliged. It is very hard one can't come into your house and commend any thing, but you must recollect it and send it after one ! I will never dine in your house again ; and, when I do, I will like nothing ; and when I do, I will commend nothing ; and when I do, you shan't remember it. You are very grateful indeed to providence that gave you so good a memory, to stuff it with nothing but bills of fare of what every body likes to eat and drink ! I wonder you are not ashamed—I wonder you are not ashamed ! Do you think there is no such thing as gluttony of the memory ?—You a Christian ! A pretty account you will be able to give of yourself !—Your fine folks in France may call this friendship and attention, perhaps—but sure, if I was to go to the devil, it should be for thinking of nothing but myself, not of others, from morning to night. I would send back your temptations ; but, as I will not be obliged to you for them, verily I shall retain them to punish you ; ingratitude being a proper chastisement for sinful friendliness.

Thine in the spirit,

PILCHARD WHITFIELD.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Hervey, it is supposed, had sent Mr. Walpole some potted pilchards. [Or.]

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Dec. 16, 1764.

As I have not read in the paper that you died lately at Greatworth, in Northamptonshire, nor have met with any Montagu or Trevor in mourning, I conclude you are living: I send this, however, to inquire, and if you should happen to be departed, hope your executor will be so kind as to burn it. Though you do not seem to have the same curiosity about my existence, you may gather from my hand-writing that I am still in being; which being perhaps full as much as you want to know of me, I will trouble you with no farther particulars about myself—nay, nor about any body else; your curiosity seeming to be pretty much the same about all the world. News there are certainly none; nobody is even dead, as the bishop of Carlisle told me to-day, which I repeat to you in general, though I apprehend in his own mind he meant no possessor of a better bishopric.

If you like to know the state of the town, here it is. In the first place, it is very empty; in the next, there are more diversions than the week will hold. A charming Italian opera, with no dances and no company, at least on 'Tuesdays; to supply which defect, the subscribers are to have a ball and supper—a plan that in my humble opinion will fill the Tuesdays and empty the Saturdays. At both playhouses are woful English operas; which, however, fill better than the Italian, patriotism being entirely confined to our ears: how long the sages of the law may leave us those I cannot say. Mrs. Cornelis, apprehending the future assembly at Almack's, has enlarged her vast room, and hung it with blue satin, and another with yellow satin; but Almack's room, which is to be ninety feet long, proposes to swallow up both hers, as easily as Moses's rod gobbled down those of the magicians. Well, but there are more joys; a dinner and assembly every Tuesday at the Austrian minister's; ditto on Thursdays at the Spaniard's; ditto on Wednesdays and Sundays at the French ambassador's; besides madame de Welderen's on Wednesdays, lady Harrington's Sundays, and occasional private mobs at my lady Northumberland's. Then for the mornings, there are levees and drawing-rooms without end. Not to mention the macaroni-club, which has quite absorbed Arthur's; for



you know old fools will hobble after young ones. Of all these pleasures, I prescribe myself a very small pittance,—my dark corner in my own box at the opera, and now and then an ambassador, to keep my French going till my journey to Paris. Politics are gone to sleep, like a paroli at Pharaoh, though there is the finest tract lately published that ever was written, called an *Inquiry into the Doctrine of Libels*.<sup>1</sup> It would warm your old Algernon blood; but for what any body cares, might as well have been written about the wars of York and Lancaster. The thing most in fashion is my edition of lord Herbert's life; people are mad after it, I believe because only two hundred were printed; and, by the numbers that admire it, I am convinced that if I had kept his lordship's counsel, very few would have found out the absurdity of it. The caution with which I hinted at its extravagance, has passed with several for approbation, and drawn on theirs. This is nothing new to me; it is when one laughs out at their idols that one angers people. I do not wonder now that sir Philip Sidney was the darling ero, when lord Herbert, who followed him so close and trod in his steps, is at this time of day within an ace of rivalling him. I wish I had let him; it was contradicting one of my own maxims, which I hold to be very just; that it is idle to endeavour to cure the world of any folly, unless we could cure it of being foolish.

Tell me whether I am likely to see you before I go to Paris, which will be early in February. I hate you for being so indifferent about me. I live in the world, and yet love nothing; care a straw for nothing, but two or three old friends, that I have loved these thirty years. You have buried yourself with half-a-dozen parsons and 'squires, and yet never cast a thought upon those you have always lived with. You come to town for two months, grow tired in six weeks, hurry away, and then one hears no more of you till next winter. I don't want you to like the world, I like it no more than you; but I stay awhile in it, because while one sees it one laughs at it, but when one gives it up one grows angry with it; and I hold it much wiser to laugh than to be out of humour. You cannot imagine how much ill blood this perseverance has cured me of; I used to say to myself,

<sup>1</sup> "Inquiry into the doctrine lately propagated concerning Juries, Libels, &c., upon the principles of the law and the constitution."—London, 8vo., 1764. [Ed.]

“Lord! this person is so bad, that person is so bad, I hate them.” I have now found out that they are all pretty much alike, and I hate nobody. Having never found you out, but for integrity and sincerity, I am much disposed to persist in a friendship with you, but if I am to be at all the pains of keeping it up, I shall imitate my neighbours (I don’t mean those at next door, but in the scripture sense of neighbour, any body) and say “That is a very good man, but I don’t care a farthing for him.” Till I have taken my final resolution on that head, I am,

Yours most cordially.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Christmas-eve, 1764.

You are grown so good, and I delight so much in your letters when you please to write them, that though it is past midnight and I am to go out of town to-morrow morning, I must thank you.

I shall put your letter to Rheims into the foreign post with a proper penny, and it will go much safer and quicker than if I sent it to lord Hertford, for his letters lie very often till enough are assembled to compose a jolly caravan. I love your good brother John, as I always do, for keeping your birthday; I, who hate ceremonious customs, approve of what I know comes so much from the heart as all he and you do and say. The general surely need not ask leave to enclose letters to me.

There is neither news nor any body to make it but the clergy, who are all gaping after or about the Irish mitre,<sup>1</sup> which your old antagonist has quitted. Keene has refused it; Newton hesitates, and they think will not accept it; Ewer pants for it, and many of the bench I believe do every thing but pray for it. Goody Carlisle hopes for Worcester if it should be vacated, but I believe would not dislike to be *her Grace*.

This comes with your muff, my Anecdotes of Painting, the fine pamphlet on libels, and the Castle of Otranto, which came out to-day. All this will make some food for your fireside.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. John Stone, archbishop of Armagh and primate of all Ireland, died 19th December, 1764. [Ed.]

Since you will not come and see me before I go, I hope not to be gone before you come, though I am not quite in charity with you about it. Oh, I had forgot ; don't lend your lord Herbert, it will grow as dirty as the street ; and as there are so few, and they have been so lent about, and so dirtied, the few clean copies will be very valuable. What signifies whether they read it or not ? there will be a new fashion, or a new separation, or a new something or other, that will do just as well, before you can convey your copy to them ; and seriously, if you lose it, I have not another to give you ; and I would fain have you keep my editions together, as you have had the complete set. As I want to make you an economist of my books, I will inform you that this second set of anecdotes sells for three guineas. Adieu !

Yours ever.

P.S. I send you a decent smallish muff, that you may put in your pocket, and it costs but fourteen shillings.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Feb. 19, 1765.

YOUR health and spirits and youth delight me ; yet I think you make but a bad use of them, when you destine them to a triste house in a country solitude. If you were condemned to retirement, it would be fortunate to have spirits to support it ; but great vivacity is not a cause for making it one's option.

Why waste your sweetness on the desert air ? at least, why bestow so little of your cheerfulness on your friends ? I do not wish you to parade your rubicundity and gray hairs through the mobs and assemblies of London ; I should think you bestowed them as ill as on Greatworth ; but you might find a few rational creatures here, who are heartily tired of what are called our pleasures, and who would be glad to have you in their chimney corner. There you might have found *me* any time this fortnight ; I have been dying of the worst and longest cold I ever had in my days, and have been blooded and taken James's

powder to no purpose. I look almost like the skeleton that Frederick found in the oratory :<sup>1</sup> my only comfort was, that I should have owed my death to the long day in the House of Commons, and have perished with our liberties : but I think I am getting the better of my martyrdom, and shall live to see you ; nay, I shall not be gone to Paris. As I design that journey for the term of my figuring in the world, I would fain wind up my politics, too, and quit all public ties together. As I am not old yet, and have an excellent though delicate constitution, I may promise myself some agreeable years, if I could detach myself from all connexions but with a very few persons that I value. Oh, with what joy I could bid adieu to loving and hating ! to crowds, public places, great dinners, visits, and above all, to the House of Commons ; but pray mind, when I retire, it shall only be to London and Strawberry-hill—in London one can live as one will, and at Strawberry I will live as I will. *Apropos*, my good old tenant Franklin is dead, and I am in possession of his cottage, which will be a delightfully additional plaything at Strawberry. I shall be violently tempted to stick in a few cypresses and lilacs there, before I go to Paris. I don't know a jot of news : I have been a perfect hermit this fortnight, and buried in Runic poetry and Danish wars. In short, I have been deep in a late history of Denmark, written by one Mallet,<sup>2</sup> a Frenchman, a sensible man, but I cannot say he has the art of making a very tiresome subject agreeable. There are six volumes, and I am stuck fast in the fourth.

Lord Byron's trial,<sup>3</sup> I hear, is to be in May. If you are curious

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to the now well known scene in the last chapter of his *Castle of Otranto*. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> "Mallet's History of Denmark." The introduction to which was afterwards translated by bishop Percy, who added to it a number of additional notes and Goranson's Latin Version of the Edda, and published it in 1770, under the title of "Northern Antiquities, &c. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> For killing Mr. Chaworth in a duel on the 29th January 1765. He was arraigned before his peers in Westminster-hall the 26th and 27th April following, and found guilty of manslaughter ; but claiming the benefit of the statute of Edward VI., he was discharged upon simply paying his fees. The quarrel arose at a meeting of the Nottinghamshire club, of which they were both members, upon a question as to the quantity of game on their estates ; and, when Mr. Chaworth retired, lord Byron followed him out of the room in which they had dined, and stopping him on the landing of the stairs, desired the waiter to show them into an empty room. They were

about it, I can secure you a ticket for lord Lincoln's gallery. The Antiquarian Society have got goody Carlisle for their president, and I suppose she will sit upon a Saxon chalkstone till the return of king Arthur. Adieu!

Yours ever.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, Feb. 28, 1765.

DEAR SIR:

As you do not deal with newspapers, nor trouble yourselves with occurrences of modern times, you may perhaps conclude from what I have told you, and from my silence, that I am in France. This will tell you that I am not; though I have been long thinking of it, and still intend it, though not exactly yet. My silence I must lay on this uncertainty, and from having been much out of order above a month with a very bad cold and cough, for which I am come hither to try change of air. Your brother Apthorpe, who was so good as to call upon me about a fortnight ago in town, found me too hoarse to speak to him. We both asked one another the same question—news of you?

You have, I hope, got rid of all trouble from your imperinent neighbour, and reverted to the tranquillity you love.

I have for some time had the pictures from Dr. Cock, and shall have the one engraved that I conclude your ancestor, though there seems no very accurate marks to specify it.

I have lately had an accession to my territory here, by the death of good old Franklin, to whom I had given for his life the lease of the cottage and garden across the road. Besides a little pleasure in planting and in crowding it with flowers, I intend to make, what I am sure you are antiquarian enough to approve, a bower, though your friends the abbots did not indulge in such retreats, at least not under that appellation: but though we love the same ages, you must excuse worldly me for preferring the romantic scenes of antiquity. If you will tell me how to send it, and are partial enough to me to read a

accordingly shown into one, and a single candle placed upon the table. In a few minutes the bell was rung, and Mr. Chaworth was found mortally wounded. [Ed.]

profane work in the style of former centuries, I shall convey to you a little story-book, which I published some time ago, though not boldly with my own name: but it has succeeded so well, that I do not any longer *entirely* keep the secret. Does the title, *The Castle of Otranto*,<sup>1</sup> tempt you?

I shall be glad to hear you are well and happy.

Ever yours.

P.S. Pray direct your answer to Arlington-street.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, March 9, 1765.

DEAR SIR:

I had time to write but a short note with the *Castle of Otranto*, as your messenger called on me at four o'clock, as I was going to dine abroad. Your partiality to me and Strawberry have, I hope, inclined you to excuse the wildness of the story. You will even have found some traits to put you in mind of this place. When you read of the picture quitting its panel, did not you recollect the portrait of lord Falkland, all in white, in my gallery? Shall I even confess to you what was the origin of this romance? I waked one morning, in the beginning of last June, from a dream, of which all I could recover was, that I had thought myself in an ancient castle, (a very natural dream for a head filled like mine with Gothic story,) and that on the uppermost bannister of a great staircase I saw a gigantic hand in armour. In the evening, I sat down, and began to write, without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work grew on my hands, and I grew fond of it—add, that I was very glad to think of any thing

<sup>1</sup> The first edition of this work, of which but very few copies were printed, is now extremely rare. Its title runs as follows:—

*The Castle of Otranto, a Story, translated by William Marshal, gent., from the original Italian of Onuphrio Muralto, canon of the church of St. Nicholas at Otranto. London: printed for Thomas Lownds, in Fleet-street, MDCCLXV. 8vo.*

A second edition was published in the same year, to which was prefixed a sonnet to lady Mary Coke, signed H. W., and a second preface. [Ed.]

rather than politics. In short, I was so engrossed with my tale, which I completed in less than two months, that one evening I wrote from the time I had drunk my tea, about six o'clock, till half-an-hour after one in the morning, when my hand and fingers were so weary, that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking in the middle of a paragraph. You will laugh at my earnestness; but, if I have amused you, by retracing with any fidelity the manners of ancient days, I am content, and give you leave to think me as idle as you please.

You are, as you have long been to me, exceedingly kind, and I should, with great satisfaction, embrace your offer of visiting the solitude of Blechely, though my cold is in a manner gone, and my cough quite, if I was at liberty: but as I am preparing for my fresh journey, and have forty businesses upon my hands, and can only now and then purloin a day, or half a day, to come hither. You know I am not cordially disposed to *your* French journey, which is much more serious, as it is to be much more lasting. However, though I may suffer by your absence, I would not dissuade what may suit your inclination and circumstances. One thing, however, has struck me, which I must mention, though it would depend on a circumstance that would give me the most real concern. It was suggested to me by that real fondness I have for your MSS., for your kindness about which I feel the utmost gratitude. You would not, I think, leave them behind you: and are you aware of the danger you would run if you settled entirely in France? Do you know that the king of France is heir to all strangers who die in his dominions, by what they call the *Droit d'Aubaine*? Sometimes, by great interest and favour, persons have obtained a remission of this right in their lifetime: and yet that, even that, has not secured their effects from being embezzled. Old lady Sandwich<sup>1</sup> had obtained this remission, and yet, though she left every thing to the present lord, her grandson, a man for whose rank one should have thought they would have had regard, the king's officers forced themselves into her house, after her death, and

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth, second daughter of John Wilmot, earl of Rochester, and sister and co-heiress of Charles, third earl, and widow of Edward Montagu, third earl of Sandwich, who died 20th October 1729. It was lady Sandwich who gave Walpole the well known miniature of Ninon de l'Enclos, and which had been presented to her by Ninon herself. [Ed.]

plundered. You see, if you go, I shall expect to have your MSS. deposited with me—Seriously, you must leave them in safe custody behind you.

Lord Essex's trial is printed with the state trials. In return for your obliging offer, I can acquaint you with a delightful publication of this winter, A Collection of Old Ballads and Poetry, in three volumes, many from Pepys's Collection at Cambridge. There were three such published between thirty and forty years ago, but very carelessly, and wanting many in this set: indeed there were others, of a looser sort, which the present editor, who is a clergyman,<sup>2</sup> thought it decent to omit.

When you go into Cheshire, and upon your ramble, may I trouble you with a commission? but about which you must promise me not to go a step out of your way. Mr. Bateman has got a cloister at Old Windsor, furnished with ancient wooden chairs, most of them triangular, but all of various patterns, and carved and turned in the most uncouth and whimsical forms. He picked them up one by one, for two, three, five, or six shillings a-piece, from different farm-houses in Hertfordshire. I have long envied and coveted them. There may be such in poor cottages, in so neighbouring a county as Cheshire. I should not grudge any expense for purchase or carriage; and should be glad even of a couple such for my cloister here. When you are copying inscriptions in a church-yard in any village, think of me, and step into the first cottage you see—but don't take further trouble than that.

I long to know what your bundle of MSS. from Cheshire contains.

My bower is determined, but not at all what it is to be. Though I write romances, I cannot tell how to build all that belongs to them. Madame Danois, in the Fairy Tales, used to *tapestry* them with *jonquils*; but as that furniture will not last above a fortnight in the year, I shall prefer something more huckaback. I have decided that the outside shall be of *treillage*,

<sup>2</sup> "Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," the most delightful collection of national ballads which has appeared in this or any other country, not even excepting the celebrated Herder's beautiful selection of "*Volkstlieder*," is the work alluded to. The editor was the reverend Thomas Percy, fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, and afterwards bishop of Dromore. [Ed.]



which, however, I shall not commence till I have again seen some of old Louis's old-fashioned *Galanteries* at Versailles. Rosamond's bower,<sup>3</sup> you, and I, and Tom Hearne know, was a labyrinth: but as my territory will admit of a very short clew, I lay aside all thoughts of a mazy habitation: though a bower is very different from an arbour, and must have more chambers than one. In short, I both know, and don't know, what it should be. I am almost afraid I must go and read Spenser, and wade through his allegories and drawling stanzas, to get at a picture. But, good night! you see how one gossips when one is alone and at quiet on one's own dunghill!—Well! it may be trifling; yet it is such trifling as ambition never is happy enough to know! ambition orders palaces, but it is content that chats for a page or two over a bower.

Yours ever,

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TO MONSIEUR ELIE DE BEAUMONT.

[With the Castle of Otranto.]

Strawberry-hill, March 18, 1765.

SIR :

When I had the honour of seeing you here, I believe I told you that I had written a novel, in which I was flattered to find that I had touched an effusion of the heart in a manner similar to a passage in the charming letters of the marquis de Roselle.<sup>1</sup> I have since that time published my little story, but was so diffident of its merit that I gave it as a translation from the Italian. Still I should not have ventured to offer it to so great a mistress of the passions as madame de Beaumont, if the approbation of London, that is, of a country to which she and you, sir, are so good as to be partial, had not encouraged me to send it to you. After I have talked of the passions, and the

<sup>3</sup> The Bower of Rosamond, is said, or rather fabled, to have been a retreat built at Woodstock by Henry II., for the safe residence of his lovely mistress, Rosamond Clifford; the approaches of which were so intricate that it could not be entered without the guidance of a thread, which the king always kept in his own possession. His queen, Eleanor, having, however, gained possession of the thread, obtained access to, and speedily destroyed, her fair and amiable, although not spotless, rival. [Ed.]

<sup>1</sup> A French novel written by madame de Beaumont, wife of Monsieur Elie de Beaumont. [Or.]

natural effusions of the heart, how will you be surprised to find a narrative of the most improbable and absurd adventures ! How will you be amazed to hear that a country of whose good sense you have an opinion should have applauded so wild a tale ! But you must remember, sir, that whatever good sense we have, we are not yet in any light chained down to precepts and inviolable laws. All that Aristotle, or his superior commentators, your authors, have taught us, has not yet subdued us to regularity : we still prefer the extravagant beauties of Shakspeare and Milton to the cold and well-disciplined merit of Addison, and even to the sober and correct march of Pope. Nay, it was but t'other day that we were transported to hear Churchill rave in numbers less chastised than Dryden's, but still in numbers like Dryden's. You will not, I hope, think I apply these mighty names to my own case with any vanity, when it is only their enormities that I quote, and that in defence, not of myself, but of my countrymen, who have had good-humour enough to approve the visionary scenes and actors in the Castle of Otranto.

To tell you the truth, it was not so much my intention to recal the exploded marvels of ancient romance, as to blend the wonderful of old stories with the natural of modern novels. The world is apt to wear out any plan whatever ; and, if the marquis de Roselle had not appeared, I should have been inclined to say, that that species *had* been exhausted. Madame de Beaumont must forgive me if I add that Richardson had, to me at least, made that kind of writing insupportable. I thought the *nodus* was become *dignus vindice*, and that a god, at least a ghost, was absolutely necessary to frighten us out of too much senses. When I had so wicked a design, no wonder if the execution was answerable. If I make you laugh, for I cannot flatter myself that I shall make you cry, I shall be content ; at least I shall be satisfied, till I have the pleasure of seeing you, with putting you in mind of, sir,

Your most devoted humble servant.

P. S. The passage I alluded to in the beginning of my letter is where Matilda owns her passion to Hippolita.—I mention it as I fear so unequal a similitude would not strike madame de Beaumont.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, April 5, 1765.

I SENT you two letters t'other day from your kin, and might as well have written then as now, for I have nothing to tell you. Mr. Chute has quitted his bed to-day the first time for above five weeks, but is still swathed like a mummy. He was near relapsing; for old Mildmay, whose lungs, and memory, and tongue, will never wear out, talked to him t'other night from eight till half-an-hour after ten, on the Poor-bill; but he has been more comfortable with lord Dacre and me this evening.

I have read the *Siege of Calais*,<sup>1</sup> and dislike it extremely, though there are fine lines, but the conduct is woful. The outrageous applause it has received at Paris was certainly political, and intended to stir up their spirit and animosity against us, their good, merciful, and forgiving allies. They will have no occasion for this ardour; they may smite one cheek, and we shall turn t'other.

Though I have little to say, it is worth while to write, only to tell you two *bon-mots* of Quin, to that turn-coat hypocrite infidel, bishop Warburton.<sup>2</sup> That saucy priest was haranguing at Bath in behalf of prerogative: Quin said, "Pray, my lord, spare me, you are not acquainted with my principles, I am a republican; and perhaps I even think that the execution of Charles the first might be justified."—"Aye!" said Warburton, "by what law?" Quin replied, "*By all the laws he had left them.*" The bishop would have got off upon judgments, and bade the player remember that all the regicides came to violent ends; a lie, but no matter. "*I would not advise your lordship,*" said Quin, "*to make use of that inference, for if I am not mistaken, that was the case of the twelve apostles.*" There was great wit *ad hominem* in the latter reply, but I think the former equal to any thing I ever heard. It is the sum of the whole controversy

<sup>1</sup> A tragedy called the '*Siege of Calais*,' translated from the French, and published with historical notes. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> William Warburton bishop of Gloucester, eminent as a theological writer, critic, and controversialist; born at Newark-upon-Trent, 1691; died 1779. His most celebrated work is "*The Divine Legation of Moses demonstrated*," &c. [Ed.]

couched in eight monosyllables, and comprehends at once the king's guilt and the justice of punishing it. The more one examines it, the finer it proves. One can say nothing after it, so good night.

Yours ever.

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, May 26, 1765.

IF one of the one hundred events, and one hundredth part of the one hundred thousand reports that have passed, and been spread in this last month, have reached your solitary hill, you must be surprised at not a single word from me during that period. The number of events is my excuse. Though mine is the pen of a pretty ready writer, I could not keep pace with the revolutions of each day, each hour. I had not time to begin the narrative, much less to finish it: no, I must keep the whole to tell you at once, or to read it to you, for I think I shall write the history, which, let me tell you, Buckinger himself could not have crowded into a nut-shell.

For your part, you will be content though the house of Montagu has not made an advantageous figure in this political warfare; yet it is crowned with victory, and laurels you know compensate for every scar. You went out of town frightened out of your senses at the giant prerogative: alack! he is grown so tame, that, as you said of our earthquake, you may stroke him. The regency bill, not quite calculated with that intent, has produced four regents, king Bedford, king Grenville, king Halifax, and king Twitcher.<sup>1</sup> Lord Holland is turned out, and Stuart Mackenzie. Charles Townshend is paymaster, and lord Bute annihilated; and all done without the help of the Whigs. You love to guess what one is going to say; now you may guess what I am not going to say. Your newspapers perhaps have given you a long role of opposition names, who were coming into place, and so all the world thought; but the wind turned quite round, and left them on the strand, and just where they were, except in

<sup>1</sup> Calcraft the Army agent, christened by Wilkes, in the North Briton, "*Jemmy Twitcher*." [Ed.]

opposition, which is declared to be at an end. Enigma as all this may sound, the key would open it all to you in the twinkling of an administration. In the mean time, we have family reconciliations without end. The king and the duke of Cumberland have been shut up together day and night; lord Temple and George Grenville are sworn brothers: well, but Mr. Pitt, where is he? In the clouds, for aught I know, in one of which he may descend like the kings of Bantam, and take quiet possession of the throne again.

As a thorough-bass to these squabbles, we have had an insurrection and a siege. Bedford-house, though garriosned by horse and foot guards, was on the point of being taken.<sup>1</sup> The besieged are in their turn triumphant; and, if any body now was to publish *Droit le Duc*, I do not think the House of Lords would censure his book. Indeed the regents may do what they please, and turn out whom they will; I see nothing to resist them. Lord Bute will not easily be tempted to rebel when the last struggle has cost him so dear.

I am sorry for some of my friends, to whom I wished more fortune. For myself, I am but just where I should have been had they succeeded. It is satisfaction enough to me to be delivered from politics, which you know I have long detested. When I was tranquil enough to write Castles of Otranto in the midst of grave nonsense and foolish councils of war, I am not likely to disturb myself with the diversions of the court where I am not connected with a soul. As it has proved to be the interest of the present ministers, however contrary to their former views, to lower the crown, they will scarce be in a hurry to aggrandize it again. That will satisfy you, and I you know am satisfied if I have any thing to laugh at — 'tis a lucky age for a man who is so easily contented.

\* On the 14th May 1765, the Spitalfields weavers, to the number of 8,000, marched from Moorfields to St. James's, with a black flag flying before them, with a view of presenting to his majesty a petition shewing the distress entailed upon them by the importation of foreign silks. The king being at Richmond, they returned without presenting it; but, on his majesty's going to the House of Peers on the following day, he was followed by a large concourse of them. These disturbances continued on the 16th and 17th of the month. On the last day they presented themselves before the duke of Bedford's house in Bloomsbury-square, and threatened considerable damage, but were eventually dispersed by the soldiery. [Ed.]

The poor Chute has had another relapse, but is out of bed again. I am thinking of my journey to France, but, as Mr. Conway has a mind I should wait for him, I don't know whether it will take place before the autumn. I will by no means release you from your promise of making me a visit here before I go.

Poor Mr. Bentley, I doubt, is under the greatest difficulties of any body. His poem, which he modestly delivered over to immortality, must be cut and turned, for lord Halifax and lord Bute cannot sit in the same canto together; then the horns and hoofs that he had bestowed on lord Temple must be pared away, and beams of glory distributed over his whole person. 'Tis a dangerous thing to write political panegyrics or satires; it draws the unhappy bard into a thousand scrapes and contradictions. The edifices and inscriptions at Stowe should be a lesson not to erect monuments to the living. I will not place an ossuary in my garden for my cat, before her bones are ready to be placed in it. I hold contradictions to be as essential to the definition of a political man, as any visible or featherless quality can be to man in general. Good night!

Yours ever.

28th.

I shall send this by the coach, so whatever comes with it is only to make bundle. Here are some lines that came into my head yesterday in the post-chaise, as I was reading in the Annual Register an account of a fountain-tree in one of the Canary Islands, which never dies, and supplies the inhabitants with water. I don't warrant the longevity, though the hypostatic union of a fountain may eternize the tree.

In climes adust, where rivers never flow,  
Where constant suns repel approaching snow,  
How nature's various and inventive hand  
Can pour unheard-of moisture o'er the land!  
Immortal plants she bids on rocks arise,  
And from the dropping branches streams supplies.  
The thirsty native sucks the falling shower,  
Nor asks for juicy fruit, or blooming flower;  
But haply doubts, when travellers maintain,  
That Europe's forests melt not into rain.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, June 10, 1765.

Eleven at night.

I AM just come out of the garden in the most oriental of all evenings, and from breathing odours beyond those of Araby. The acacias, which the Arabians have the sense to worship, are covered with blossoms, the honeysuckles dangle from every tree in festoons, the seringas are thickets of sweets, and the new-cut hay in the field tempers the balmy gales with simple freshness, while a thousand sky-rockets launched into the air at Ranelagh or Marybone illuminate the scene, and give it an air of Haroun Alraschid's paradise. I was not quite so content by daylight; some foreigners dined here, and, though they admired our verdure, it mortified me by its brownness—we have not had a drop of rain this month to cool the tip of our daisies. My company was lady Lyttleton, lady Schaub, a madame de Juliac from the Pyreneans, very handsome, not a girl, and of lady Schaub's mould; the comte de Caraman, nephew of madame de Mirepoix, a monsieur de Clausonnette, and general Schouallow,<sup>1</sup> the favourite of the late czarina; absolute favourite for a dozen years, without making an enemy. In truth, he is very amicable, humble, and modest. Had he been ambitious, he might have mounted the throne: as he was not, you may imagine they have plucked his plumes a good deal. There is a little air of melancholy about him, and, if I am not mistaken, some secret wishes for the fall of the present empress, which, if it were civil to suppose, I could heartily join with him in hoping for. As we have still liberty enough left to dazzle a Russian, he seems charmed with England, and perhaps liked even this place the more as belonging to the son of one that, like himself, had been prime minister. If he has no more ambition left than I have, he must taste the felicity of being a private man. What has lord Bute gained, but the knowledge of how many ungrateful sycophants favour and power can create?

If you have received the parcel that I consigned to Richard

<sup>1</sup> The comte de Schouwaloff. Walpole says in a note to one of madame du Deffand's letters, "Il fut favori et l'on croit mari de la Czarine Elizabeth de Russie, et pendant douze ans de faveur ne fit point un ennemi." [Ed.]

Brown for you, you will have found an explanation of my long silence. Thank you for being alarmed for my health.

The day after to-morrow I go to Park-place for four or five days, and soon after to Goodwood. My French journey is still in suspense ; lord Hertford talks of coming over for a fortnight ; perhaps I may go back with him ; but I have determined nothing yet, till I see farther into the present chase, that somehow or other I may take my leave of politics for ever ; for can any thing be so wearisome as politics on the account of others ? Good night ; shall I not see you here ?

Yours ever.

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TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Strawberry-hill, June 11, 1765.

I AM almost as much ashamed, madam, to plead the true cause of my faults towards your ladyship, as to have been guilty of any neglect. It is scandalous, at my age, to have been carried backwards and forwards to balls and suppers and parties by very young people, as I was all last week. My resolutions of growing old and staid are admirable : I wake with a sober plan, and intend to pass the day with my friends—then comes the duke of Richmond, and hurries me down to Whitehall to dinner—then the duchess of Grafton sends for me to loo in Upper Grosvenor-street—before I can get thither, I am begged to step to Kensington, to give Mrs. Anne Pitt my opinion about a bow window—after the loo, I am to march back to Whitehall to supper—and after that, am to walk with miss Pelham on the terrass till two in the morning, because it is moonlight and her chair is not come. All this does not help my morning laziness ; and, by the time I have breakfasted, fed my birds and my squirrels, and dressed, there is an auction ready. In short, madam, this was my life last week, and is I think every week, with the addition of forty episodes.—Yet, ridiculous as it is, I send it your ladyship, because I had rather you should laugh at me than be angry. I cannot offend you in intention, but I fear my sins of omission are equal to many a good Christian's. Pray forgive me. I really will begin to be between forty and fifty by the time I am fourscore :



and I truly believe I shall bring my resolutions within compass ; for I have not chalked out any particular business that will take me above forty years more ; so that, if I do not get acquainted with the grandchildren of all the present age, I shall lead a quiet sober life yet before I die.

As Mr. Bateman's is the kingdom of flowers, I must not wish to send you any ; else, madam, I could load waggons with acacias, honeysuckles, and seringas. Madame de Juliac, who dined here yesterday, owned that the climate and odours equalled Languedoc. I fear the want of rain made the turf put her in mind of it, too. Monsieur de Caraman entered into the gothic spirit of the place, and really seemed pleased, which was more than I expected ; for, between you and me, madam, our friends the French have seldom eyes for any thing they have not been used to see all their lives. I beg my warmest compliments to your host and lord Ilchester.<sup>1</sup> I wish your ladyship all pleasure and health, and am, notwithstanding my idleness,

Your most faithful

and devoted humble servant.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Saturday night.

I MUST scrawl a line to you, though with the utmost difficulty, for I am in my bed ; but I see they have foolishly put it into the Chronicle that I am dangerously ill ; and as I know you take in that paper, and are one of the very, very few, of whose tenderness and friendship I have not the smallest doubt, I give myself pain, rather than let you feel a moment's, unnecessarily. It is true, I have had a terrible attack of the gout in my stomach, head, and both feet, but have truly never been in danger any more than one must be in such a situation. My head and stomach

<sup>1</sup> Stephen Fox, son of sir Stephen Fox, one of the lords of the treasury after the restoration of Charles II., was created, 14th May 1741, lord Ilchester, of Ilchester, county Somerset, and baron Strangways, county Dorset. His lordship was subsequently created, 3d January 1746-7, lord Ilchester and Stavordale, baron of Redlynch, county Somerset, and on the 5th June 1756, he was elevated to an earldom as earl of Ilchester. [Ed.]

are perfectly well; my feet far from it. I have kept my room since this day se'nnight, and my bed these three days, but hope to get up to-morrow. You know my writing and my veracity, and that I would not deceive you. As to my person, it will not be so easy to reconnoitre it, for I question whether any of it will remain; it was easy to annihilate so airy a substance. Adieu.

Yours most truly.

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Wednesday noon, July 3, 1765.

THE footing part of my dance with my shocking partner the gout is almost over. I had little pain there this last night, and got, at twice, about three hours sleep; but whenever I waked found my head very bad, which Mr. Graham thinks gouty too. The fever is still very high: but the same sage is of opinion, with my lady Londonderry, that if it was a fever from death, I should die; but as it is only a fever from the gout, I shall live. I think so too, and hope that, like the duke and duchess of Marlborough, they are so inseparable, that when one goes t'other will.

Tell lady Ailesbury, I fear it will be long before I shall be able to compass all your terraces again.

The weather is very hot, and I have the comfort of a window open all day. I have got a bushel of roses too, and a new scarlet nightingale, which does *not* sing Nancy Dawson<sup>1</sup> from morning to night. Perhaps you think all these poor pleasures; but you are ignorant what a provocative the gout is, and what charms it can bestow on a moment's amusement! Oh! it beats all the refinements of a Roman sensualist. It has made even my watch a darling plaything; I strike it as often as a child does. Then the disorder of my sleep diverts me when I am awake. I dreamt that I went to see madame de Bentheim at Paris, and that she

<sup>1</sup> A very popular song at that time, which Walpole seems to have considered it as desirable not to hear, as John Cramer did some recent popular melodies, which in their day were equally intrusive. "Remember," said the musician to a footboy whom he was engaging—"Remember there are two things I insist on: that you never let me hear you mention the name of Fauntleroy, or whistle a tune from the "Freischütz." [Ed.]

had the prettiest palace in the world, built like a pavilion, of yellow laced with blue ; that I made love to her daughter, whom I called *mademoiselle bleüe et jaune*, and thought it very clever.

My next reverie was very serious, and lasted half an hour after I was awake ; which you will perhaps think a little light-headed, and so do I. I thought Mr. Pitt had had a conference with madame de Bentheim, and granted all her demands. I rung for Louis at six in the morning, and wanted to get up and inform myself of what had been kept so secret from me. You must know, that all these visions of madame de Bentheim flowed from George Selwyn telling me last night, that she had carried most of her points, and was returning. What stuff I tell you ! But, alas ! I have nothing better to do, sitting on my bed, and wishing to forget how brightly the sun shines, when I cannot be at Strawberry.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, July 11, 1765.

You are so good, I must write you a few lines, and you will excuse my not writing many, my posture is so uncomfortable, lying on a couch by the side of my bed, and writing on the bed. I have in this manner been what they call out of bed for two days, but I mend very slowly, and get no strength in my feet at all ; however, I must have patience.

Thank you for your kind offer ; but, my dear sir, you can do me no good but what you always do me, in coming to see me. I should hope that would be before I go to France, whither I certainly go the beginning of September, if not sooner. The great and happy change,—happy, I hope, for this country,—is actually begun. The duke of Bedford, George Grenville, and the two secretaries are discarded. Lord Rockingham is first lord of the treasury, Dowdswell chancellor of the exchequer, the duke of Grafton and Mr. Conway secretaries of state. You need not wish me joy, for I know you do. There is a good deal more to come, and what is better, regulation of general warrants, and undoing of at least some of the mischiefs these — have been committing ; some, indeed, is past recovery ! I long

to talk it all over with you ; though it is hard that when I *may* write what I will, I am not able.

The poor Chute is relapsed again, and we are no comfort to one another but by messages. An offer from Ireland was sent to lord Hertford last night *from his brother's office*. Adieu !

Yours ever.

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, July 28, 1765.

THE less one is disposed, if one has any sense, to talk of one's self to people that inquire only out of compliment, and do not listen to the answer, the more satisfaction one feels in indulging a self-complacency, by sighing to those that really sympathize with our griefs. Do not think it is pain that makes me give this low-spirited air to my letter. No, it is the prospect of what is to come, not the sensation of what is passing, that affects me. The loss of youth is melancholy enough ; but to enter into old age through the gate of infirmity most disheartening. My health and spirits make me take but slight notice of the transition, and, under the persuasion of temperance being a talisman, I marched boldly on towards the descent of the hill, knowing I must fall at last, but not suspecting that I should stumble by the way. This confession explains the mortification I feel. A month's confinement to one who never kept his bed a day, is a stinging lesson, and has humbled my insolence to almost indifference. Judge then how little I interest myself about public events. I know nothing of them since I came hither, where I had not only the disappointment of not growing better, but a bad return in one of my feet, so that I am still wrapped up and upon a couch. It was the more unlucky as lord Hertford is come to England for a very few days. He has offered to come to me, but as I then should see him only for some minutes, I propose being carried to town to-morrow. It will be so long before I can expect to be able to travel, that my French journey will certainly not take place so soon as I intended, and if lord Hertford goes to Ireland, I shall be still more fluctuating ; for though the duke and duchess of Richmond will replace them

at Paris, and are as eager to have me with them, I have had so many more years heaped upon me within this month, that I have not the conscience to trouble young people, when I can no longer be as juvenile as they are. Indeed I shall think myself decrepit, till I again saunter into the garden in my slippers and without my hat in all weathers,—a point I am determined to regain, if possible; for even this experience cannot make me resign my temperance and my hardiness. I am tired of the world, its politics, its pursuits, and its pleasures; but it will cost me some struggles before I submit to be tender and careful. Christ! can I ever stoop to the regimen of old age? I do not wish to dress up a withered person, nor drag it about to public places; but to sit in one's room, clothed warmly, expecting visits from folks I don't wish to see, and tended and flattered by relations impatient for one's death! let the gout do its worst as expeditiously as it can; it would be more welcome in my stomach than in my limbs. I am not made to bear a course of nonsense and advice, but must play the fool in my own way to the last, alone with all my heart, if I cannot be with the very few I wish to see: but, to depend for comfort on others, who would be no comfort to me; this surely is not a state to be preferred to death: and nobody can have truly enjoyed the advantages of youth, health, and spirits, who is content to exist without the two last, which alone bear any resemblance to the first.

You see how difficult it is to conquer my proud spirit: low and weak as I am, I think my resolution and perseverance will get the better, and that I shall still be a gay shadow; at least, I will impose any severity upon myself, rather than humour the gout, and sink into that indulgence with which most people treat it. Bodily liberty is as dear to me as mental, and I would as soon flatter any other tyrant as the gout, my whiggism extending as much to my health as to my principles, and being as willing to part with life, when I cannot preserve it, as your uncle Algernon when his freedom was at stake. Adieu!

Yours ever,

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 23, 1765.

As I know that when you love people, you love them, I feel for the concern that the death of lady Bab Montagu<sup>1</sup> will give you. Though you have long lived out of the way of seeing her, you are not a man to forget by absence, or all your friends would have still more reason to complain of your retirement. Your solitude prevents your filling up the places of those that are gone. In the world, new acquaintances slide into our habits, but you keep so strict a separation between your old friends and new faces, that the loss of any of the former must be more sensible to you than to most people. I heartily condole with you, and yet I must make you smile. The second Miss Jefferies was to go to a ball yesterday at Hampton-court with lady Sophia Thomas's daughters. The news came, and your aunt Cosby said the girl must not go to it. The poor child then cried in earnest. Lady Sophia went to intercede for her, and found her grandmother at back-gammon, who would hear no entreaties. Lady Sophia represented that Miss Jefferies was but a second cousin, and could not have been acquainted. "Oh! madam, if there is no tenderness left in the world—cinq ace—sir, you are to throw."

We have a strange story come from London. Lord Foretscue was dead suddenly; there was a great mob about his house in Grosvenor-square, and a buz that my lady had thrown up the sash and cried murder, and that he then shot himself. How true all this I don't know: at least it is not so false as if it was in the newspapers. However, these sultry summers do not suit English heads: this last month puts even the month of November's nose out of joint for self-murders. If it was not for the queen the peerage would be extinct: she has given us another duke.<sup>2</sup>

My two months are up, and yet I recover my feet very slowly. I have crawled once round my garden, but it sent me to my

<sup>1</sup> Lady Barbara Montagu, daughter of George second earl of Halifax. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> The duke of Clarence, his present most gracious Majesty, born 21st August, 1765. [Ed.]

couch for the rest of the day. This duration of weakness makes me very impatient, as I wish much to be at Paris before the fine season is quite gone. This will probably be the last time I shall travel to *finish my education*, and I should be glad to look once more at their gardens and villas: nay, churches and palaces are but uncomfortable sights in cold weather, and I have much more curiosity for their habitations than their company. They have scarce a man, or a woman of note, that one wants to see; and, for their authors, their style is grown so dull in imitation of us; they are *si philosophes, si géometres, si moraux*, that I certainly should not cross the sea in search of *ennui*, that I can have in such perfection at home. However, the change of scene is my chief inducement, and to get out of politics. There is no going through another course of patriotism in your cousin Sandwich and George Grenville. I think of setting out by the middle of September; have I any chance of seeing you here before that? Won't you come and commission me to offer up your devotions to *Notre Dame de Livry*?<sup>s</sup> or *chez nos filles de Sainte Marie*. If I don't make haste, the reformation in France will demolish half that I want to see. I tremble for the *Val de Grace* and *St. Cyr*. The devil take Luther for putting it into the heads of his methodists to pull down the churches! I believe in twenty years there will not be a convent left in Europe but this at Strawberry. I wished for you to-day; Mr. Chute and Cowslade dined here; the day was divine; the sun gleamed down into the chapel in all the glory of popery; the gallery was all radiance; we drank our coffee on the bench under the great ash tree; the verdure was delicious; our tea in the Holbein room, by which a thousand chaises and barges passed; and I showed them my new cottage and garden over the way, which they had never seen, and with which they were enchanted. It is so retired, so modest, and yet so cheerful and trim, that I expect you to fall in love with it. I intend to bring it a handful of *treillage* and *agréments* from Paris; for being cross the road, and quite detached, it is to have nothing Gothic about it, nor pretend to call cousins with the mansion-house.

I know no more of the big world at London, than if I had not a relation in the ministry. To be free from pain and politics is

<sup>s</sup> Madame de Sevigné, whom Walpole frequently alludes to under this title. [Ed.]

such a relief to me, that I enjoy my little comforts and amusements here beyond expression. No mortal ever entered the gate of ambition with such transport as I took leave of them all at the threshold. Oh! if my lord Temple knew what pleasures he could create for himself at Stowe, he would not harass a shattered carcass, and sigh to be insolent at St. James's! For my part, I say with the bastard in King John, though with a little more reverence, and only as touching his ambition,

Oh! old sir Robert, father, on my knee  
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee.

Adieu!

Yours most cordially.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Saturday, Aug. 31, 1765, Strawberry-hill.

I THOUGHT it would happen so; that I should not see you before I left England! Indeed, I may as well give you quite up, for every year reduces our intercourse, I am prepared, because it must happen, if I live, to see my friends drop off; but my mind was not turned to see them entirely separated from me while they live. This is very uncomfortable, but so are many things!—well! I will go and try to forget you all—all! God knows *the all* that I have left to forget is small enough; but the warm heart, that gave me affections, is not so easily laid aside. If I could divest myself of that, I should not I think find much for friendship remaining; you, against whom I have no complaint, but that you satisfy yourself with loving me without any desire of seeing me, are one of the very last that I wish to preserve; but I will say no more on a subject that my heart is too full of.

I shall set out on Monday se'nnight, and force myself to believe that I am glad to go, and yet this will be my chief joy, for I promise myself little pleasure in arriving. Can you think me boy enough to be fond of a new world at my time of life? If I did not hate the world I know I should not seek another. My greatest amusement will be in reviving old ideas. The memory of what made impressions on one's youth is ten times dearer than any new pleasure can be. I shall probably write to



you often, for I am not disposed to communicate myself to any thing that I have not known these thirty years. My mind is such a compound from the vast variety that I have seen, acted, pursued, that it would cost me too much pains to be intelligible to young persons, if I had a mind to open myself to them. They certainly do not desire I should. You like my gossiping *to* you, though you seldom gossip *with* me. The trifles that amuse my mind are the only points I value now. I have seen the vanity of every thing serious, and the falsehood of every thing that pretended to be serious. I go to see French plays and buy French china, not to know their ministers, to look into their government, or think of the interests of nations—in short, unlike most people that are growing old, I am convinced that nothing is charming but what appeared important in one's youth, which afterwards passes for follies. Oh, but those follies were sincere; if the pursuits of age are so, they are sincere alone to self interest. Thus I think, and have no other care but not to think aloud. I would not have respectable youth think me an old fool. For the old knaves, they may suppose me one of their number if they please; I shall not be so—but neither the one nor the other shall know what I am. I have done with them all, shall amuse myself as well as I can, and think as little as I can; a pretty hard task for an active mind!

Direct your letters to Arlington-street, whence Favre will take care to convey them to me. I leave him to manage all my affairs, and take no soul but Louis. I am glad I don't know your Mrs. Anne; her partiality would make me love her; and it is entirely incompatible with my present system to leave even a postern door open to any feeling, which would steal in if I did not double bolt every avenue.

If you send me any parcel to Arlington-street before Monday se'nnight I will take care of it. Many English books I conclude are to be bought at Paris. I am sure Richardson's works are, for they have stupified the whole French nation:<sup>1</sup> I will not answer for our best authors. You may send me your list, and, if I do not find them, I can send you word, and you may convey

<sup>1</sup> How much the works of the author of Sir Charles Grandison and *Clarissa Harlowe* were admired by the French, is perceptible from the frequent mention of them in the celebrated "Correspondence of the Baron de Grimm." [Ed.]

them to me by Favre's means, who will know of messengers, &c. coming to Paris.

I have fixed no precise time for my absence. My wish is to like it enough to stay till February, which may happen, if I can support the first launching into new society. I know four or five very agreeable and sensible people there, as the Guerchys, madame de Mirepoix, madame de Boufflers, and lady Mary Chabot. These intimately, besides the duc de Nivernois, and several others that have been here. Then the Richmonds will follow me in a fortnight or three weeks, and their house will be a sort of home. I actually go into it at first, till I can suit myself with an apartment, but I shall take care to quit it before they come, for, though they are in a manner my children, I do not intend to adopt the rest of my countrymen; nor, when I quit the best company here, to live in the worst there; such are young travelling boys, and, what is still worse, old travelling boys, governors.

Adieu! remember you have defrauded me of this summer; I will be amply repaid the next, so make your arrangements accordingly.

Yours ever.

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TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Arlington-street, September 3, 1765.

MY DEAR LORD,

I cannot quit a country where I leave any thing that I honour so much as your lordship and lady Strafford, without taking a sort of leave of you. I shall set out for Paris on Monday next the 9th, and shall be happy if I can execute any commission for you there.

A journey to Paris sounds youthful and healthy. I have certainly mended much this last week, though with no pretensions to a recovery of youth. Half the view of my journey is to re-establish my health—the other half, to wash my hands of politics, which I have long determined to do whenever a change should happen. I would not abandon my friends while they were martyrs; but, now they have gained their crown of glory, they are well able to shift for themselves; and it was no part of my com-

pact to go to that heaven, St. James's, with them. Unless I dislike Paris very much, I shall stay some time; but I make no declarations, lest I should be soon tired of it, and come back again. At first, I must like it, for lady Mary Coke will be there, as if by assignation. The countess of Carlisle and Berkeley, too, I hear, will set up their staves there for some time; but as my heart is faithful to Lady M \* \* \*, they would not charm me if they were forty times more disposed to it.

The emperor<sup>1</sup> is dead—but so are all the Maximilians and Leopolds his predecessors, and with no more influence on the present state of things. The empress dowager queen will still be master—unless she marries an Irishman, as I wish with all my soul she may.

The duke<sup>2</sup> and duchess of Richmond will follow me in about a fortnight: lord and lady George Lennox go with them; and sir Charles Banbury and lady Sarah are to be at Paris, too, for some time: so the English court there will be very juvenile and blooming. This set is rather younger than the dowagers with whom I pass so much of my summers and autumns; but this is to be my last sally into the world; and when I return, I intend to be as sober as my cat, and purr quietly in my own chimney corner.

Adieu, my dear lord! May every happiness attend you both, and may I pass some agreeable days next summer with you at Wentworth-castle!

Your most devoted and faithful servant.

<sup>1</sup> His imperial majesty Francis I. emperor of Germany, died at Inspruck, on Sunday the 18th August, 1765. He was in good health the greater part of the day, and assisted at divine service; but, between nine and ten in the evening, he was attacked by a fit of apoplexy, and expired in a few minutes afterwards in the arms of his son, the king of the Romans.

He was born December 8th 1708; succeeded to the duchy of Lovain, March 27th 1729; yielded that duchy to king Stanislaus, 24th September 1736; was made grand duke of Tuscany, 9th July, 1738; married, 12th February, 1739, Maria Theresa queen of Hungary and Bohemia; and was elected emperor of Germany, 13th September, 1745, and crowned the 4th October, following. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Appointed ambassador to Paris. [Or.]

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Arlington-street, September 3, 1765.

THE trouble your ladyship has given yourself so immediately, makes me, as I always am, ashamed of putting you to any. There is no persuading you to oblige moderately. Do you know; madam, that I shall tremble to deliver the letters you have been so good as to send me? If you have said half so much of me, as you are so partial as to think of me, I shall be undone. Limited as I know myself, and hampered in bad French, how shall I keep up to any character at all? Madame d'Aiguillon<sup>1</sup> and madame Geoffrin will never believe that I am the true messenger, but will conclude that I have picked Mr. Walpole's portmanteau's pocket. I wish only to present myself to them as one devoted to your ladyship: that character I am sure I can support in any language, and it is the one to which they would pay the most regard——Well! I don't care, madam—it is your reputation that is at stake more than mine; and, if they find me a simpleton that don't know how to express myself, it will all fall upon you at last. If your ladyship will risk that, I will, if you please, thank you for a letter to madame d'Egmont, too: I long to know your friends, though at the hazard of their knowing yours. Would I were a *jolly* old man, to match, at least, in that respect, your *jolly* old woman!<sup>2</sup>—But, alas! I am nothing but a poor worn-out rag, and fear, when I come to Paris, that I shall be forced to pretend that I have had the gout in my understanding. My spirits, such as they are, will not bear translating; and I don't know whether I shall not find it the wisest part I can take to fling myself into geometry or commerce, or agriculture, which the French now esteem, don't understand, and think we do. They took George Selwyn for a poet, and a judge of planting and dancing; why may I not pass for a learned man and a philosopher? If the worst comes to the worst, I will

<sup>1</sup> La duchesse Douairiere Aiguillon, née Chabot. She was mother to the duc d'Aiguillon, who succeeded as minister of foreign affairs after the retirement of the duc de Choiseul, whom he, in fact, turned out of the ministry, by supporting and bringing forward madame du Barri. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> The duchess d'Aiguillon. [Or.]

admire Clarissa and Sir Charles Grandison; and declare that I have not a friend in the world that is not like my lord Edward Bomston, though I never knew a character like it in my days, and hope I never shall; nor do I think Rousseau need to have gone so far out of his way to paint a disagreeable Englishman.

If you think, madam, this sally is not very favourable to the country I am going to, recollect, that all I object to them is their quitting their own agreeable style, to take up the worst of ours. Heaven knows, we are displeasing enough: but, in the first place, they don't understand us; and, in the next, if they did, so much the worse for them. What have they gained by leaving Molière, Boileau, Corneille, Racine, La Rochefoucault, Crebillon, Marivaux, Voltaire, &c.? No nation can be another nation. We have been clumsily copying them for these hundred years, and are not we grown wonderfully like them? Come, madam, you like what I like of them; I am going thither, and you have no aversion to going thither—but own the truth; had not we both rather go thither fourscore years ago? Had you rather be acquainted with the charming madame Scarron, or the canting madame de Maintenon? with Louis XIV. when the Montespan<sup>3</sup> governed him, or when Père le Tellier? I am very glad when folks go to heaven, though it is after another body's fashion; but I wish to converse with them when they are themselves. I abominate a conqueror; but I do not think he makes the world much compensation, by cutting the throats of his protestant subjects to atone for the massacres caused by his ambition.

The result of all this dissertation, madam—for I don't know how to call it a letter—is, that I shall look for Paris in the midst of Paris, and shall think more of the French that have been than the French that are, except of a few of your friends and mine. Those I know, I admire and honour, and I am sure I will trust to your ladyship's taste for the others; and if they had no other merit, I can but like those that will talk to me of you. They will find more sentiment in me on that chapter, than they can miss parts; and I flatter myself that the one will atone for the other.

<sup>3</sup> Madame de Montespan, wife of the marquis de Montespan, one of the mistresses of Louis Quatorze, equally famous for her beauty, her wit, her power, and her fall, was the means of introducing madame de Maintenon to the notice of the king, and was then supplanted by her. She died in 1717. [Ed.]

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 5, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

You cannot think how agreeable your letter was to me, and how luckily it was timed. I thought you in Cheshire, and did not know how to direct: I now sit down to answer it instantly.

I have been extremely ill indeed with the gout all over; in head, stomach, both feet, both wrists, and both shoulders. I kept my bed a fortnight in the most sultry part of this summer; and for nine weeks could not say I was recovered. Though I am still weak, and very soon tired with the least walk, I am in other respects quite well. However, to promote my entire re-establishment, I shall set out for Paris next Monday. Thus your letter came luckily. To hear you talk of going thither, too, made it most agreeable. Why should you not advance your journey? Why defer it till the winter is coming on? It would make me quite happy to visit churches and convents with you: but they are not comfortable in cold weather. Do, I beseech you, follow me as soon as possible. The thought of your being there at the same time makes me much more pleased with my journey; you will not, I hope, like it the less: and, if our meeting there should tempt you to stay longer, it will make me still more happy.

If, in the mean time, I can be of any use to you, I shall be glad; either in taking a lodging for you, or any thing else. Let me know, and direct to me in Arlington-street, whence my servant will convey it to me. Tell me above all things that you will set out sooner.

If I have any money left when I return, and can find a place for it, I shall be very glad to purchase the ebony cabinet you mention, and will make it a visit with you next summer if you please—but first let us go to Paris. I don't give up my passion for ebony: but, since the destruction of the Jesuits, I hear one can pick up so many of their spoils that I am impatient for the opportunity.

I must finish, as I have so much business before I set out; but I must repeat, how lucky the arrival of your letter was, how glad I was to hear of your intended journey, and how much I wish it may take place directly. I will only add that the court

goes to Fontainebleau the last week in September, or first in October, and therefore it is the season in the world for seeing all Versailles quietly, and at one's ease. Adieu! dear sir,

Yours most cordially.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Amiens, Wednesday, Sept. 11, 1765.

BEAU COUSIN,

I have had a very prosperous journey till just at entering this city. I escaped a prince of Nassau at Dover, and sickness at sea, though the voyage lasted seven hours and a half. I have recovered my strength surprisingly in the time; though almost famished for want of clean victuals, and comfortable tea and bread and butter. Half a mile from hence I met a coach and four with an equipage of French, and a lady in pea-green and silver, a smart hat and feather, and two *suivantes*. My reason told me it was the archbishop's concubine; but luckily my heart whispered that it was lady \* \* \* \* \*. I jumped out of my chaise—yes, jumped, as Mrs. Nugent said of herself, fell on my knees, and said my first *Ave Maria, gratiâ plena*. We just shot a few politics flying—heard that madame de Mirepoix had toasted me t'other day in tea—shook hands, forgot to weep, and parted; she to the hereditary princess, I to this inn, where is actually resident the duchess of Douglas. We are not likely to have an intercourse, or I would declare myself a Hamilton.<sup>1</sup>

I find this country wonderfully enriched since I saw it four-and-twenty years ago. Boulogne is grown quite a plump snug

<sup>1</sup> The memorable cause between the houses of Douglas and Hamilton was then pending. [Or.] Archibald Stuart, son of sir John Stuart, bart., of Grandtully, by the lady Jane Douglas, only daughter of James, second marquess of Douglas, was, upon the demise of his uncle, Archibald duke of Douglas, without issue, 21st July 1761, when the dukedom expired, returned heir of line and provision to that nobleman. But the duke of Hamilton, who had inherited his grace's marquissate of Douglas, disputing the return on the ground of Mr. Stuart's birth being surreptitious, and the Scotch courts determining in favour of Hamilton, an appeal was made to the House of Lords, which reversed the Scottish judgment, 27th February 1769. This suit, known by the name of the "Douglas cause," made a noise all over Europe, and was one of the most extraordinary ever litigated. [Ed.]

town, with a number of new houses. The worst villages are tight, and wooden shoes have disappeared. Mr. Pitt and the city of London may fancy what they will, but France will not come a-begging to the Mansion-house this year or two. In truth, I impute this air of opulence a little to ourselves. The crumbs that fall from the chaises of the swarms of English that visit Paris, must have contributed to fatten this province. It is plain I must have little to do when I turn my hand to calculating: but here is my observation. From Boulogne to Paris it will cost me near ten guineas; but then consider, I travel alone, and carry Louis most part of the way in the chaise with me. *Nous autres milords Anglois* are not often so frugal. Your brother,<sup>2</sup> last year, had ninety-nine English to dinner on the king's birth-day. How many of them do you think dropped so little as ten guineas on this road? In short, there are the seeds of a calculation for you; and if you will water them with a torrent of words, they will produce such a dissertation, that you will be able to vie with George Grenville next session in plans of national economy—only be sure not to tax travelling till I come back, loaded with purchases; nor, till then, propagate my ideas. It will be time enough for me to be thrifty of the nation's money, when I have spent all my own.

Clermont, 12th.

WHILE they are getting my dinner, I continue my journal. The duchess of Douglas (for English are generally the most extraordinary persons that we meet with even out of England) left Amiens before me, on her way home. You will not guess what she carries with her—Oh! nothing that will hurt our manufactures; nor what George Grenville himself would seize. One of her servants died at Paris; she had him embalmed, and the body is tied before her chaise:—a droll way of being chief mourner!

For a French absurdity, I have observed that along the great roads they plant walnut-trees, but strip them up for firing. It is like the owl that bit off the feet of mice, that they might lie still and fatten.

At the foot of this hill is an old-fashioned chateau belonging to the duke of Fitz-James, with a *parc en quincunx* and clipped

<sup>2</sup> Francis earl of Hertford, then ambassador at Paris. [Or.]



hedges. We saw him walking in his waistcoat and riband, very well powdered ; a figure like Guerchy. I cannot say his seat rivals Goodwood or Euston.<sup>3</sup> I shall lie at Chantilly to-night, for I did not set out till ten this morning—not because I could not, as you will suspect, get up sooner—but because all the horses in the country have attended the queen to Nancy.<sup>4</sup> Besides, I have a little underplot of seeing Chantilly and St. Denis in my way ; which you know one could not do in the dark to-night, nor in winter, if I return then.

Hotel de feu madame l'Ambassadrice d'Angleterre,  
Sept. 13, 7 o'clock.

I AM just arrived. My lady Hertford is not at home, and lady Anne<sup>5</sup> will not come out of her burrow : so I have just time to finish this before madam returns ; and Brian sets out to-night and will carry it. I find I shall have a great deal to say : formerly I observed nothing, and now remark every thing minutely. I have already fallen in love with twenty things, and in hate with forty. Adieu !

Yours ever.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Paris, September 14, 1765.

I AM but two days old here, madam, and I doubt I wish I was really so, and had my life to begin, to live it here. You see how just I am, and ready to make *amende honorable* to your ladyship. Yet I have seen very little. My lady Hertford has cut me to pieces, and thrown me into a caldron with tailors, periwig-makers, snuff-box-wrights, milliners, &c. which really took up but little time ; and I am come out quite new, with

<sup>3</sup> The duc de Fitz-James's father, mareschal Berwick, was a natural son of James II. Mr. Walpole therefore compares his country seat with those of the dukes of Richmond and Grafton, similar descendants from his brother Charles II. [Or.]

<sup>4</sup> Stanislaus king of Poland, father to the queen of Louis XV. lived at Nancy. [Or.]

<sup>5</sup> Lady Anne Seymour Conway, afterwards married to the earl of Drogheda. [Or.]

every thing but youth. The journey recovered me with magic expedition. My strength, if mine could ever be called strength, is returned; and the gout going off in a minuet step. I will say nothing of my spirits, which are indecently juvenile, and not less improper for my age than for the country where I am; which, if you will give me leave to say it, has a thought too much gravity. I don't venture to laugh or talk nonsense, but in English.

Madame Geoffrin came to town but last night, and is not visible on Sundays; but I hope to deliver your ladyship's letter and packet to-morrow. Mesdames d'Aiguillon, d'Egmont, and Chabot, and the duc de Nivernois are all in the country. Madame de Boufflers is at l'Isle Adam, whither my lady Hertford is gone to-night to sup, for the first time, being no longer chained down to the incivility of an ambassadress. She returns after supper; an irregularity that frightens me, who have not yet got rid of all my barbarisms. There is one, alas! I never shall get over—the dirt of this country: it is melancholy, after the purity of Strawberry! The narrowness of the streets, trees clipped to resemble brooms, and planted on pedestals of chalk, and a few other points, do not edify me. The French opera, which I have heard to-night, disgusted me as much as ever; and the more for being followed by the *Devin de Village*, which shews that they can sing without cracking the drum of one's ear. The scenes and dances are delightful: the Italian comedy charming. Then I am in love with *treillage* and fountains, and will prove it at Strawberry. Chantilly is so exactly what it was when I saw it above twenty years ago, that I recollected the very position of monsieur le duc's chair and the gallery. The latter gave me the first idea of mine; but, presumption apart, mine is a thousand times prettier. I gave my lord Herbert's compliments to the statue of his friend the constable;<sup>1</sup> and, waiting some time for the concierge, I called out, *Où est Vatel?*<sup>2</sup>

In short, madam, being as tired as one can be of one's own country,—I don't say whether that is much or little,—I find

<sup>1</sup> The constable de Montmorency. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> The maître-d'hôtel, who, during the visit which Louis XIV. made to the grand Condé at Chantilly, put an end to his existence because he feared the sea-fish would not arrive in time for one day's repast. [Or.]

myself wonderfully disposed to like this—Indeed I wish I could wash it. Madame de Guerchy is all goodness to me ; but that is not new. I have already been prevented by great civilities from madame de Bentheim and my old friend madame de Mirepoix ; but am not likely to see the latter much, who is grown a most particular favourite of the king, and seldom from him. The dauphin is ill, and thought in a very bad way. I hope he will live, lest the theatres should be shut up. Your ladyship knows I never trouble my head about royalties, farther than it affects my own interest.—In truth, the way that princes affect my interest is not the common way.

I have not yet tapped the chapter of baubles, being desirous of making my revenues maintain me here as long as possible. It will be time enough to return to my parliament when I want money.

Mr. Hume,<sup>3</sup> that is, *the Mode*, asked much about your ladyship. I have seen madame de Monaco,<sup>4</sup> and think her very handsome, and extremely pleasing. The younger madame d'Egmont, I hear, disputes the palm with her ; and madame de Brionne<sup>5</sup> is not left without partisans. The nymphs of the theatres are *laides à faire peur*, which at my age is a piece of luck, like going into a shop of curiosities, and finding nothing to tempt one to throw away one's money.

There are several English here, whether I will or not. I certainly did not come for them, and shall connect with them as little as possible. The few I value, I hope sometimes to hear of. Your ladyship guesses how far that wish extends. Consider

<sup>3</sup> David Hume, the historian, then residing at Paris. He had been secretary of embassy to the earl of Hertford while ambassador at Paris, where, in the lively circles in which he moved, he was designated *Le Paysan du Danube*, from Fontaine's fable under that title, in which is described a person of rough and heavy exterior, possessed of great powers of mind and reasoning. [Ed.]

<sup>4</sup> Madame de Monaco, afterwards princess de Condé. During the disputes between the king and the parliament of Paris, in January 1771, when the latter refused to perform their functions, they assembled for a few days in hopes of some modification of the *lettre de Jussion*, during which the only act they performed was to pronounce the sentence of separation between M. and Madame de Monaco, an act which the wits of the day called *La pair de Monaco*. [Ed.]

<sup>5</sup> Madame de Brionne, née Rohan Rochefort, wife of M. de Brionne of the house of Lorraine, and mother of the prince de Lambesc. [Ed.]

too, madam, that one of my unworthinesses is washed and done away, by the confession I made in the beginning of my letter.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Paris, Wednesday, Sept. 18, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

I have this moment received your letter, and as a courier is just setting out, I had rather take the opportunity of writing to you a short letter than defer it for a longer.

I had a very good passage, and pleasant journey, and find myself surprisingly recovered for the time. Thank you for the good news you tell me of your coming: it gives me great joy.

To the end of this week I shall be in lord Hertford's house: so have not yet got a lodging: but when I do, you will easily find me. I have no banker, but credit on a merchant who is a private friend of lord Hertford: consequently I cannot give you credit on him: but you shall have the use of my credit, which will be the same thing; and we can settle our accounts together. I brought about 100*l.* with me, as I would advise you to do. Guineas you may change into Louis or French crowns at Calais and Boulogne; and even small bank bills will be taken here. In any shape I will assist you. Be careful on the road. My portmanteau, with part of my linen, was stolen from before my chaise at noon, while I went to see Chantilly. If you stir out of your room, lock the door of it in the inn, or leave your man in it. If you arrive near the time you propose, you will find me here, and I hope much longer.

Yours ever.

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Paris, Sept. 22, 1765.

THE concern I felt at not seeing you before I left England, might make me express myself warmly, but I assure you it was nothing but concern, nor was mixed with a grain of pouting. I knew some of your reasons, and guessed others. The latter

grieve me heartily ; but I advise you to do as I do : when I meet with ingratitude, I take a short leave both of it and its host. Formerly I used to look out for indemnification somewhere else ; but having lived long enough to learn that the reparation generally proved a second evil of the same sort, I am content now to skin over such wounds with amusements, which at least leave no scars. It is true amusements do not always amuse when we bid them. I find it so here ; nothing strikes me ; every thing I do is indifferent to me. I like the people very well, and their way of life very well ; but as neither were my object, I should not much care if they were any other people, or it was any other way of life. I am out of England, and my purpose is answered.

Nothing can be more obliging than the reception I meet with every where. It may not be more sincere (and why should it?) than our cold and bare civility ; but it is better dressed, and looks natural ; one asks no more. I have begun to sup in French houses, and as lady Hertford has left Paris to-day, shall increase my intimacies. There are swarms of English here, but most of them are going, to my great satisfaction. As the greatest part are very young, they can no more be entertaining to me than I to them, and it certainly was not my countrymen that I came to live with. Suppers please me extremely ; I love to rise and breakfast late, and to trifle away the day as I like. There are sights enough to answer that end, and shops you know are an endless field for me. The city appears much worse to me than I thought I remembered it. The French music as shocking as I knew it was. The French stage is fallen off, though in the only part I have seen Le Kain<sup>1</sup> I admire him

<sup>1</sup> Henri Louis Le Kain, the distinguished French tragedian, was born at Paris, 14th April 1725, and died there 8th February 1778.

He was originally brought up as a surgical instrument maker, but his dramatic talents having been made known to Voltaire, he took him under his instructions, and secured him an engagement at the French theatre, where Le Kain performed for the first time in the year 1750, a few days after Voltaire had set out for Berlin. The consequence was, Voltaire never witnessed the success of his pupil, for when Voltaire returned to Paris, after an absence of twenty-seven years, he found Le Kain had died the very day before his arrival.

It was Le Kain who replied to an officer who had spoken contemptuously of actors, comparing their situation with that of a military man compelled after long service to retire upon half pay, "How, sir! do you not reckon as anything the right you have to talk to me in this way?" [Ed.]

extremely. He is very ugly and ill made, and yet has an heroic dignity which Garrick wants, and great fire. The Dumenil I have not seen yet, but shall in a day or two. It is a mortification that I cannot compare her with the Clairon,<sup>2</sup> who has left the stage. Grandval I saw through a whole play without suspecting it was he. Alas! four-and-twenty years make strange havock with us mortals! You cannot imagine how this struck me! The Italian comedy, now united with their *opera comique*, is their most perfect diversion; but alas! harlequin, my dear favourite harlequin, my passion, makes me more melancholy than cheerful. Instead of laughing, I sit silently reflecting how every thing loses charms when one's own youth does not lend it gilding! When we are divested of that eagerness and illusion with which our youth presents objects to us, we are but the *caput mortuum* of pleasure.

Grave as these ideas are, they do not unfit me for French company. The present tone is serious enough in conscience. Unluckily the subjects of their conversation are duller to me than my own thoughts, which may be tinged with melancholy reflections, but I doubt from my constitution will never be insipid.

The French affect philosophy, literature, and free-thinking; the first never did, and never will possess me; of the two others I have long been tired. Free-thinking is for one's self, surely not for society; besides one has settled one's way of thinking, or knows it cannot be settled, and for others I do not see why there is not as much bigotry in attempting conversions from any religion as to it. I dined to-day with a dozen *savants*, and

<sup>2</sup> Mademoiselle Claire Joseph Legris de la Lute, better known as mademoiselle Clairon, was born near Condé, in 1723, and made her first appearance at Paris in 1743, in the character of Phedra. She died at Paris in 1803.

Several letters addressed by her to Garrick, as well as several from Le Kain, will be found in "The Private Correspondence of David Garrick," published in 1832; and the opinion which our English Roscius formed of her talents may be gained from the fact of his sketching, one night at a supper at her house, a design in which she is represented as crowned by Melpomene, with this quatrain underneath:—

That Clairon would adorn the tragic scene  
I oft foretold, nor am in error found;  
By her Melpomene long crown'd has been,  
Now by Melpomene we see her crowned. [Ed.]

though all the servants were waiting, the conversation was much more unrestrained, even on the Old Testament, than I would suffer at my own table in England if a single footman was present. For literature, it is very amusing when one has nothing else to do. I think it rather pedantic in society; tiresome when displayed professedly; and besides in this country one is sure it is only the fashion of the day. Their taste in it is worst of all: could one believe that when they read our authors, Richardson and Mr. Hume should be their favourites? The latter is treated here with perfect veneration. His history, so falsified in many points, so partial in as many, so very unequal in its parts, is thought the standard of writing.

In their dress and equipages they are grown very simple. We English are living upon their old gods and goddesses; I roll about in a chariot decorated with cupids, and look like the grandfather of Adonis.

Of their parliaments and clergy I hear a good deal, and attend very little: I cannot take up any history in the middle, and was too sick of politics at home to enter into them here. In short, I have done with the world, and live in it rather than in a desert, like you. Few men can bear absolute retirement, and we English worst of all. We grow so humoursome, so obstinate and capricious, and so prejudiced, that it requires a fund of good-nature like yours not to grow morose. Company keeps our rind from growing too coarse and rough; and though at my return I design not to mix in public, I do not intend to be quite a recluse. My absence will put it in my power to take up or drop as much as I please. Adieu! I shall inquire about your commission of books, but having been arrived but ten days, have not yet had time. Need I say?—no I need not,—that nobody can be more affectionately yours than, &c.

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TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Paris, Oct. 3, 1765.

STILL I have seen neither madame d'Egmont nor the duchess d'Aiguillon, who are in the country; but the latter comes to Paris to-morrow. Madame Chabot I called on last

night. She was not at home, but the hotel de Carnavalet<sup>1</sup> was; and I stopped on purpose to say an Ave Maria before it. It is a very singular building, not at all in the French style, and looks like an *ex voto* raised to her honour by some of her foreign votaries. I don't think her honoured half enough in her own country. I shall burn a little incense before your cardinal's heart,<sup>2</sup> madam, *à votre intention*.

I have been with madame Geoffrin several times, and think she has one of the best understandings I ever met, and more knowledge of the world. I may be charmed with the French, but your ladyship must not expect that they will fall in love with me. Without affecting to lower myself, the disadvantage of speaking a language worse than any idiot one meets, is insurmountable: the silliest Frenchman is eloquent to me, and leaves me embarrassed and obscure. I could name twenty other reasons, if this one was not sufficient. As it is, my own defects are the sole cause of my not liking Paris entirely: the constraint I am under from not being perfectly master of their language, and from being so much in the dark, as one necessarily must be, on half the subjects of their conversation, prevents my enjoying that ease for which their society is calculated. I am much amused, but not comfortable.

The duc de Nivernois is extremely good to me; he inquired much after your ladyship. So does colonel Drumgold. The latter complains; but both of them, especially the duc, seem better than when in England. I met the duchesse de Cossé<sup>3</sup> this evening at madame Geoffrin's. She is pretty, with a great resemblance to her father; lively and good-humoured, not genteel.

Yesterday I went through all my presentations at Versailles. 'Tis very convenient to gobble up a whole royal family in an hour's time, instead of being sacrificed one week at Leicester-house, another in Grosvenor-street, a third in Cavendish-square, &c. &c. &c. *La reine* is *le plus grand roi du monde*,<sup>4</sup> and

<sup>1</sup> Madame de Sevigné's residence in Paris. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> The cardinal de Richelieu's heart at the Sorbonne. [Or.]

<sup>3</sup> La duchesse de Cossé, wife of the duc de Cossé Brisac, governor of Paris, was a daughter of the duke de Nivernois. [Ed.]

<sup>4</sup> Madame de Sevigné thus expresses herself of Louis XIV. after his having taken much notice of her at Versailles. See her Letters. [Or.]



talked much to me, and would have said more if I would have let her; but I was awkward, and shrunk back into the crowd. None of the rest spoke to me. The king is still much handsomer than his pictures, and has great sweetness in his countenance, instead of that *farouche* look which they give him. The *mesdames* are not beauties, and yet have something Bourbon in their faces. The dauphiness I approve the least of all: with nothing good-humoured in her countenance, she has a look and accent that made me dread lest I should be invited to a private party at loo with her.<sup>5</sup> The poor dauphin is ghastly, and perishing before one's eyes.

Fortune bestowed on me a much more curious sight than a set of princes; the wild beast of the Gevaudan,<sup>6</sup> which is killed, and actually in the queen's antechamber. It is a thought less than a leviathan and the beast in the Revelations, and has not half so many wings and eyes and talons as I believe they have, or will have some time or other; this being possessed but of two eyes, four feet, and no wings at all. It is as like a wolf as a commis-

<sup>5</sup> He means, that she had a resemblance to the late princess Amelia. [Or.]

<sup>6</sup> This enormous wolf, for wolf it proved to be, gave rise to many extraordinary reports: In the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1764, p. 597, the following account of it is to be found:

"A very strange description is given in the 'Paris Gazette' of a wild beast that has lately appeared in the neighbourhood of *Langagne* and the forest of *Mercoire*, and has occasioned great consternation. It has already devoured twenty persons, chiefly children, and particularly young girls; and scarce a day passes without some accidents. The terror he occasions prevents the wood-cutters from working in the forest, so that wood is become dear. Those who have seen him say he is much higher than a wolf, low before, and his feet are armed with talons. His hair is reddish, his head large, and the muzzle of it shaped like that of a greyhound; his ears small and straight, his breast is wide and of a grey colour, his back streaked with black, and his mouth, which is large, is provided with a set of teeth so very sharp that they have taken off several heads as clean as a razor could have done. He is of amazing swiftness, but when he aims at his prey he crouches so close to the ground, that he hardly appears to be bigger than a large fox, and at the distance of one or two fathoms he rises upon his hind legs, and springs upon his prey, which he always seizes by the neck or throat. He is afraid of oxen, which he runs away from. The consternation is universal throughout the districts where he commits his ravages, and public prayers are offered up upon this occasion. The marquis de Morangis has sent out four hundred peasants to destroy this fierce beast, but they have not been able to do it.—He has since been killed by a soldier, and appears to be a hyena." [Ed.]

sary in the late war, except, notwithstanding all the stories, that it has not devoured near so many persons. In short, madam, now it is dead and come, a wolf it certainly was, and not more above the common size than Mrs. C \* \* \* is. It has left a dowager and four young princes.

Mr. Stanley, who I hope will trouble himself with this, has been most exceedingly kind and obliging to me. I wish that, instead of my being so much in your ladyship's debt, you were a little in mine, and then I would beg you to thank him for me. Well, but as it is, why should not you, madam? He will be charmed to be so paid, and you will not dislike to please him. In short, I would fain have him know my gratitude; and it is hearing it in the most agreeable way, if expressed by your ladyship.

I am, madam, your most obliged and obedient humble servant.

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TO JOHN CHUTE, Esq.

Paris, Oct. 3, 1765.

I DON'T know where you are, nor when I am likely to hear of you. I write at random, and, as I talk, the first thing that comes into my pen.

I am, as you certainly conclude, much more amused than pleased. At a certain time of life, sights and new objects may entertain one, but new people cannot find any place in one's affection. New faces with some name or other belonging to them, catch my attention for a minute—I cannot say many preserve it. Five or six of the women that I have seen already, are very sensible. The men are in general much inferior, and not even agreeable. They sent us their best, I believe, at first, the duc de Nivernois. Their authors, who by the way are every where, are worse than their own writings, which I don't mean as a compliment to either. In general, the style of conversation is solemn, pedantic, and seldom animated, but by a dispute. I was expressing my aversion to disputes: Mr. Hume, who very gratefully admires the tone of Paris, having never known any other tone, said with great surprise, “Why, what do you like, if you hate both disputes and whisk?”

What strikes me the most upon the whole is, the total difference of manners between them and us, from the greatest object to the least. There is not the smallest similitude in the twenty-four hours. It is obvious in every trifle. Servants carry their lady's train, and put her into her coach with their hat on. They walk about the streets in the rain with umbrellas to avoid putting on their hats; driving themselves in open chaises in the country without hats, in the rain too, and yet often wear them in a chariot in Paris when it does not rain. The very footmen are powdered from the break of day, and yet wait behind their master, as I saw the duc of Praslin's do, with a red pocket-handkerchief about their necks. Versailles, like every thing else, is a mixture of parade and poverty, and in every instance exhibits something most dissonant from our manners. In the colonnades, upon the staircases, nay in the antechambers of the royal family, there are people selling all sorts of wares. While we were waiting in the dauphin's sumptuous bed-chamber, till his dressing-room door should be opened, two fellows were sweeping it, and dancing about in sabots to rub the floor.

You perceive that I have been presented. The queen took great notice of me; none of the rest said a syllable. You are let into the king's bedchamber just as he has put on his shirt; he dresses and talks good-humouredly to a few, glares at strangers, goes to mass, to dinner, and a-hunting. The good old queen, who is like lady Primrose in the face, and queen Caroline in the immensity of her cap, is at her dressing-table, attended by two or three old ladies, who are languishing to be in Abraham's bosom, as the only man's bosom to whom they can hope for admittance. Thence you go to the dauphin, for all is done in an hour. He scarce stays a minute; indeed, poor creature, he is a ghost, and cannot possibly last three months. The dauphiness is in her bed-chamber, but dressed and standing; looks cross, is not civil, and has the true Westphalian grace and accents. The four mesdames, who are clumsy plump old wenches, with a bad likeness to their father, stand in a bed-chamber in a row, with black cloaks and knotting bags, looking good-humoured, not knowing what to say, and \* \* \* \* \*. This ceremony too is very short: then you are carried to the dauphin's three boys, who you may be sure only bow and stare. The duke

of Berry<sup>1</sup> looks weak and weak-eyed: the count de Provence<sup>2</sup> is a fine boy; the count d'Artois<sup>3</sup> well enough. The whole concludes with seeing the dauphin's little girl dine, who is as round and as fat as a pudding.

In the queen's antechamber we foreigners and the foreign ministers were shown the famous beast of the Gevaudan, just arrived, and covered with a cloth, which two chasseurs lifted up. It is an absolute wolf, but uncommonly large, and the expression of agony and fierceness remains strongly imprinted on its dead jaws.

I dined at the duc of Praslin's<sup>4</sup> with four-and-twenty ambassadors and envoys, who never go but on Tuesdays to court. He does the honours sadly, and I believe nothing else well, looking important and empty. The duc de Choiseul's face, which is quite the reverse of gravity, does not promise much more. His wife is gentle, pretty, and very agreeable. The duchess of Praslin, jolly, red-faced, looking very vulgar, and being very attentive and civil. I saw the duc de Richelieu in waiting, who is pale, except his nose, which is red, much wrinkled, and exactly a remnant of that age which produced general Churchill,<sup>5</sup> Wilkes the player, the duke of Argyle, &c. Adieu!

<sup>1</sup> The duc de Berri, afterwards Louis XVI. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Louis XVIII. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards Charles X. [Ed.]

<sup>4</sup> The duc de Praslin, cousin to the duc de Choiseul, and minister for foreign affairs. [Ed.]

<sup>5</sup> Old general Churchill, thus sketched by a contemporary writer:—

“The gen’ral, one of those brave old commanders,  
Who served thro’ all the glorious wars in Flanders,  
Frank and good-natured, of an honest heart,  
Loving to act the steady friendly part;  
None led through youth a gayer life than he,  
Cheerful in converse, smart in repartee!  
Sweet were his nights, and joyful was each day,  
He dined with Walpole, and with Oldfield lay;  
But with old age its vices came along,  
And in narration he’s extremely long;  
On every subject he his tale relates,  
Exact in circumstance and nice in dates:  
If you name one of Marlboro’s ten campaigns,  
He tells you its whole history for your pains,  
And Blenheim’s field becomes, by his reciting,  
As long in telling as it was in fighting,” &c. [Ed.]

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Paris, Oct. 6, 1765.

I AM glad to find you grow just, and that you do conceive at last, that I could do better than stay in England for politics. *Tenez, mon enfant*, as the duchesse de la Ferté said to madame Staal;<sup>1</sup> *comme il n'y a que moi au monde qui aie toujours raison*, I will be very reasonable; and as you have made this concession to me, who knew I was in the right, I will not expect you to answer all my *reasonable* letters. If you send a bullying letter to the king of Spain,<sup>2</sup> or to *chose*, my neighbour here,<sup>3</sup> I will consider them as written to myself, and subtract so much from your bill.—Nay, I will accept a line from lady Ailesbury now and then in part of payment. I shall continue to write as the wind sets in my pen; and do own my babble does not demand much reply.

For so reasonable a person as I am, I have changed my mind very often about this country. The first five days I was in violent spirits—then came a dismal cloud of whisk and literature, and I could not bear it. At present I begin, very *Englishly* indeed to establish a right to my own way. I laugh, and talk nonsense, and make them hear me. There are two or three houses where I go quite at my ease, am never asked to touch a card, nor hold dissertations. Nay, I don't pay homage to their authors. Every woman has one or two planted in her house, and God knows how they water them. The old president Henault<sup>4</sup> is the pagod at madame du Deffand's, an old blind debauchée of wit, where I supped last night. The president is

<sup>1</sup> See *Mémoires de Madame de Staal* (the first authoress of that name), published with the rest of her works in three small volumes. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Conway was now secretary of state for the foreign department. [Or.]

<sup>3</sup> The king of France, Louis XV. [Or.]

<sup>4</sup> Le président Henault, surintendant de la maison de mademoiselle la Dauphine, membre de l'Académie Française et de l'Académie des Inscriptions, known by his celebrated work, the *Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire de France*, and from the admirable table which he kept, and which was the resort of all the wits and *savans* of the day. His cook was the best in

very near deaf, and much nearer superannuated. He sits by the table: the mistress of the house, who formerly was his, inquires after every dish on the table, is told who has eaten of which, and then bawls the bill of fare of every individual into the president's ears. In short, every mouthful is proclaimed, and so is every blunder I make against grammar. Some that I make on purpose, succeed; and one of them is to be reported to the queen to-day by Henault, who is her great favourite. I had been at Versailles; and having been much taken notice of by her majesty, I said, alluding to madame Sevigné, *La reine est le plus grand roi du monde*. You may judge if I am in possession by a scene that passed after supper. Sir James Macdonald<sup>5</sup> had been mimicking Hume: I told the women, who, besides the mistress, were the duchess de la Valiere,<sup>6</sup> madame de Forcalquier,<sup>7</sup> a demoiselle, that to be sure they would be glad to have a specimen of Mr. Pitt's manner of speaking; and that nobody mimicked him so well as Elliot.<sup>8</sup> They firmly

in Paris, and the master was worthy of his cook, a fact which Voltaire celebrates in the opening lines of the epitaph which he wrote for him:

Henault, fameux par vos soupers,  
Et votre Chronologie, &c. [Ed.]

<sup>5</sup> Sir James Mac Donald of Mac Donald, the eighth baronet, who died at Rome on the 26th July 1766, in the twenty-fourth year of his age, regretted by all who knew him. The baron Grimm, speaking of him in his correspondence, says, "he astonished every body by the extent and variety of his knowledge, by the solidity of his judgment, and the maturity of his mind." [Ed.]

<sup>6</sup> La duchesse de la Valiere, daughter of the duc d'Usez. She was one of the handsomest women in France, and preserved her beauty even to old age. She died about 1792, at the age of eighty. [Ed.]

<sup>7</sup> The comtesse de Forcalquier, née Canizy. She had been first married to the comte d'Antin, son to the comtesse de Toulouse, by a marriage previous to that with the comte de Toulouse, one of the natural children of Louis Quatorze, whom he legitimated. [Ed.]

<sup>8</sup> Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, grandfather of the present lord Minto. He filled several high official situations, being appointed a lord of the admiralty in 1756, treasurer of the chamber in 1762, keeper of the signets for Scotland in 1767, and treasurer of the navy in 1770. He was a man of considerable political reputation, and possessed no mean poetical abilities, as his song,

"My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,"

sufficiently proves. He died in 1777. [Ed.]

believed it, teased him for an hour, and at last said he was the rudest man in the world not to oblige them. It appeared the more strange, because here every body sings, reads their own works in public, or attempts any one thing without hesitation or capacity. Elliot speaks miserable French; which added to the diversion.

I had had my share of distress in the morning, by going through the operation of being presented to the royal family, down to the little Madame's pap-dinner, and had behaved as sillily as you will easily believe; hiding myself behind every mortal. The queen called me up to her dressing-table, and seemed mightily disposed to gossip with me; but instead of enjoying my glory like madame de Sevigné, I slunk back into the crowd after a few questions. She told monsieur de Guerchy of it afterwards, and that I had run away from her, but said she would have her revenge at Fontainebleau—So I must go thither, which I did not intend. The king, dauphin, dauphiness, mesdames, and the wild beast, did not say a word to me. Yes, the wild beast, he of the Gevaudan. He is killed, and actually in the queen's antechamber, where he was exhibited to us with as much parade as if it was Mr. Pitt. It is an exceedingly large wolf, and, the connoisseurs say, has twelve teeth more than any wolf ever had since the days of Romulus's wet-nurse. The critics deny it to be the true beast; and I find most people think the beast's name is *legion*, for there are many. He was covered with a sheet, which two chasseurs lifted up for the foreign ministers and strangers. I dined at the duke of Praslin's with five-and-twenty tomes of the *corps diplomatique*; and after dinner was presented, by monsieur de Guerchy, to the duc de Choiseul.<sup>9</sup> The duc de Praslin is as like his own letters in D'Eon's book as he can stare; that is, I believe, a very silly fellow. His wisdom is of the grave kind. His cousin, the first minister, is a little volatile being, whose countenance and manner had nothing to frighten me for my country. I saw him but for three seconds, which is as much as he allows to any one body or thing. Monsieur de Guerchy,<sup>10</sup> whose goodness to me is inexpressible, took the trouble of walking every where with me, and carried

<sup>9</sup> The duke de Choiseul: he succeeded to the premiership of France in 1756, upon the exile of the Cardinal de Bernis. [Ed.]

<sup>10</sup> He had been ambassador in England. [Or.]

me particularly to see the new office for state papers—I wish I could send it you. It is a large building, disposed like an hospital, with the most admirable order and method. Lodgings for every officer; his name and business written over his door. In the body is a perspective of seven or eight large chambers: each is painted with emblems, and wainscoted with presses with wired doors and crimson curtains. Over each press, in golden letters, the country to which the pieces relate, as Angleterre, Allemagne, &c. Each room has a large funnel of bronze with *or moulu*, like a column, to air the papers and preserve them. In short, it is as magnificent as useful.

From thence I went to see the reservoir of pictures at monsieur de Marigny's. They are what are not disposed of in the palaces, though sometimes changed with others. This *refuse*, which fills many rooms from top to bottom, is composed of the most glorious works of Raphael, L. da Vinci, Giorgione, Titian, Guido, Correggio, &c. Many pictures, which I knew by their prints, without an idea where they existed, I found there.

The duc de Nivernois is extremely obliging to me. I have supped at madame de Bentheim's, who has a very fine house, and a woful husband. She is much livelier than any French-woman. The liveliest man I have seen is the duc de Duras:<sup>11</sup> he is shorter and plumper than lord Halifax, but very like him in the face. I am to sup with the Dussons<sup>12</sup> on Sunday. In short, all that have been in England are exceedingly disposed to repay any civilities they received there. Monsieur de Caraman wrote from the country to excuse his not coming to see me, as his wife<sup>13</sup> is on the point of being brought to bed, but begged I would come to them—So I would, if I was a man-midwife: but though they are easy on such heads, I am not used to it, and cannot make a party of pleasure of a labour.

Wilkes arrived here two days ago, and announced that he was going minister to Constantinople. To-day I hear he has

<sup>11</sup> Le duc de Duras, one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber at the court of France. [Ed.]

<sup>12</sup> M. D'Usson, who had formerly been in England in a diplomatic capacity, was brother to the marquis de Bonnac, the French ambassador at the Hague. [Ed.]

<sup>13</sup> Madame de Caraman was sister to the prince of Chimay, and maternal niece to madame de Mirepoix. [Ed.]



lowered his credentials, and talks of going to England, if he can make his peace.<sup>14</sup> I thought by the manner in which this was mentioned to me, that the person meant to sound me: but I made no answer; for, having given up politics in England, I certainly did not come to transact them here. He has not been to make me the first visit, which, as the last arrived, depends on him: so, never having spoken to him in my life, I have no call to seek him. I avoid all politics so much, that I had not heard one word here about Spain. I suppose my silence passes for very artful mystery, and puzzles the ministers, who keep spies on the most insignificant foreigner. It would have been lucky if I had been as watchful. At Chantilly I lost my portmanteau with half my linen; and the night before last I was robbed of a new frock, waistcoat, and breeches, laced with gold, a white and silver waistcoat, black velvet breeches, a knife, and a book. These are expenses I did not expect, and by no means entering into my system of extravagance.

I am very sorry for the death of lord Ophaly, and for his family. I knew the poor young man himself but little, but he seemed extremely good-natured. What the duke of Richmond will do for a hotel, I cannot conceive. Adieu!

Yours ever.

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TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Paris, October 13, 1765.

How are the mighty fallen! Yes, yes, madam, I am as like the duc de Richelieu as two peas; but then they are two old withered grey peas. Do you remember the fable of Cupid and Death, and what a piece of work they made with hustling their arrows together? This is just my case: love might shoot at me, but it was with a gouty arrow. I have had a relapse in both feet, and kept my bed six days: but the fit seems to be going off; my heart can already go alone, and my feet promise themselves the mighty luxury of a cloth shoe in two or three days. Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay,<sup>1</sup> who are here, and are, alas! to carry this, have been of great comfort to me, and have brought

<sup>14</sup> After his outlawry. [Or.]

<sup>1</sup> Allan Ramsay, the painter. [Or.]

their delightful little daughter, who is as quick as Ariel. Mr. Ramsay could want no assistance from me: what do we both exist upon here, madam, but your bounty and charity? When did you ever leave one of your friends in want of another? Madame Geoffrin came and sat two hours last night by my bedside: I could have sworn it had been my lady Hervey, she was so good to me. It was with so much sense, information, instruction, and correction! The manner of the latter charms me. I never saw any body in my days that catches one's faults and vanities and impositions so quick, that explains them to one so clearly, and convinces one so easily. I never liked to be set right before! You cannot imagine how I taste it! I make her both my confessor and director, and begin to think I shall be a reasonable creature at last, which I had never intended to be. The next time I see her, I believe I shall say, "Oh! Common Sense, sit down: I have been thinking so and so; is not it absurd?"—for t'other sense and wisdom, I never liked them; I shall now hate them for her sake. If it was worth her while, I assure your ladyship she might govern me like a child.

The duc de Nivernois too is astonishingly good to me. In short, madam, I am going down hill, but the sun sets pleasingly. Your two other friends have been in Paris; but I was confined, and could not wait on them. I passed a whole evening with lady Mary Chabot most agreeably: she charged me over and over with a thousand compliments to your ladyship. For sights, alas! and pilgrimages, they have been cut short! I had destined the fine days of October to excursions; but you know, madam, what it is to reckon without one's host, the gout. It makes such a coward of me, that I shall be afraid almost of entering a church. I have lost too the Dumenil in *Phedre* and *Merope*, two of her principal parts, but I hope not irrecoverably.

Thank you, madam, for the Taliacotian extract: it diverted me much. It is true, in general I neither see nor desire to see our wretched political trash: I am sick of it up to the fountain-head. It was my principal motive for coming hither; and had long been my determination, the first moment I should be at liberty, to abandon it all. I have acted from no views of interest; I have shown I did not; I have not disgraced myself—and I must be free. My comfort is, that, if I am blamed, it

will be by *all* parties. A little peace of mind for the rest of my days is all I ask, to balance the gout.

I have writ to madame de Guerehy about your orange-flower water ; and I sent your ladyship two little French pieces that I hope you received. The uncomfortable posture in which I write will excuse my saying any more ; but it is no excuse against my trying to do any thing to please one, who always forgets pain when her friends are in question.

Your ladyship's faithful humble servant.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Paris, Oct. 16, 1765.

I AM here, in this supposed metropolis of pleasure, triste enough ; hearing from nobody in England, and again confined with the gout in both feet ; yes, I caught cold, and it has returned ; but as I begin to be a little acquainted with the nature of its caresses, I think the violence of its passion this time will be wasted within the fortnight. Indeed a stick and a great shoe do not commonly compose the dress which the English come hither to learn ; but I shall content myself if I can limp about enough to amuse my eyes ; my ears have already had their fill, and are not at all edified. My confinement preserves me from the journey to Fontainebleau, to which I had no great appetite ; but then I lose the opportunity of seeing Versailles and St. Cloud at my leisure.

I wrote to you soon after my arrival ; did you receive it ? All the English books you named to me are to be had here at the following prices. Shakspeare in eight volumes unbound for twenty-one livres ; in larger paper for twenty-seven. Congreve in three volumes for nine livres. Swift in twelve volumes for twenty-four livres, another edition for twenty-seven. So you see I do not forget your commissions : if you have farther orders let me know.

Wilkes is here, and has been twice to see me in my illness. He was very civil, but I cannot say entertained me much. I saw no wit ; his conversation shews how little he has lived in

good company, and the chief turn of it is the grossest \* \*. He has certainly one merit, notwithstanding the bitterness of his pen, that is, he has no rancour; not even against Sandwich, of whom he talked with the utmost temper. He shewed me some of his notes on Churchill's works, but they contain little more than one note on each poem to explain the subject of it.

The Duménil is still the Duménil, and nothing but curiosity could make me want the Clairon. Grandval is grown so fat and old, that I saw him through a whole play and did not guess him. Not one other, that you remember on the stage, remains there.

It is not a season for novelty in any way, as both the court and the world are out of town. The few that I know are almost all dispersed. The old president Henault made me a visit yesterday: he is extremely amiable, but has the appearance of a superannuated bacchanal; superannuated, poor soul! indeed he is! The duc de Richelieu is a lean old resemblance of old general Churchill, and like him affects still to have his Boothbies. Alas! poor Boothbies!

I hope, by the time I am convalescent, to have the Richmonds here. One of the miseries of chronical illnesses is, that you are a prey to every fool, who, not knowing what to do with himself, brings his ennui to you, and calls it charity. Tell me a little the intended dates of your motions, that I may know where to write at you. Commend me kindly to Mr. John, and wish me a good night, of which I have had but one these ten days.

Yours ever.

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To THOMAS BRAND, Esq.<sup>1</sup>

Paris, Oct. 19, 1765.

DON'T think I have forgot your commissions: I mentioned them to old Mariette this evening, who says he has got one of them, but never could meet with the other, and that it will be impossible for me to find either at Paris. You know, I suppose; that he would as soon part with an eye as with any thing in his own collection.

<sup>1</sup> Of the Hoo in Hertfordshire. [Or.]

You may, if you please, suppose me extremely diverted here. Oh! exceedingly. In the first place, I have seen nothing; in the second, I have been confined this fortnight with a return of the gout in both feet; and in the third, I have not laughed since my lady Hertford went away. I assure you, you may come hither very safely, and be in no danger from mirth. Laughing is much out of fashion as pantins or bilboquets. Good folks, they have no time to laugh. There is God and the king to be pulled down first; and men and women, one and all, are devoutly employed in the demolition. They think me quite profane, for having any belief left. But this is not my only crime: I have told them, and am undone by it, that they have taken from us to admire the two dullest things we had, whisk and Richardson—It is very true, and they want nothing but George Grenville to make their conversations, or rather dissertations, the most tiresome upon earth. For lord L \* \* \* \*, if he would come hither, and turn free-thinker once more, he would be reckoned the most agreeable man in France—next to Mr. Hume, who is the only thing in the world that they believe implicitly; which they must do, for I defy them to understand any language that he speaks.

If I could divest myself of my wicked and *unphilosophic* bent to laughing, I should do very well. They are very civil and obliging to me, and several of the women are very agreeable, and some of the men. The duc de Nivernois has been beyond measure kind to me, and scarce missed a day without coming to see me during my confinement. The Guerschys are, as usual, all friendship. I had given entirely into supping, as I do not love rising early, and still less meat breakfasts. The misfortune is, that in several houses they dine, and in others sup.

You will think it odd that I should want to laugh, when Wilkes, Sterne, and Foote are here; but the first does not make me laugh, the second never could, and for the third, I choose to pay five shillings when I have a mind he should divert me. Besides, I certainly did not come in search of English: and yet the man I have liked the best in Paris is an Englishman, lord Ossory, who is one of the most sensible young men I ever saw, with a great deal of lord Tavistock in his manner.

The joys of Fontainebleau I miss by my illness—*Patienza!* If the gout deprived me of nothing better than a court.

The papers say the duke of Dorset<sup>2</sup> is dead: what has he done for lord George? You cannot be so unconscionable as not to answer me. I don't ask who is to have his riband; nor how many bushels of fruit the duke of Newcastle's dessert for the hereditary prince contained, nor how often he kissed him for the sake of the *dear house of Brunswick*—No, keep your politics to yourselves; I want to know none of them:—when I do, and authentically, I will write to my lady \* \* \* \* or Charles Townshend.

Mrs. Pitt's friend, madame de Rochefort, is one of my principal attachments, and very agreeable indeed. Madame de Mirepoix another. For my admiration, madame de Monaco—but I believe you don't doubt my lord \* \* \* 's taste in sensu-  
alities. March's passion, the marechalle d'Estrées, is affected, cross, and not at all handsome. The princes of the blood are pretty much retired, do not go to Portsmouth and Salisbury once a week, nor furnish every other paragraph to the newspapers. Their campaigns are confined to killing boars and stags, two or three hundred in a-year.

Adieu! Mr. Foley is my banker; or it is still more sure if you send your letter to Mr. Conway's office.

Yours ever.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Paris, Oct. 28, 1765.

MR. HUME<sup>1</sup> sends me word from Fontainebleau, that your brother, some time in the spring of 1764, transmitted to the English ministry *a pretty exact and very authentic account of the French finances*; these are his words: *and that it will be easily found among his lordship's dispatches of that period.* To the other question I have received no answer: I suppose he has not yet been able to inform himself.

<sup>2</sup> Lionel Cranfield Sackville, seventh earl and first duke of Dorset, died 10th October 1765. The celebrated lord George Sackville was his third son, and father of Charles the present and fifth duke. [Ed.]

<sup>1</sup> David Hume was secretary of embassy to the earl of Hertford during his residence at Paris. [Or.]

This goes by an English coachman of count Lauragais, sent over to buy more horses: therefore I shall write a little ministerially, and, perhaps, surprise you, if you are not already apprised of things in the light I see them.

The dauphin will probably hold out very few days. His death, that is, the near prospect of it, fills the *philosophers* with the greatest joy, as it was feared he would endeavour the restoration of the Jesuits. You will think the sentiments of the *philosophers* very odd *state news*—but do you know who the *philosophers* are, or what the term means here? In the first place, it comprehends almost every body; and in the next, means men, who, avowing war against popery, aim, many of them, at a subversion of all religion, and still many more, at the destruction of regal power. How do you know this? you will say: you, who have been but six weeks in France, three of which you have been confined to your chamber? True: but in the first period I went every where, and heard nothing else; in the latter, I have been extremely visited, and have had long and explicit conversations with many, who think as I tell you, and with a few of the other side, who are no less persuaded that there are such intentions. In particular, I had two officers here t'other night, neither of them young, whom I had difficulty to keep from a serious quarrel, and who, in the heat of the dispute, informed me of much more than I could have learnt with great pains.

As a proof that my ideas are not quite visions, I send you a most curious paper;<sup>\*</sup> such as I believe no *magistrate* would have pronounced in the time of Charles I. I should not like to have it known to come from me, nor any part of the intelligence I send you; with regard to which, if you think it necessary to communicate it to particular persons, I desire my name may be suppressed. I tell it for your satisfaction and information, but would not have any body else think that I do any thing here but amuse myself: my amusements indeed are triste enough, and consist wholly in trying to get well; but my recovery moves very slowly. I have not yet had any thing but cloth shoes on, live sometimes a whole day on warm water, and am never tolerably well till twelve or one o'clock.

I have had another letter from sir Horace Mann, who has much

<sup>\*</sup> This paper does not appear. [Or.]

at heart his riband and increase of character. Consequently you know, as I love him so much, I must have them at heart too. Count Lorenzi is recalled, because here they think it necessary to send a Frenchman of higher rank to the new Grand Ducal court. I wish sir Horace could be raised on this occasion. For his riband, his promise is so old and so positive, that it is quite a hardship.

Pray put the colonies in good humour : I see they are violently disposed to the new administration.

I have not time to say more, nor more to say if I had time ; so good night. Let me know if you receive this, and how soon : it goes the day after to-morrow. Various reports say the duke of Richmond comes this week. I sent you a letter by monsieur de Guerchy.

Dusson, I hear, goes ambassador to Poland. Tell lady Ailesbury that I have five or six little parcels, though not above one for her, of laces and ribands, which lady C \* \* \* \* left with me ; but how to convey them the lord knows.

Yours ever.

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TO MR. GRAY.

Paris, Nov. 19, 1765.

YOU are very kind to inquire so particularly after my gout. I wish I may not be too circumstantial in my answer : but you have tapped a dangerous topic ; I can talk gout by the hour. It is my great mortification, and has disappointed all the hopes that I had built on temperance and hardiness. I have resisted like a hermit, and exposed myself to all weathers and seasons like a smuggler ; and in vain. I have, however, still so much of the obstinacy of both professions left, that I think I shall continue, and cannot obey you in keeping myself warm. I have gone through my second fit under one blanket, and already go about in a silk waistcoat with my bosom unbuttoned. In short, I am as prejudiced to my regimen, though so ineffectual, as I could have been to all I expected from it. The truth is, I am almost as willing to have the gout as to be liable to catch cold ; and must run up stairs and down, in and out of doors, when I will,



or I cannot have the least satisfaction. This will convince you how readily I comply with another of your precepts, walking as soon as I am able.—For receipts, you may trust me for making use of none: I would not see a physician at the worst, but have quacked myself as boldly as quacks treat others. I laughed at your idea of quality receipts, it came so *à-propos*. There is not a man or woman here that is not a perfect old nurse, and who does not talk gruel and anatomy with equal fluency and ignorance. One instance shall serve: madame de Bouzols, marshal Berwick's daughter, assured me there was nothing so good for the gout, as to preserve the parings of my nails in a bottle close stopped. When I try any illustrious nostrum, I shall give the preference to this.

So much for the gout! I told you what was coming. As to the ministry, I know and care very little about them. I told you and told them long ago, that if ever a change happened I would bid adieu to politics for ever. Do me the justice to allow that I have not altered with the times. I was so impatient to put this resolution in execution, that I hurried out of England before I was sufficiently recovered. I shall not run the same hazard again in haste; but will stay here till I am perfectly well, and the season of warm weather coming on or arrived; though the charms of Paris have not the least attraction for me, nor would keep me an hour on their own account. For the city itself, I cannot conceive where my eyes were: it is the ugliest, beastliest town in the universe. I have not seen a mouthful of verdure out of it, nor have they any thing green but their treillage and window-shutters. Trees cut into fire-shovels, and stuck into pedestals of chalk, compose their country. Their boasted knowledge of society is reduced to talking of their suppers, and every malady they have about them, or know of. The dauphin is at the point of death; every morning the physicians frame an account of him; and happy is he or she who can produce a copy of this lie, called a *bulletin*. The night before last, one of these was produced at supper where I was; it was read, and said he had had *une évacuation fœtide*. I beg your pardon, though you are not at supper. The old lady of the house (who by the way is quite blind, was the regent's mistress for a fortnight, and is very agreeable) called out, 'Oh! they have forgot to mention that he threw down his \* \* \*, and was forced to change his bed.'

Théré were present several women of the first rank; as madame de la Valiere, whom you remember duchesse de Vaujour, and who is still miraculously pretty though fifty-three; a very handsome madame de Forcalquier, and others—nor was this conversation at all particular to that evening.

Their gaiety is not greater than their delicacy—but I will not expatiate. In short, they are another people from what they were. They may be growing wise, but the intermediate passage is dulness. Several of the women are agreeable, and some of the men; but the latter are in general vain and ignorant. The *savants*—I beg their pardons, the *philosophes*—are insupportable, superficial, overbearing, and fanatic: they preach incessantly, and their avowed doctrine is atheism; you would not believe how openly—Don't wonder therefore if I should return a Jesuit. Voltaire himself does not satisfy them. One of their lady devotees said of him, *Il est bigot, c'est un déiste*.

I am as little pleased with their taste in trifles. Crebillon is entirely out of fashion, and Marivaux a proverb: *marivauder* and *marivaudage* are established terms for being prolix and tiresome. I thought that we were fallen, but they are ten times lower.

Notwithstanding all I have said, I have found two or three societies that please me; am amused with the novelty of the whole, and should be sorry not to have come. The Dumenil is, if possible, superior to what you remember. I am sorry not to see the Clairon; but several persons whose judgments seem the soundest prefer the former. Preville is admirable in low comedy. The mixture of Italian comedy and comic operas, prettily written, and set to Italian music, at the same theatre, is charming, and gets the better both of their operas and French comedy; the latter of which is seldom full, with all its merit. *Petit-mâîtres* are obsolete, like our lords Foppington—*Tout le monde est philosophe*—When I grow very sick of this last nonsense, I go and compose myself at the Chartreuse, where I am almost tempted to prefer Le Sœur to every painter I know. —Yet what new old treasures are come to light, routed out of the Louvre, and thrown into new lumber-rooms at Versailles! —But I have not room to tell you what I have seen! I will keep this and other chapters for Strawberry. Adieu! and thank you.

Yours ever.

Old Mariette has shown me a print by Diepenbecke of the duke and duchess of Newcastle<sup>1</sup> at dinner with their family. You would oblige me, if you would look into all their graces' folios, and see if it is not a frontispiece to some one of them. Then he has such a Petitot of madame d'Olonne! The Pompadour offered him fifty louis for it<sup>2</sup>—Alack, so would I!

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TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Paris, November 21, 1765.

MADAME Geoffrin has given me a parcel for your ladyship with two knotting-bags, which I will send by the first opportunity that seems safe: but I hear of nothing but difficulties; and shall, I believe, be saved from ruin myself, from not being able to convey any purchases into England. Thus I shall have made an almost fruitless journey to France, if I can neither fling away my money, nor preserve my health. At present, indeed, the gout is gone. I have had my house swept, and made as clean as I could—no very easy matter in this country; but I live in dread of seven worse spirits entering in. The terror I am under of a new fit has kept me from almost seeing any thing. The damps and fogs are full as great and frequent here as in London; but there is a little frost to-day, and I shall begin my devotions to-morrow. It is not being fashionable to visit churches; but I am *de la vieille cour*; and I beg your ladyship to believe that I have no youthful pretensions. The

<sup>1</sup> Prefixed to some copies of the duchess's work, entitled "The World's Olio. Nature's Picture, drawn by Fancy's Pencil to the life," (folio, London 1653) is a print Diepenbeck, del. P. Clouvet, sc. half-sheet, containing portraits of William Cavendish, duke of Newcastle, (celebrated as a cavalier-general during the civil wars, and commonly styled the loyal duke of Newcastle) his duchess and their family. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> This miniature eventually became his property. In a letter from madame du Deffand of the 12th December 1775, (see vol. iii. p. 85) she says:

"J'ai Mad. d'Olonne entre les mains; vous voilà au comble de la joie; mais modérez-en la, en apprenant que ses galans ne la payaient pas plus cher de son vivant qu'ils ne la payez après sa mort; elle vous coûte trois mille deux cents livres." [Ed.]

duchess of Richmond tells me that they have made twenty foolish stories about me in England; and say, that my person is admired here. I cannot help what is said without foundation; but the French have neither lost their eyes, nor I my senses. A skeleton I was born—skeleton I am—and death will have no trouble in making me one. I have not made any alteration in my dress, and certainly did not study it in England. Had I had any such ridiculous thoughts, the gout is too sincere a monitor to leave one under any such error. Pray, madam, tell lord and lady Holland what I say: they have heard these idle tales; and they know so many of my follies, that I should be sorry they believed more of me than are true. If all arose from madame Geoffrin calling me in joke *le nouveau Richelieu*, I give it under my hand that I resemble him in nothing but wrinkles.

Your ladyship is much in the right to forbear reading politics. I never look at the political letters that come hither in the Chronicles. I was sick to death of them before I set out; and perhaps should not have stirred from home, if I had not been sick of them and all they relate to. If any body could write ballads and epigrams, *à la bonne heure!* But dull personal abuse in prose is tiresome indeed—A serious invective against a pickpocket, or written by a pickpocket, who has so little to do as to read?

The dauphin continues languishing to his exit, and keeps every body at Fontainebleau. There is a little bustle now about the parliament of Bretagne; but you may believe, madam, that when I was tired of the squabbles at London, I did not propose to interest myself in quarrels at Hull or Liverpool. Indeed if the duc de Chaulnes<sup>1</sup> commanded at Rennes, or Pomenars<sup>2</sup> was sent to prison, I might have a little curiosity. You wrong me in thinking I quoted a text from my Saint<sup>3</sup> ludicrously. On the contrary, I am so true a bigot, that, if she could have talked nonsense, I should, like any other bigot, believe she was inspired.

The season, and the emptiness of Paris, prevent any thing new from appearing. All I can send your ladyship is a very

<sup>1</sup> Governor of Britany in the time of madame de Sevigné. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> See madame de Sevigné's Letters. [Or.]

<sup>3</sup> Madame de Sevigné. [Or.]

pretty logogriphe, made by the old blind madame du Defland, whom perhaps you know—certainly must have heard of. I sup there very often; and she gave me this last night—you must guess it.

Quoique je forme un corps, je ne suis qu'une idée ;  
Plus ma beauté vieillit, plus elle est décidée :  
Il faut, pour me trouver, ignorer d'où je viens :  
Je tiens tout de lui, qui réduit tout à rien.\*

Lady Mary Chabot inquires often after your ladyship. Your other two friends are not yet returned to Paris; but I have had several obliging messages from the duchesse d'Aiguillon.

It pleased me extremely, madam, to find no mention of your own gout in your letter. I always apprehend it for you, as you try its temper to the utmost, especially by staying late in the country, which you know it hates. Lord! it has broken my spirit so, that I believe it might make me leave Strawberry at a minute's warning. It has forbid me tea, and been obeyed; and I thought that one of the most difficult points to carry with me. Do let us be well, madam, and have no gouty notes to compare!

I am your ladyship's most faithful humble servant.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Paris, Nov. 21, 1765.

You must not be surprised when my letters arrive long after their date. I write them at my leisure, and send them when I find any Englishmen going to London, that I may not be kept in check, if they were to pass through both French and English posts.

Your letter to madame Roland, and the books for her, will set out very securely in a day or two. My bookseller here happens to be of Rheims, and knows madame Roland, *comme deux gouttes d'eau*. This perhaps is not a well-placed simile, but the French always use one, and when they are once

\* The word is *noblesse*. [Or.]

established, and one knows the tune, it does not signify sixpence for the sense.

My gout and my stick have entirely left me. I totter still, it is true, but I trust shall be able to whisk about at Strawberry as well almost as ever. When that hour strikes, to be sure I shall not be very sorry. The sameness of the life here is worse than any thing but English politics and the House of Commons. Indeed I have a mind still to see more people here, more sights, and more of the Dumenil. The dauphin, who is not dead yet, detains the whole court at Fontainebleau, whither I dare not venture, as the situation is very damp, and the lodgings abominable. Sights too, I have scarce seen any yet; and I must satisfy my curiosity; for hither, I think, I shall never come again. No, let us sit down quietly and comfortably, and enjoy our coming old age. Oh! if you are in earnest, and will transplant yourself to Roehampton, how happy I shall be! You know, if you believe an experience of above thirty years, that you are one of the very, very few, for whom I really care a straw. You know how long I have been vexed at seeing so little of you. What has one to do, when one grows tired of the world, as we both do, but to draw nearer and nearer, and gently waste the remains of life with the friends with whom one began it! Young and happy people will have no regard for us and our old stories; and they are in the right: but we shall not tire one another; we shall laugh together, when nobody is by to laugh at us, and we may think ourselves young enough, when we see nobody younger. Roehampton is a delightful spot, at once cheerful and retired. You will amble in your chaise about Richmond-park: we shall see one another as often as we like; I shall frequently peep at London, and bring you tales of it, and we shall sometimes touch a card with the Clive, and laugh our fill; for I must tell you, I desire to die when I have nobody left to laugh with me. I have never yet seen or heard any thing serious, that was not ridiculous. Jesuits, methodists, philosophers, politicians, the hypocrite Rousseau, the scoffer Voltaire, the encyclopedists, the Humes, the Lyttletons, the Grenvilles, the atheist tyrant of Prussia, and the mountebank of history, Mr. Pitt, all are to me but impostors in their various ways. Fame or interest is their object; and after all their parade, I think a ploughman who sows, reads his almanack, and believes the

stars but so many farthing candles, created to prevent his falling into a ditch as he goes home at night, a wiser and more rational being, and I am sure an honestier than any of them. Oh! I am sick of visions and systems, that shove one another aside, and come over again, like the figures in a moving picture. Rabelais brightens up to me as I see more of the world; he treated it as it deserved, laughed at it all, and as I judge from myself, ceased to hate it; for I find hatred an unjust preference. Adieu!

Yours ever.

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TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Paris, Nov. 28, 1765.

WHAT, another letter! Yes, yes, madam; though I must whip and spur, I must try to make my thanks keep up with your favours: for any other return, you have quite distanced me. This is to acknowledge the receipt of the duchess d'Aiguillon—you may set what sum you please against the debt. She is delightful, and has much the most of a woman of quality of any I have seen, and more cheerfulness too; for, to show your ladyship that I am sincere, that my head is not turned, and that I retain some of my prejudices still, I avow that gaiety, whatever it was formerly, is no longer the growth of this country; and I will own too that Paris can produce women of quality that I should not call women of fashion: I will not use so ungentle a term as vulgar; but for their indelicacy, I could call it still worse. Yet with these faults, and the latter is an enormous one in my English eyes, many of the women are exceedingly agreeable. I cannot say so much for the men—always excepting the duc de Nivernois. You would be entertained, for a quarter of an hour, with his duchess—she is the duke of Newcastle properly placed, that is, chattering incessantly out of devotion, and making interest against the devil that she may dispose of bishoprics in the next world.

Madame d'Egmont is expected to-day, which will run me again into arrears. I don't know how it is—Yes, I do: it is natural to impose on bounty, and I am like the rest of the world: I am going to abuse your goodness, *because* I know nobody's so great. Besides being the best friend in the world, you are the best

*commissionnaire* in the world, madam: you understand from friendship to scissors. The enclosed model was trusted to me, to have two pair made as well as possible—but I really blush at my impertinence. However, all the trouble I mean to give your ladyship is, to send your groom of the chambers to bespeak them; and a pair besides of the common size for a lady, as well made as possible, for the honour of England's steel.

The two knotting-bags from madame Geoffrin went away by a clergyman two days ago; and I concerted all the tricks the doctor and I could think of, to elude the vigilance of the custom-house officers.

With this, I send your ladyship the *Orpheline leguée*: its intended name was the *Anglomanie*—my only reason for sending it; for it has little merit, and had as slender success, being acted but five times. However, there is nothing else new.

The dauphin continues in the same languishing and hopeless state, but with great coolness and firmness. Somebody gave him t'other day *The preparation for death*:<sup>1</sup> he said, "*C'est la nouvelle du jour.*"

I have nothing more to say, but what I have always to say, madam, from the beginning of my letters to the end, that I am  
Your ladyship's most obliged  
and most devoted humble servant.

Nov. 28, three o'clock.

Oh, madam, madam, madam, what do you think I have found since I wrote my letter this morning? I am out of my wits! Never was any thing like my luck; it never forsakes me! I have found count Grammont's picture! I believe I shall see company upon it, certainly keep the day holy. I went to the Grand Augustins to see the pictures of the reception of the knights of the Holy Ghost: they carried me into a chamber full of their portraits; I was looking for Bassompierre; my *laquais de louage* opened a door, and said "Here are more." One of the first that struck me was *Philibert comte de Grammont*!<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The title of a French book of devotion. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> The witty count de Grammont, who married Elizabeth, daughter of sir George Hamilton, fourth son of James first earl of Abercorn, by Mary, third sister of James first duke of Ormond. Tradition reports, that Grammont, who is not recorded to have been a man of personal courage, having



It is old, not at all handsome, but has a great deal of *finesse* in the countenance. I shall think of nothing now but having it copied.—If I had seen or done nothing else, I should be content with my journey hither.

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Paris, Nov. 29, 1765.

As I answered your short letter with a very long one, I shall be shorter in answer to your long, which I received late last night from Fontainebleau: it is not very necessary; but as Lord William Gordon sets out for England on Monday, I take that opportunity.

The duke of Richmond tells me that Choiseul has promised every thing. I wish it may be performed, and *speedily*, as it will give you an opportunity of opening the parliament with great *éclat*. My opinion you know is, that this is the moment for pushing them and obtaining.

Thank you for all you say about my gout. We have had a week of very hard frost, that has done me great good, and rebraced me. The swelling of my legs is quite gone. What has done me more good, is having entirely left off tea, to which I believe the weakness of my stomach was owing, having had no sickness since. In short, I think I am cured of every thing but my fears. You talk coolly of going as far as Naples, and propose my going with you. I would not go so far, if Naples was the direct road to the new Jerusalem. I have no thought or wish but to get home, and be quiet for the rest of my days, which I shall most certainly do the first moment the season will let me; and if I once get to London again, shall be scarce

attached, if not engaged himself to miss Hamilton, went off abruptly for France; the count George Hamilton pursued and overtook him at Dover, when he thus addressed him: "My dear friend, I believe you have forgot a circumstance that should take place before you return to France." To which Grammont answered, "True, my dear friend; what a memory I have! I quite forgot that I was to marry your sister; but I will instantly accompany you back to London and rectify that forgetfulness." [Ed.]

tempted ever to lie in an inn more. I have refused to go to Aubigné, though I should lie but one night on the road. You may guess what I have suffered, when I am grown so timorous about my health.—However, I am again reverted to my system of water, and trying to recover my hardiness—but nothing has at all softened me towards physicians.

You see I have given you a serious answer, though I am rather disposed to smile at your proposal. Go to Italy! for what?—Oh! to quit—do you know, I think that as idle a thought as the other. Pray stay where you are, and do some good to your country, or retire when you cannot—but don't put your finger in your eye and cry after the holidays and sugar-plums of Park-place. You have engaged and must go through, or be hindered. Could you tell the world the reason? Would not all men say you had found yourself incapable of what you had undertaken? I have no patience with your thinking so idly. It would be a reflection on your understanding and character, and a want of resolution unworthy of you.

My advice is, to ask for the first great government that falls, if you will not take your regiment again; to continue acting vigorously and honestly where you are. Things are never stable enough in our country to give you a prospect of a long slavery. Your defect is irresolution. When you have taken your post, act up to it; and if you are driven from it, your retirement will then be as honourable (and more satisfactory) than your administration. I speak frankly, as my friendship for you directs. My way of acting (though a private instance) is agreeable to my doctrine. I determined, whenever our opposition should be over, to have done with politics; and you see I have adhered to my resolution by coming hither; and therefore you may be convinced that I speak my thoughts. I don't ask your pardon, because I should be forced to ask my own if I did not tell you what I think the best for you. You have life and Park-place enough to come, and *you* have not had five months of gout. Make yourself independent honourably, which you may do by a government; but if you will take my advice, don't accept a ministerial place when you cease to be a minister. The former is a reward due to your profession and services, the latter is a degradation. You know the haughtiness of my spirit; I give you no advice but what I would follow.

I sent lady Ailesbury *The Orpheline léguée*: a poor performance; but the subject made me think she would like to see it. I am over head and ears at count Caylus's<sup>1</sup> auction, and have bought half of it for a song—but I am still in greater felicity and luck, having discovered, by mere accident, a portrait of count Grammont, after having been in search of one these fifteen years, and assured there was no such thing. *A-propos*, I promised you my own: but besides that there is nobody here that excels in painting skeletons, seriously, their painters are bitter bad, and as much inferior to Reynolds and Ramsay, as Hudson to Vandyck. I had rather stay till my return. Adieu!

Yours ever.

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Paris, Dec. 5, 1765.

I HAVE not above a note's worth to say; but as lord Ossory sets out to-morrow, I just send you a line.

The dauphin, if he is still alive, which some folks doubt, is kept so only by cordials; though the bishop of Glandeve has assured the queen that he had God's own word for his recovery, which she still believes, whether her son is dead or not.

The remonstrance of the parliament of Paris, on the dissolution of that of Bretagne, is very decent; they are to have an audience next week. They do not touch on Chalotais, because the accusation against him is for treason. What do you think that treason is? A correspondence with Mr. Pitt, to whom he is made to say, *that Rennes is nearer to London than Paris*. It is now believed that the anonymous letters, supposed to be written by Chalotais, were forged by a jesuit—those to Mr. Pitt could not have even so good an author.

<sup>1</sup> The count de Caylus, a member of the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, and honorary member of the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture, and author of the "*Recueil d'Antiquités Egyptiennes, Etrusques, Grecques, Romaines, et Gauloises*," in seven vols. 4to.; died at Paris in September 1765, in the 63d year of his age. He was said to be the protector of the arts and the torment of the artists, for though he assisted them with his advice, and better still, with his purse, he exacted from them, in return, the greatest deference to his opinion. [Ed.]

The duke of Richmond is still at Aubigné: I wonder he stays, for it is the hardest frost alive. Mr. Hume does not go to Ireland, where your brother finds he would by no means be welcome.—I have a notion he will stay here till your brother's return.

The duc de Praslin, it is said, will retire at Christmas. As La Borde, the great banker of the court, is trying to retire, too, my cousin, who is much connected with La Borde, suspects that Choiseul is not very firm himself.

I have supped with monsieur de Maurepas, and another night with marshal Richelieu: the first is extremely agreeable and *sensible*; and, I am glad, not *Minister*. The other is an old piece of tawdry, worn out, but endeavouring to brush itself up; and put me in mind of lord Chesterfield, for they laugh before they know what he has said—and are in the right, for I think they would not laugh afterwards.

I send lady Ailesbury the words and music of the prettiest opera comique in the world—I wish I could send her the actors too. Adieu!

Yours ever.

December 9.

LORD OSSORY put off his journey; which stopped this letter, and it will now go by Mr. Andr. Stuart.

The face of things is changed here, which I am impatient to tell you, that you may see it is truth, not system, which I pique myself on sending you. The vigour of the court has frightened the parliaments. That of Pau has submitted. The procureurs, &c. of Rennes, who, it was said, would not plead before the new commission, were told, that if they did not plead the next day they should be hanged without a trial. No bribe ever operated faster!

I heard t'other day, that some Spanish minister, I forget his name, being dead, Squillace would take his department, and Grimaldi have that of the West Indies.—He is the worst that could have it, as we have no greater enemy.

The dauphin is certainly alive, but in the most shocking way possible; his bones worn through his skin, a great swelling behind, and so relaxed, that his intestines appear from that part; and yesterday the mortification was suspected.

I have received a long letter from lady Ailesbury, for which I give her a thousand thanks; and would answer it directly, if I had not told you every thing I know.

The duke and duchess<sup>1</sup> are, I hear, at Fontainebleau: the moment they return, I will give the duchess lady Ailesbury's commission.

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TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Paris, January 2, 1766.

WHEN I came to Paris, madam, I did not know that by New-Year's Day I should find myself in Siberia; at least as cold. There have not been two good days together since the middle of October.—However, I do not complain, as I am both well and well pleased, though I wish for a little of your sultry English weather, all French as I am. I have entirely left off dinners, and lead the life I always liked, of lying late in bed, and sitting up late. I am told of nothing but how contradictory this is to your ladyship's orders; but as I shall have dull dinners and triste evenings enough when I return to England, all your kindness cannot persuade me to sacrifice my pleasures here, too. Many of my opinions are fantastic; perhaps this is one, that nothing produces gout like doing any thing one dislikes. I believe the gout, like a near relation, always visits one when one has some other plague. Your ladyship's dependence on the waters of Sunning-hill is, I hope, better founded; but in the mean time my system is full as pleasant.

Madame d'Aiguillon's goodness to me does not abate, nor madame Geoffrin's. I have seen but little of madame d'Egmont,<sup>1</sup> who seems very good, and is universally in esteem. She is now in great affliction, having lost suddenly monsieur Pignatelli, the minister at Parma, whom she bred up, and whom she and her family had generously destined for her grand-daughter, an immense heiress. It was very delicate and touching what madame d'Egmont said to her daughter-in-law on this occasion:—“*Vous voyez, ma chère, combien j'aime mes enfans d'adop-*

<sup>1</sup> Of Richmond. [Or.]

<sup>1</sup> La comtesse d'Egmont, daughter to the maréchal duc de Richelieu. [Ed.]

tion !” This daughter-in-law is delightfully pretty, and civil, and gay, and conversible, though not a regular beauty like madame de Monaco.

The bitterness of the frost deters me, madam, from all sights ; I console myself with good company, and still more, with being absent from bad. Negative as this satisfaction is, it is incredibly great, to live in a town like this, and to be sure every day of not meeting one face one hates ! I scarce know a positive pleasure equal to it.

Your ladyship and lord Holland shall laugh at me as much as you please for my dread of being thought *charming* ; yet I shall not deny my panic, as surely nothing is so formidable as to have one’s limbs on crutches and one’s understanding in leading-strings. The prince of Conti laughed at me t’other day on the same account. I was complaining to the old blind charming madame du Deffand, that she preferred Mr. Crawford to me : “ What,” said the prince, “ does not she love you ?” “ No, sir,” I replied, “ she likes me no better than if she had seen me.”

Mr. Hume carries this letter and Rousseau to England. I wish the former may not repent having engaged with the latter, who contradicts and quarrels with all mankind, in order to obtain their admiration. I think both his means and his end below such a genius. If I had talents like his, I should despise any suffrage below my own standard, and should blush to owe any part of my fame to singularities and affectations. But great parts seem like high towers erected on high mountains, the more exposed to every wind, and readier to tumble. Charles Townshend is blown round the compass ; Rousseau insists that the north and south blow at the same time ; and Voltaire demolishes the Bible to erect fatalism in its stead :—So compatible are the greatest abilities and greatest absurdities !

Madame d’Aiguillon gave me the enclosed letter for your ladyship. I wish I had any thing else to send you ; but there are no new books, and the theatres are shut up for the dauphin’s death, who, I believe, is the greatest loss they have had since Harry IV.

TO JOHN CHUTE, Esq.

Paris, Jan. 1766.

It is in vain, I know, my dear sir, to scold you, though I have such a mind to it—nay, I must. Yes, you that will not lie a night at Strawberry in autumn for fear of the gout, to stay in the country till this time, and till you caught it! I know you will tell me, it did not come till you had been two days in town. Do, and I shall have no more pity for you than if I was your wife, and had wanted to come to town two months ago.

I am perfectly well, though to be sure Lapland is the torrid zone in comparison of Paris. We have had such a frost for this fortnight, that I went nine miles to dine in the country to-day, in a villa exactly like a green-house, except that there was no fire but in one room. We were four in a coach, and all our chinks stopped with furs, and yet all the glasses were frozen. We dined in a paved hall painted in fresco, with a fountain at one end; for in this country they live in perpetual opera, and persist in being young when they are old, and hot when they are frozen. At the end of the hall sat shivering three glorious maccaws, a vast cockatoo, and two poor parroquets, who squalled like the children in the wood after their nursery-fire! I am come home, and blowing my billets between every paragraph, yet can scarce move my fingers. However, I must be dressed presently, and go the comtesse de la Marche,<sup>1</sup> who has appointed nine at night for my audience. It seems a little odd to us to be presented to a princess of the blood at that hour—but I told you, there is not a tittle in which our manners resemble one another. I was presented to her father-in-law the prince of Conti last Friday. In the middle of the *levée* entered a young woman, too plain I thought to be any thing but his near relation. I was confirmed in my opinion, by seeing her, after he had talked to her, go round the circle and do the honours of it. I asked a gentleman near me if that was the comtesse de la

<sup>1</sup> La comtesse de la Marche, a princess of Modena, married to the only son of the prince de Conti. Le comte de la Marche was the only one of the French princes of the blood who uniformly sided with the court in the disputes with the Parliament of Paris. [Ed.]

Marche? He burst into a violent laughter, and then told me, it was mademoiselle Auguste, a dancer!—Now, who was in the wrong?

I give you these as samples of many scenes that have amused me, and which will be charming food at Strawberry. At the same time that I see all their ridicules, there is a *douceur* in the society of the women of fashion that captivates me. I like the way of life, though not lively; though the men are posts and apt to be arrogant, and though there are twenty ingredients wanting to make the style perfect. I have totally washed my hands of their *savants* and philosophers, and do not even envy you Rousseau, who has all the *charlatanerie* of count St. Germain<sup>2</sup> to make himself singular and talked of. I suppose Mrs. \* \* \* \*, my lord \* \* \* \*, and a certain lady friend of mine, will be in raptures with him, especially as conducted by Mr. Hume. But, however I admire his parts, neither he nor any *Genius* I have known has had common sense enough to balance the impertinence of their pretensions. They hate priests, but love dearly to have an altar at their feet; for which reason it is much pleasanter to read them than to know them. Adieu, my dear sir!

Yours ever.

January 15.

THIS has been writ this week, and waiting for a conveyance, and as yet has got none. Favre tells me you are recovered, but you don't tell me so yourself. I enclose a trifle that I wrote lately,<sup>3</sup> which got about and has made enormous noise in a city where they run and cackle after an event, like a parcel of hens after an accidental husk of a grape. It has made me the

<sup>2</sup> The comte de St. Germain was a native of Alsace, who had acquired a considerable military reputation in France by his conduct at Corbach in 1760, when he commanded the reserve, and saved the army by supporting the rear-guard and allowing the whole body to retire upon Cassel. Considering himself ill-used by the marshal de Broglie, his commander-in-chief, he obtained leave to retire from the French service and entered that of Denmark, from which he retired into private life in 1774. From this retirement he was summoned by Louis XVI., upon the death of the comte de Mury, minister-at-war, as his successor, and the improvements which he made in the service proved him to have been well qualified for that post. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> The letter from the king of Prussia to Rousseau. [Or.]



fashion, and made madame de Boufflers and the prince of Conti very angry with me; the former intending to be rapt to the temple of Fame by clinging to Rousseau's Armenian robe. I am peevish that with his parts he should be such a mountebank: but what made me more peevish was, that after receiving Wilkes with the greatest civilities, he paid court to Mr. Hume by complaining of Wilkes's visit and intrusion.

Upon the whole, I would not but have come hither; for, since I am doomed to live in England, it is some comfort to have seen that the French are ten times more contemptible than we are. I am a little ungrateful; but I cannot help seeing with my eyes, though I find other people make nothing of seeing without theirs. I have endless histories to amuse you with when we meet, which shall be at the end of March. It is much more tiresome to be fashionable than unpopular; I am used to the latter, and know how to behave under it: but I cannot stand for member of parliament of Paris. Adieu!

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Paris, January 5, 1766.

LADY Beaulieu acts like herself, and so do you in being persuaded that nobody will feel any satisfaction that comes to you with more transport than I do; you deserve her friendship, because you are more sensible to the grace of the action than to the thing itself; of which, besides approving the sentiment, I am glad, for if my lady Cardigan<sup>1</sup> is as happy in drawing a straw as in *picking straws*, you will certainly miss your green coat. Yet methinks you would make an excellent Robin Hood *reformé*, with *little John* your brother. How you would carol Mr. Percy's old ballads under the green-wood tree! I had rather have you in my *merry Sherwood* than at Greatworth, and should delight in your picture drawn as a bold forester, in a green frock, with your rosy hue, grey locks, and comely

<sup>1</sup> Lady Mary Montagu, third daughter and co-heiress of John second duke of Montagu, and last of that creation; married 7th July, 1730, George Montagu fourth earl of Cardigan. [Ed.]

belly. In short, the favour itself, and the manner are so agreeable, that I shall be at least as much disappointed as you can be, if it fails. One is not ashamed to wear a feather from the hand of a friend. We both scorn to ask or accept boons ; but it is pleasing to have life painted with images by the pencil of friendship. Visions you know have always been my pasture ; and so far from growing old enough to quarrel with their emptiness, I almost think there is no wisdom comparable to that of exchanging what is called the realities of life for dreams. Old castles, old pictures, old histories, and the babble of old people, make one live back into centuries, that cannot disappoint one. One holds fast and surely what is past. The dead have exhausted their power of deceiving ; one can trust Catherine of Medicis now. In short, you have opened a new landscape to my fancy ; and my lady Beaulieu will oblige me as much as you, if she puts the long bow into your hands. I don't know but the idea may produce some other Castle of Otranto.

The victorious arms of the present ministry in parliament will make me protract my stay here, lest it should be thought I awaited the decision of the event ; next to successful enemies, I dread triumphant friends. To be sure, lord Temple and George Grenville are very proper to be tied to a conqueror's car, and to *drag their slow lengths along* ; but it is too ridiculous to see goody Newcastle exulting like old Marius in a seventh consulship. Don't tell it, but as far as I can calculate my own intention, I shall not set out before the twenty-fifth of March. That will meet your abode in London ; and I shall get a day or two out of you for some chat at Strawberry on all I have seen and done here. For this reason I will anticipate nothing now, but bid you good-morrow, after telling you a little story. The canton of Berne ordered all the impressions of Helvetius's *Esprit* and Voltaire's *Pucelle* to be seized. The officer of justice employed by them came into the council and said, "*Magnifiques seigneurs, après toutes les recherches possibles, on n'a pû trouver dans toute la ville que très peu de l'Esprit, et pas une Pucelle.*" Adieu, Robin and John.

Yours ever.

January 9th.

I HAD not sent away my letter, being so disappointed of a messenger, and now receive yours of December the thirtieth. My house is most heartily at your service, and I shall write to Favre to have it ready for you. You will see by the former part of this letter, that I do not think of being in England before the end of March. All I dislike in this contract is the fear, that if I drive you out of my house, I shall drive you out of town; and as you will find, I have not a bed to offer you but my own, and Favre's, in which your servant will lie, for I have stripped Arlington-street to furnish Strawberry. In the mean time you will be comfortable in my bed, and need have no trouble about Favre, as he lodges at his wife's while I am absent. Let them know in time to have the beds aired.

I don't understand one syllable of your paragraph about miss Talbot, admiral Cornish, and Mr. Hampden's son. I thought she was married, and I forget to whom.

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TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Paris, Saturday night, Jan. 11, 1766.

I HAVE just now, madam, received the scissors, by general Vernon, from Mr. Conway's office. Unluckily, I had not received your ladyship's notification of them sooner, for want of a conveyance, and I wrote to my servant to inquire of yours how they had been sent; which I fear may have added a little trouble to all you had been so good as to take, and for which I give you ten thousand thanks: but your ladyship is so exact and friendly, that it almost discourages rather than encourages me. I cannot bring myself to think that ten thousand obligations are new letters of credit.

I have seen Mrs. F \* \* \* \*, and her husband may be as happy as he will: I cannot help pitying him. She told me it is *colder* here than in England; and in truth I believe so: I blow the fire between every paragraph, and am quite cut off from all sights. The agreeableness of the evenings makes me some amends. I am just going to sup at madame d'Aiguillon's with madame d'Egmont, and I hope madame de Brionne, whom I

have not yet seen ; but she is not very well, and it is doubtful. My last new passion, and I think the strongest, is the duchess de Choiseul. Her face is pretty, not very pretty ; her person a little model. Cheerful, modest, full of attentions, with the happiest propriety of expression, and greatest quickness of reason and judgment, you would take her for the queen of an allegory: one dreads its finishing, as much as a lover, if she would admit one, would wish it should finish.—In short, madam, though *you* are the last person that will believe it, France is so agreeable, and England so much the reverse, that I don't know when I shall return. The civilities, the kindnesses, the honours I receive, are so many and so great, that I am continually forced to put myself in mind how little I am entitled to them, and how many of them I owe to your ladyship. I shall talk you to death at my return.—Shall you bear to hear me tell you a thousand times over, that madame Geoffrin is the most rational woman in the world, and madame d'Aiguillon the most animated and most obliging?—I think you will—Your ladyship *can* endure the panegyric of your friends. If you should grow impatient to hear them commended, you have nothing to do but to come over. The best air in the world is that where one is pleased: Sunning waters are nothing to it. The frost is so hard, it is impossible to have the gout; and though the fountain of youth is not here, the fountain of age is, which comes to just the same thing. One is never old here, or never thought so. One makes verses as if one was but seventeen—for example:—

## ON MADAME DE FORCALQUIER SPEAKING ENGLISH.

Soft sounds that steal from fair Forcalquier's lips,  
 Like bee that murmuring the jasmin sips!  
 Are these my native accents? None so sweet,  
 So gracious, yet my ravish'd ears did meet.  
 O pow'r of beauty! thy enchanting look  
 Can melodize each note in nature's book.  
 The roughest wrath of Russians, when they swear,  
 Pronounc'd by thee, flows soft as Indian air;  
 And dulcet breath, attemper'd by thine eyes,  
 Gives British prose o'er Tuscan verse the prize.

You must not look, madam, for much meaning in these lines; they were intended only to run smoothly, and to be

easily comprehended by the fair scholar who is learning our language. Still less must you show them: they are not calculated for the meridian of London, where you know I dread being represented as a shepherd. Pray let them think that I am wrapped up in Canada bills, and have all the pamphlets sent over about the colonies and the stamp-act.

I am very sorry for the accounts your ladyship gives me of lord Holland. He talks, I am told, of going to Naples: one would do a great deal for health, but I question if I could buy it at that expense. If Paris would answer his purpose, I should not wonder if he came hither; but to live with Italians must be woful, and would *ipso facto* make me ill. It is true I am a bad judge: I never tasted illness but the gout, which, tormenting as it is, I prefer to all other distempers: one knows the fit will end, will leave one quite well, and dispenses with the nonsense of physicians, and absurdity is more painful than pain: at least the pain of the gout never takes away my spirits, which the other does.

I have never heard from Mr. Chute this century, but am glad the gout is rather his excuse than the cause, and that it lies only in his pen. I am in too good humour to quarrel with any body, and consequently cannot be in haste to see England, where at least one is sure of being quarrelled with. If they vex me, I will come back hither directly: and I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that your ladyship will not blame me.

Your most faithful humble servant.

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Paris, January 12, 1766.

I HAVE received your letter by general Vernon, and another, to which I have writ an answer, but was disappointed of a conveyance I expected. You shall have it with additions, by the first messenger that goes; but I cannot send it by the post, as I have spoken very freely of some persons you name, in which we agree thoroughly. These few lines are only to tell you I am not idle in writing to you.

I almost repent having come hither; for I like the way of life and many of the people so well, that I doubt I shall feel more regret at leaving Paris than I expected. It would sound vain to tell you the honours and distinctions I receive, and how much I am in fashion; yet when they come from the handsomest women in France, and the most respectable in point of character, can one help being a little proud? If I was twenty years younger, I should wish they were not quite so respectable. Madame de Brionne, whom I have never seen, and who was to have met me at supper last night at the charming madame d'Egmont's, sent me an invitation by the latter for Wednesday next. I was engaged, and hesitated. I was told, "*Comment! savez-vous que c'est qu'elle ne feroit pas pour toute la France?*" However, lest you should dread my returning a perfect old swain, I study my wrinkles, compare myself and my limbs to every plate of larks I see, and treat my understanding with at least as little mercy. Yet, do you know, my present fame is owing to a very trifling composition, but which has made incredible noise. I was one evening at madame Geoffrin's joking on Rousseau's affectations and contradictions, and said some things that diverted them. When I came home, I put them into a letter, and showed it next day to Helvetius and the duc de Nivernois; who were so pleased with it, that, after telling me some faults in the language, which you may be sure there were, they encouraged me to let it be seen. As you know I willingly laugh at mountebanks, *political* or literary, let their talents be ever so great, I was not averse. The copies have spread like wild-fire; *et me voici à la mode!* I expect the end of my reign at the end of the week with great composure. Here is the letter:—

LE ROI DE PRUSSE A MONSIEUR ROUSSEAU.<sup>1</sup>

MON CHER JEAN JACQUES,

Vous avez renoncé à Genève votre patrie; vous vous êtes fait chasser de la Suisse, pays tant vanté dans vos écrits; la France vous a decreté. Venez donc chez moi; j'admire vos talents; je m'amuse de vos reveries, qui (soit dit en passant)

<sup>1</sup> How much Rousseau, who was naturally disposed to believe in plots and conspiracies against him, was annoyed by this jeu d'esprit, the reader

vous occupent trop, et trop long tems. Il faut à la fin être sage et heureux. Vous avez fait assez parler de vous par des singularités peu convenables à un véritable grand homme. Demontrez à vos ennemis que vous pouvez avoir quelquefois le sens commun : cela les fâchera, sans vous faire tort. Mes états vous offrent une retraite paisible ; je vous veux du bien, et je vous en ferai, si vous le trouvez bon. Mais si vous vous obstinez à rejeter mon secours, attendez-vous que je ne le dirai à personne. Si vous persistez à vous creuser l'esprit pour trouver de nouveaux malheurs, choisissez les tels que vous voudrez. Je suis roi, je puis vous en procurer au gré de vos souhaits : et ce qui sûrement ne vous arrivera pas vis à vis de vos ennemis, je cesserai de vous persécuter quand vous cesserez de mettre votre gloire à l'être.

Votre bon ami,

FREDERIC.

The princesse de Ligne,<sup>2</sup> whose mother was an Englishwoman, made a good observation to me last night. She said, *Je suis roi, je puis vous procurer de malheurs*, was plainly the stroke of an English pen. I said, then I had certainly not well imitated the character in which I wrote. You will say I am a bold man to attack both Voltaire and Rousseau. It is true ; but I shoot at their heel, at their vulnerable part.

will readily learn from the following letter which he addressed to the editor of the London Chronicle upon his arrival in England.

Wootton, 3d March 1766.

You have failed, sir, in the respect which every private person owes to a crowned head, in attributing publicly to the king of Prussia, a letter full of extravagance and malignity, of which, for these very reasons, you ought to have known he could not be the author. You have even dared to transcribe his signature as if you had seen it written with his own hand. I inform you, sir, this letter was fabricated at Paris, and what rends my heart is, that the impostor has accomplices in England. You owe to the king of Prussia, to truth, and to me, to print the letter which I write to you and which I sign, as an atonement for a fault with which you would doubtless reproach yourself severely, if you knew to what a dark transaction you have rendered yourself accessory. I salute you, sir, very sincerely.

ROUSSEAU. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> The princess de Ligne was a daughter of the marquis de Megiere, by miss Oglethorpe, sister of general Oglethorpe. [Ed.]

I beg your pardon for taking up your time with these trifles. The day after to-morrow we go in cavalcade with the duchess<sup>3</sup> to her audience;<sup>4</sup> I have got my cravat and shammy shoes. Adieu!

Yours ever.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Paris, Jan. 18, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

I had extreme satisfaction in receiving your letter, having been in great pain about you, and not knowing where to direct a letter. Favre<sup>1</sup> told me, you had had an accident, did not say what it was, but that you was not come to town.<sup>2</sup> He received all the letters and parcels safe, for which I give you many thanks, and a thousand more for your kindness in thinking of them, when you was suffering so much. It was a dreadful conclusion of your travels; but I trust will leave no consequences behind it. The weather is by no means favourable for a recovery, if it is as severe in England as at Paris. We have had two or three days of fog, rather than thaw; but the frost is set in again as sharp as ever. I persisted in going about to churches and convents, till I thought I should have lost my nose and fingers. I have submitted at last to the season, and lie a-bed all the morning; but I hope in February and March to recover the time I have lost. I shall not return to England before the end of March, being determined not to hazard anything. I continue perfectly well, and few things could tempt me to risk five months more of gout.

I will certainly bring you some pastils, and have them better packed, if it is possible. You know how happy I should be if you would send me any other commission. As you say nothing of the Eton living, I fear that prospect has failed you; which

<sup>3</sup> Of Richmond. [Or.]

<sup>4</sup> At Versailles, as ambassadress. [Or.]

<sup>1</sup> A servant of Mr. Walpole's left in London. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> In disembarking at Dover, Mr. Cole met with an accident, that had confined him there three weeks to his bed. [Or.]



gives me great regret, as it would give me very sensible pleasure to have you fixed somewhere (and not far from me) for your ease and satisfaction.

I am glad the cathedral of Amiens answered your expectation ; so has the Sainte Chapelle mine ; you did not tell me what charming enamels I should find in the ante-chapel. I have seen another vast piece, and very fine, of the constable Montmorenci, at the maréchale duchesse de Luxembourg's.

Rousseau is gone to England with Mr. Hume. You will very probably see a letter to Rousseau, in the name of the king of Prussia, writ to laugh at his affectations. It has made excessive noise here, and I believe quite ruined the author with many philosophers. When I tell you I was the author, it is telling you how cheap I hold their anger. If it does not reach you, you shall see it at Strawberry, where I flatter myself I shall see you this summer, and quite well. Adieu !

TO MR. GRAY.

Paris, Jan. 25, 1766.

I AM much indebted to you for your kind letter and advice ; and though it is late to thank you for it, it is at least a stronger proof that I do not forget it. However, I am a little obstinate, as you know, on the chapter of health, and have persisted through this Siberian winter in not adding a grain to my clothes, and in going open-breasted without an under-waistcoat. In short, though I like extremely to live, it must be in my own way, as long as I can : it is not youth I court, but liberty ; and I think making one's self tender is issuing a *general warrant* against one's own person. I suppose I shall submit to confinement when I cannot help it ; but I am indifferent enough to life not to care if it ends soon after my prison begins.

I have not delayed so long to answer your letter, from not thinking of it, or from want of matter, but from want of time. I am constantly occupied, engaged, amused, till I cannot bring a hundredth part of what I have to say into the compass of a

letter. You will lose nothing by this: you know my volubility, when I am full of new subjects; and I have at least many hours of conversation for you at my return. One does not learn a whole nation in four or five months; but, for the time, few, I believe, have seen, studied, or got so much acquainted with the French as I have.

By what I said of their religious or rather irreligious opinions, you must not conclude their people of quality atheists—at least, not the men—Happily for them, poor souls! they are not capable of going so far into thinking. They assent to a great deal, because it is the fashion, and because they don't know how to contradict. They are ashamed to defend the Roman Catholic religion, because it is quite exploded; but I am convinced they believe it in their hearts. They hate the parliaments and the philosophers, and are rejoiced that they may still idolize royalty. At present, too, they are a little triumphant: the court has shown a little spirit, and the parliaments much less: but as the duc de Choiseul, who is very fluttering, unsettled, and inclined to the philosophers, has made a compromise with the parliament of Bretagne, the parliaments might venture out again, if, as I fancy will be the case, they are not glad to drop a cause, of which they began to be a little weary of the inconveniences.

The generality of the men, and more than the generality, are dull and empty. They have taken up gravity, thinking it was philosophy and English, and so have acquired nothing in the room of their natural levity and cheerfulness. However, as their high opinion of their own country remains, for which they can no longer assign any reason, they are contemptuous and reserved, instead of being ridiculously, consequently pardonably, impertinent. I have wondered, knowing my own countrymen, that we had attained such a superiority.—I wonder no longer, and have a little more respect for English *heads* than I had.

The women do not seem of the same country: if they are less gay than they were, they are more informed, enough to make them very conversable. I know six or seven with very superior understandings; some of them with wit, or with softness, or very good sense.

Madame Geoffrin, of whom you have heard much, is an extraordinary woman, with more common sense than I almost ever met with. Great quickness in discovering characters,

penetration in going to the bottom of them, and a pencil that never fails in a likeness—seldom a favourable one. She exacts and preserves, spite of her birth and their nonsensical prejudices about nobility, great court and attention. This she acquires by a thousand little arts and offices of friendship; and by a freedom and severity, which seem to be her sole end of drawing a concourse to her; for she insists on scolding those she inveigles to her. She has little taste and less knowledge, but protects artisans and authors, and courts a few people to have the credit of serving her dependents. She was bred under the famous madame Tencin, who advised her never to refuse any man; for, said her mistress, though nine in ten should not care a farthing for you, the tenth may live to be an useful friend. She did not adopt or reject the whole plan, but fully retained the purport of the maxim. In short, she is an epitome of empire, subsisting by rewards and punishments. Her great enemy, madame du Deffand, was for a short time mistress of the regent, is now very old and stone blind, but retains all her vivacity, wit, memory, judgment, passions, and agreeableness. She goes to operas, plays, suppers, and Versailles; gives suppers twice a week; has every thing new read to her; makes new songs and epigrams, ay, admirably, and remembers every one that has been made these fourscore years. She corresponds with Voltaire, dictates charming letters to him, contradicts him, is no bigot to him or any body, and laughs both at the clergy and the philosophers. In a dispute, into which she easily falls, she is very warm, and yet scarce ever in the wrong: her judgment on every subject is as just as possible; on every point of conduct as wrong as possible: for she is all love and hatred, passionate for her friends to enthusiasm, still anxious to be loved, I don't mean by lovers, and a vehement enemy, but openly. As she can have no amusement but conversation, the least solitude and ennui are insupportable to her, and put her into the power of several worthless people, who eat her suppers when they can eat nobody's of higher rank; wink to one another and laugh at her; hate her because she has forty times more parts—and venture to hate her because she is not rich. She has an old friend whom I must mention, a monsieur Pondeville,<sup>1</sup> author of the *Fat puni*, and

<sup>1</sup> Monsieur de Pontdeveyle, the younger brother of the marquis d'Argental, the friend of Voltaire and of the king of Prussia. Their mother, madame

the Complaissant, and of those pretty novels, the Comte de Cominge, the Siege of Calais, and les Malheurs de l'Amour. Would not you expect this old man to be very agreeable? He can be so, but seldom is: yet he has another very different and very amusing talent, the art of parody, and is unique in his kind. He composes tales to the tunes of long dances: for instance, he has adapted the Regent's Daphnis and Chloe to one, and made it ten times more indecent; but is so old and sings it so well, that it is permitted in all companies. He has succeeded still better in *les caractères de la danse*, to which he has adapted words that express all the characters of love. With all this he has not the least idea of cheerfulness in conversation; seldom speaks but on grave subjects, and not often on them; is a humourist, very supercilious, and wrapt up in admiration of his own country, as the only judge of his merit. His air and look are cold and forbidding; but ask him to sing, or praise his works, his eyes and smiles open and brighten up. In short, I can show him to you: the self-applauding poet in Hogarth's Rake's Progress, the second print, is so like his very features and very wig, that you would know him by it, if you came hither—for he certainly will not go to you.

Madame de Mirepoix's understanding is excellent of the useful kind, and can be so when she pleases of the agreeable kind. She has read, but seldom shows it, and has perfect taste. Her manner is cold, but very civil; and she conceals even the blood of Lorraine, without ever forgetting it. Nobody in France knows the world better, and nobody is personally so well with the king. She is false, artful, and insinuating beyond measure when it is her interest,<sup>2</sup> but indolent and a coward. She never had any passion but gaming, and always loses. For ever paying court, the sole produce of a life of art is to get money from the king to carry on a course of paying debts or contracting new ones, which she discharges as fast as she is able. She advertised devotion to get made *dame du palais* to the queen;

de Ferioles, was sister to the celebrated madame de Tencin and to the cardinal of the same name. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> La maréchale de Mirepoix was the first woman of consequence who countenanced and appeared in public at Versailles with madame du Barri; while, on the other hand, her brother, the prince de Beauvau and his wife, gave great offence by refusing to see or be of any parties with madame du Barri. [Ed.]

and the very next day this princess of Lorraine was seen riding backwards with madame Pompadour in the latter's coach. When the king was stabbed, and heartily frightened, the mistress took a panic, too, and consulted d'Argenson,<sup>3</sup> whether she had not best make off in time. He hated her, and said, By all means. Madame de Mirepoix advised her to stay. The king recovered his spirits, d'Argenson was banished, and la maréchale inherited part of the mistress's credit.—I must interrupt my history of illustrious women with an anecdote of monsieur de Maurepas, with whom I am much acquainted, and who has one of the few heads which approach to good ones, and who luckily for us was disgraced, and the marine dropped, because it was his favourite object and province. He employed Pondéville to make a song on the Pompadour: it was clever and bitter, and did not spare even majesty. This was Maurepas absurd enough to sing at supper at Versailles.<sup>4</sup> Banishment ensued; and lest he

<sup>3</sup> Le comte d'Argenson was minister-at-war, and, after Damien's attempt upon the life of the king of France in 1757, was disgraced and exiled to his country house at Ormes in Poitou. He was brother to the marquis d'Argenson, who had been minister of foreign affairs, and died in 1756. He it was, who is said to have addressed M. Bignon, his nephew, afterwards an Academician! upon conferring upon him the appointment of librarian to the king. "Mon neveu, voilà une belle occasion pour apprendre à lire." [Ed.]

<sup>4</sup> Le comte de Maurepas, who was married to a sister of the duc de la Vallière, had been minister of marine, and disgraced, as Walpole says, at the instigation of the reigning mistress, madame de Pompadour; but, upon the death of Louis Quinze, was immediately summoned to assist in the formation of the ministry of his successor.

The following is the song alluded to by Walpole:

Une petite bourgeoise,  
 Elevée à la grivoise,  
 Mesurant tout à sa toise,  
 Fait de la cour un tandis.  
 Le roi, malgré son scrupule,  
 Pour elle froidement brûle.  
 Cette flame ridicule  
 Excite dans tout Paris, ris, ris, ris.

Cette catin subalterne  
 Insolemment le gouverne,  
 Et c'est elle qui décerne  
 Les honneurs à prix d'argent;

should ever be restored, the mistress persuaded the king that he had poisoned her predecessor madame de Chateauroux. Maurepas is very agreeable, and exceedingly cheerful; yet I have seen a transient silent cloud when politics are talked of.

Madame de Boufflers,<sup>4</sup> who was in England, is a *savante*,

A ses volontés tout plie ;

Le courtisan se humilie,

Il subit cette infamie ;

Et n'est que plus indigent, gent, gent, gent:

La contenance eventée,

La peau jaune et truitée,

Et chaque dent tachetée,

Les yeux fades, le cou long ;

Sans esprit, sans caractère,

L'âme vile et mercenaire,

Les propos d'une commère,

Tout est bas dans la poisson, son, son, son.

Si dans les beautés choisies,

Elle était des plus jolies,

On pardonne les folies

Quand l'objet est un bijou.

Mais pour si mince figure,

Et si sottie créature,

S'attirer tant de murmure!

Chacun pense le roi fou, fou, fou.

Il est vrai que pour lui plaire

Le beau n'est pas nécessaire ;

Vintimille sut lui faire

Trouver son minois joli ;

Aussi croit-on que Destrades,

Si vilaine, si maussade,

Aura bientôt la passade ;

Elle en a l'air tout bouffi, fi, fi, fi.

Les grands seigneurs s'avilissent,

Les financiers s'enrichissent,

Tous les poissons s'agrandissent ;

C'est la règne des vauriens ;

On épuise la finance

En baptimens, en dépense,

L'état tombe en décadence,

Le roi ne met ordre à rien, rien, rien. [Ed.]

<sup>4</sup> La comtesse de Boufflers, née Saujou. She made a second visit to England in 1789, and was resident here for some time with her daughter-in-law,

mistress of the prince of Conti, and very desirous of being his wife. She is two women, the upper and the lower. I need not tell you that the lower is gallant, and still has pretensions. The upper is very sensible, too, and has a measured eloquence that is just and pleasing—but all is spoiled by an unrelaxed attention to applause. You would think she was always sitting for her picture to her biographer.

Madame de Rochfort<sup>5</sup> is different from all the rest. Her understanding is just and delicate ; with a finesse of wit that is the result of reflection. Her manner is soft and feminine, and, though a *savante*, without any declared pretensions. She is the *decent* friend of monsieur de Nivernois, for you must not believe a syllable of what you read in their novels. It requires the greatest curiosity, or the greatest habitude, to discover the smallest connection between the sexes here. No familiarity, but under the veil of friendship, is permitted, and love's dictionary is as much prohibited, as at first sight one should think his ritual was. All you hear, and that pronounced with nonchalance, is, that *monsieur un tel* has had *madame une telle*. The duc de Nivernois has parts, and writes at the top of the mediocre, but, as madame Geoffrin says, is *manqué par tout; guerrier manqué, ambassadeur manqué, homme d'affaires manqué, and auteur manqué*—no, he is not *homme de naissance manqué*. He would think freely, but has some ambition of being governor to the dauphin, and is more afraid of his wife and daughter, who are ecclesiastic fagots. The former outchatters the duke of Newcastle ; and the latter, madame de Gisors, exhausts Mr. Pitt's eloquence in defence of the archbishop of Paris. Monsieur de Nivernois lives in a small circle of dependent admirers, and madame de Rochfort is high priestess for a small salary of credit.

The duchess of Choiseul,<sup>6</sup> the only young one of these la comtesse Amelia de Boufflers, celebrated for her performances on the harp. [Ed.]

<sup>5</sup> Madame de Rocheforte, née Brancas. [Ed.]

<sup>6</sup> La duchesse du Choiseul, née du Chatel. The husband appears to have been more attached to her than Walpole supposed, at least if we may judge from his will, in which he expressly desires that they may be buried in the same grave, and expresses his gratification at the idea of reposing by the side of one whom he had, during his life, cherished and respected so highly. [Ed.]

heroines, is not very pretty, but has fine eyes, and is a little model in wax-work, which not being allowed to speak for some time as incapable, has a hesitation and modesty, the latter of which the court has not cured, and the former of which is atoned for by the most interesting sound of voice, and forgotten in the most elegant turn and propriety of expression. Oh! it is the gentlest, amiable, civil little creature that ever came out of a fairy egg! So just in its phrases and thoughts, so attentive and good-natured! Every body loves it, but its husband, who prefers his own sister the duchesse de Grammont,<sup>7</sup> an Amazonian, fierce, haughty dame, who loves and hates arbitrarily, and is detested. Madame de Choiseul, passionately fond of her husband, was the martyr of this union, but at last submitted with a good grace; has gained a little credit with him, and is still believed to idolize him.—But I doubt it—she takes, too, much pains to profess it.

I cannot finish my list without adding a much more common character—but more complete in its kind than any of the foregoing, the *maréchale de Luxembourg*.<sup>8</sup> She has been very handsome, very abandoned, and very mischievous. Her beauty is gone, her lovers are gone, and she thinks the devil is coming. This dejection has softened her into being rather agreeable, for she has wit and good-breeding; but you would swear, by the restlessness of her person and the horrors she cannot conceal,

<sup>7</sup> Madame la duchesse de Grammont, the sister of the duke of Choiseul, does not appear by any means to have deserved the character which Walpole has given to her. The crowning act of her life, as recorded by a competent authority, militates strongly against Walpole's views. When brought before the Revolutionary tribunal, after having been seized by order of Robespierre, she astonished her judges by the grace and dignity of her demeanour: and pleaded not for her own life, but eloquently for that of her friend, la duchesse du Chatelet. But in vain—the tribunal condemned both to death upon the same scaffold. It was this lady who was chosen to be made an example of, from among many others who slighted madame du Barri, and for this she was exiled to fifteen leagues from Paris, or from wheresoever the court was assembled. [Ed.]

<sup>8</sup> La *maréchale duchesse de Luxembourg*, sister to the duc de Villeroi. Her first husband was the duc de Boufflers, by whom she had a son, the duc de Boufflers, who died at Genoa of the small-pox. She afterwards married the *maréchal duc de Luxembourg*, at whose country seat Montmorency Jean Jacques was long an intimate. [Ed.]





two blinking tapers. I stumbled over a cat; a foot-stool, and a \* \* \* in my journey to her presence. She could not find a syllable to say to me, and the visit ended with her begging a lap-dog. Thank the Lord! though this is the first month, it is the last week, of my reign; and I shall resign my crown with great satisfaction to a *bouillie* of chestnuts, which is just invented, and whose annals will be illustrated by so many indigestions, that Paris will not want any thing else these three weeks. I will enclose the fatal letter after I have finished this enormous one; to which I will only add, that nothing has interrupted my Seigné researches but the frost. The abbé de Malesherbes has given me full power to ransack Livry. I did not tell you, that by great accident, when I thought on nothing less, I stumbled on an original picture of the comte de Grammont. Adieu! You are generally in London in March: I shall be there by the end of it.

Yours ever.

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TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Paris, Feb. 8, 1766.

I HAD the honour of writing to your ladyship on the 4th and 12th of last month, which I only mention, because the latter went by the post, which I have found is not always a safe conveyance.

I am sorry to inform you, madam, that you will not see madame Geoffrin this year, as she goes to Poland in May. The king has invited her, promised her an apartment exactly in her own way, and that she shall see nobody but whom she chooses to see. This will not surprise you, madam; but what I shall add, will; though I must beg your ladyship not to mention it even to her, as it is an absolute secret here, as she does not know that I know it, and as it was trusted to me by a friend of yours. In short, there are thoughts of sending her with a public character, or at least with a commission from hence—a very extraordinary honour, and I think never bestowed but on the *maréchale de Guebriant*. As the Dussions have been talked of, and as madame Geoffrin has enemies, its being known might

make her uneasy that it was known. I should have told it to no mortal but your ladyship ; but I could not resist giving you such a pleasure. In your answer, madam, I need not warn you not to specify what I have told you.

My favour here continues ; and favour never displeases. To me, too, it is a novelty, and I naturally love curiosities. However, I must be looking towards home, and have perhaps only been treasuring up regret. At worst I have filled my mind with a new set of ideas ; some resource to a man who was heartily tired of his old ones. When I tell your ladyship that I play at whisk, and bear even French music, you will not wonder at any change in me. Yet I am far from pretending to like every body, or every thing I see. There are some chapters on which I still fear we shall not agree ; but I will do your ladyship the justice to own, that you have never said a syllable too much in behalf of the friends to whom you was so good as to recommend me. Madame d'Egmont, whom I have mentioned but little, is one of the best women in the world, and, though not at all striking at first, gains upon one much. Colonel Gordon, with this letter, brings you, madam, some more seeds from her. I have a box of pomatums for you from madame de Boufflers, which shall go by the next conveyance that offers. As he waits for my parcel, I can only repeat how much I am

Your ladyship's most obliged and faithful humble servant.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Paris, Feb. 4, 1766.

I WRITE on small paper, that the nothing I have to say may look like a letter. Paris, that supplies me with diversions, affords me no news. England sends me none, on which I care to talk by the post. All seems in confusion ; but I have done with politics !

The marriage of your cousins puts me in mind of the two owls, whom the vizier in some eastern tale told the sultan were treating on a match between their children, on whom they were to settle I don't know how many ruined villages. Trouble not

your head about it. Our ancestors were rogues, and so will our posterity be.

Madame Roland has sent to me, by lady Jerningham,<sup>1</sup> to beg my works. She shall certainly have them when I return to England; but how comes she to forget that you and I are friends? or does she think that all Englishmen quarrel on party? If she does, methinks she is a good deal in the right, and it is one of the reasons why I have bid adieu to politics, that I may not be expected to love those I hate, and hate those I love. I supped last night with the duchess de Choiseul, and saw a magnificent robe she is to wear to-day for a great wedding between a Biron<sup>2</sup> and a Boufflers. It is of blue satin, embroidered all over in a mosaic, diamond-wise, with gold: in every diamond is a silver star edged with gold, and surrounded with spangles in the same way; it is trimmed with double sables, crossed with frogs and tassels of gold; her head, neck, breast, and arms covered with diamonds. She will be quite the fairy queen, for it is the prettiest little reasonable amiable Titania you ever saw; but Oberon does not love it. He prefers a great mortal Hermione his sister. I long to hear that you are lodged in Arlington-street, and invested with your green livery; and I love lord Beaulieu for his *cudom*. Adieu!

Yours ever.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Paris, Sunday, Feb. 23.

I CANNOT know that you are in my house, and not say, you are welcome. Indeed you are, and I am heartily glad you are

<sup>1</sup> Mary, eldest daughter, and eventually heiress of Francis Plowden, esq. by Mary, eldest daughter of John Stafford Howard, second son of the first lord Stafford, wife of sir George Jerningham, and grandmother of the present Lord Stafford. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> The duc de Lauzun who, upon the death of his uncle the maréchal de Biron, became duc de Biron, married the heiress and only child of the duc de Boufflers, who died at Genoa. The marriage proved an unhappy one, and the duchesse twice took refuge in England at the breaking out of the French revolution. But having in 1794 unadvisedly returned to Paris, she perished on a scaffold in one of the bloody proscriptions of Robespierre. [Ed.]

pleased there. I have neither matter nor time for more, as I have heard of an opportunity of sending this away immediately with some other letters. News do not happen here as in London; the parliaments meet, draw up a remonstrance, ask a day for presenting it, have the day named a week after, and so forth. At their rate of going on, if Methusalem was first president, he would not see the end of a single question. As your histories are somewhat more precipitate, I wait for their coming to some settlement, and then will return; but, if the old ministers are to be replaced, bastille for bastille, I think I had rather stay where I am. I am not half so much afraid of any power, as the French are of Mr. Pitt. Adieu!

Yours most faithfully.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Paris, Feb. 28, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

As you cannot, I believe, get a copy of the letter to Rousseau, and are impatient for it, I send it you; though the brevity of it will not answer your expectation. It is no answer to any of his works, and is only a laugh at his affectations. I hear he does not succeed in England, where singularities are no curiosity. Yet he must stay there, or give up all his pretensions. To quit a country where he may live at ease, and unpersecuted, will be owning that tranquillity is not what he seeks. If he again seeks persecution, who will pity him? I should think even bigots would let him alone out of contempt.

I have executed your commission in a way that I hope will please you. As you tell me you have a blue cup and saucer, and a red one, and would have them completed to six, without being all alike, I have bought one other blue, one other red, and two sprigged, in the same manner, with colours; so you will have just three pair, which seems preferable to six odd ones; and which, indeed, at nineteen livres a-piece, I think I could not have found.

I shall keep pretty near to the time I proposed returning; though I am a little tempted to wait for the appearance of

leaves. As I may never come hither again, I am disposed to see a little of their villas and gardens, though it will vex me to lose spring and lilac-tide at Strawberry. The weather has been so bad, and continues so cold, that I have not yet seen all I intend in Paris. To-day, I have been to the Plaine de Sablon, by the Bois de Boulogne, to see a horse-race, rid in person by the count Lauragais and lord Forbes.<sup>1</sup> All Paris was in motion by nine o'clock this morning, and the coaches and crowds were innumerable at so novel a sight. Would you believe it, that there was an Englishman to whom it was quite as new? That Englishman was I, though I live within two miles of Hounslow; have been fifty times in my life at Newmarket, and have passed through it at the time of the races, I never before saw a complete one. I once went from Cambridge on purpose; saw the beginning, was tired, and went away. If there was to be a review in Lapland, perhaps I might see a review, too; which yet I have never seen. Lauragais was distanced at the second circuit. What added to the singularity was, that at the same instant his brother was gone to church to be married. But, as Lauragais is at variance with his father and wife, he chose this expedient to show he was not at the wedding. Adieu!

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Paris, March 3, 1756.

I WRITE because I ought, and because I have promised you I would, and because I have an opportunity by Monsieur de Lillebonne, and in spite of a better reason for being silent, which is, that I have nothing to say. People marry, die, and are promoted here, about whom neither you nor I care a straw. No, truly, and I am heartily tired of them, as you may believe when I am preparing to return. There is a man in the next room actually nailing my boxes; yet it will be the beginning of April before I am at home. I have not had so much as a cold in all this Siberian winter, and I will not venture the tempting the gout by lying in a bad inn, till the weather is warmer. I wish, too, to

<sup>1</sup> James, sixteenth baron, father of the present lord. [Ed.]

see a few leaves out at Versailles, &c. If I stayed till August I could not see many, for there is not a tree for twenty miles, that is not hacked and hewed, till it looks like the stumps that beggars thrust into coaches to excite charity and miscarriages.

I am going this evening in search of madame Roland; I doubt we shall both miss each other's lilies and roses: she may have got some pionies in their room, but mine are replaced with crocuses.

I love lord Harcourt for his civility to you; and I would fain see you situated under the greenwood-tree, even by a compromise.

You may imagine I am pleased with the defeat, hisses, and mortification of George Grenville, and the more by the disappointment it has occasioned here. If you have a mind to vex them thoroughly, you must make Mr. Pitt minister. They have not forgot him, whatever we have done.

The king has suddenly been here this morning to hold a *lit de justice*: I don't yet know the particulars, except that it was occasioned by some bold remonstrances of the parliament on the subject of that of Bretagne. Louis told me when I waked, that the duke de *Chevreauil*, the governor of Paris, was just gone by in great state. I long to chat with Mr. Chute and you in the blue room at Strawberry: though I have little to write, I have a great deal to say. How do you like his new house? has he no gout? Are your cousins Cortes and Pizarro heartily mortified that they are not to roast and plunder the Americans? Is goody Carlisle disappointed at not being appointed grand inquisitor? Adieu! I will not seal this till I have seen or missed madame Roland.

Yours ever.

P.S. I have been prevented going to madame Roland, and must defer giving an account of her by this letter.

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TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Paris, March 10, 1766.

THERE are two points, madam, on which I must write to your ladyship, though I have been confined these three or four

days with an inflammation in my eyes. My watchings and revellings had, I doubt, heated my blood, and prepared it to receive a stroke of cold, which in truth was amply administered. We were two-and-twenty at the maréchale du Luxembourg's, and supped in a temple rather than in a hall. It is vaulted at top with gods and goddesses, and paved with marble; but the god of fire was not of the number.—However, as this is neither of my points, I shall say no more of it.

I send your ladyship lady Albermarle's box, which madame Geoffrin brought to me herself yesterday. I think it very neat and charming, and it exceeds the commission but by a guinea and half. It is lined with wood between the two golds, as the price and necessary size would not admit metal enough without, to leave it of any solidity.

The other point I am indeed ashamed to mention so late. I am more guilty than even about the scissors. Lord Hertford sent me word a fortnight ago, that an ensigncy was vacant, to which he should recommend Mr. Fitzgerald. I forgot both to thank him and to acquaint your ladyship, who probably know it without my communication. I have certainly lost my memory! This is so idle and young, that I begin to fear I have acquired something of *the fashionable man*, which I so much dreaded. It is to England then that I must return to recover friendship and attention? I literally wrote to lord Hertford, and forgot to thank him. Sure I did not use to be so abominable! I cannot account for it; I am as black as ink, and must turn—*methodist*, to fancy that repentance can wash me white again. No, I will not; for then I may sin again, and trust to the same nostrum.

I had the honour of sending your ladyship the funeral sermon on the dauphin, and a tract to laugh at sermons:

Your bane and antidote are both before you.

The first is by the archbishop of Toulouse,<sup>1</sup> who is thought the

<sup>1</sup> Brionne de Lomenie, archbishop of Toulouse, and afterwards cardinal de Lomenie, or as he was nicknamed by the populace of Paris, *Cardinal de l'Ignominie*, was great nephew to madame du Deffand. The spirit of political intrigue raised him to the administration of affairs during the last struggles of the old régime, and exposed him to the contempt he deserved, for aspiring to such a situation at such a moment. [Ed.]



first man of the clergy. It has some sense, no pathetic, no eloquence, and, I think, clearly no belief in his own doctrine. The latter is by the abbé Coyer,<sup>2</sup> written lively, upon a single idea; and, though I agree upon the inutility of the remedy he rejects, I have no better opinion of that he would substitute. Preaching has not failed, from the beginning of the world till to-day, not because inadequate to the disease, but because the disease is incurable. If one preached to lions and tigers, would it cure them of thirsting for blood, and sucking it when they have an opportunity? No; but when they are whelped in the Tower, and both caressed and beaten, do they turn out a jot more tame when they are grown up? So far from it, all the kindness in the world, all the attention, cannot make even a monkey (that is no beast of prey) remember a pair of scissors or an ensigny.

Adieu, madam! and pray don't forgive me, till I have forgiven myself. I dare not close my letter with any professions; for could you believe them in one that had so much reason to think himself

Your most obedient humble servant?

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Paris, March 12, 1766.

I CAN write but two lines, for I have been confined these four or five days with a violent inflammation in my eyes, and which has prevented my returning to madame Roland. I did not find her at home, but left your letter. My right eye is well again, and I have been to take air.

How can you *ask leave* to carry any body to Strawberry? May not you do what you please with me and mine? Does not Arlington-street comprehend Strawberry? why don't you go and

<sup>2</sup> This pamphlet of the Abbé Coyer, which was entitled "On Preaching," produced a great sensation in Paris at the time of its publication. Its object is to prove that those who have occupied themselves in preaching to others, ever since the world began, whether poets, priests, or philosophers, have been but a parcel of prattlers, listened to if eloquent, laughed at if dull; but who have never corrected any body: the true preacher being the government, which joins to the moral maxims which it inculcates the force of example and the power of execution. [Ed.]

lie there if you like it? It will be, I think, the middle of April before I return; I have lost a week by this confinement, and would fain satisfy my curiosity entirely, now I am here. I have seen enough, and too much, of the people. I am glad you has upon civil terms with Habiculeo. The less I esteem folks, the less I would quarrel with them.

I don't wonder that Colman and Garrick write ill in concert; when they write ill separately; however, I am heartily glad the Clive shines. Adieu! Commend me to Charles-street. Kiss Fanny, and Mufti, and Ponto for me, when you go to Strawberry: dear souls, I long to kiss them myself.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Paris, March 21, 1766.

You make me very happy, in telling me you have been so comfortable in my house. If you would set up a bed there, you need never go out of it. I want to invite you, not to expel you. April the tenth my pilgrimage will end, and the fifteenth, or sixteenth, you may expect to see me, not much fattened with the flesh-pots of Egypt, but almost as glad to come amongst you again as I was to leave you.

Your madame Roland is not half so fond of me as she tells me; I have been twice at her door, left your letter and my own direction, but have not received so much as a message to tell me she is sorry she was not at home. Perhaps this is her first vision of Paris, and it is natural for a Frenchwoman to have her head turned with it; though what she takes for rivers of emerald, and hotels of ruby and topaz, are to my eyes, that have been purged with euphrasy and rue, a filthy stream, in which every thing is washed without being cleaned, and dirty houses, ugly streets, worse shops, and churches loaded with bad pictures. Such is the material part of this paradise; for the corporeal, if madame Roland admires it, I have nothing to say; however, I shall not be sorry to make one at lady Frances Elliot's. Thank you for admiring my deaf old woman; if I could bring my old blind one with me, I should resign this

paradise as willingly as if it was built of opal, and designed by a fisherman, who thought that what makes a fine necklace would make a finer habitation.

We did not want your sun ; it has shone here for a fortnight with all its lustre ; but yesterday a north wind, blown by the czarina herself I believe, arrived, and declared a month of March of full age. This morning it snowed ; and now, clouds of dust are whisking about the streets and quays, edged with an east wind, that gets under one's very shirt. I should not be quite sorry if a little of it tapped my lilacs on their green noses, and bade them wait for their master.

The princess of Talmond sent me this morning a picture of two pug-dogs, and a black and white greyhound, wretchedly painted. I could not conceive what I was to do with this daub, but in her note she warned me not to hope to keep it. It was only to imprint on my memory the size, and features, and spots of Diana, her departed greyhound, in order that I might get her exactly such another. Don't you think my memory will return well stored, if it is littered with defunct lap-dogs. She is so devout, that I did not dare send her word, that I am not possessed of a twig of Jacob's broom, with which he streaked cattle as he pleased.

To'other day, in the street, I saw a child in a leading-string, whose nurse gave it a farthing for a beggar ; the babe delivered its mite with a grace, and a twirl of the hand. I don't think your cousin T \* \* \* 's first grandson will be so well bred. Adieu !

Yours ever.

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Paris, April 3, 1766.

ONE must be just to all the world ; madame Roland, I find, has been in the country, and at Versailles, and was so obliging as to call on me this morning, but I was so disobliging as not to be awake. I was dreaming dreams ; in short, I had dined at Livry ; yes, yes, at Livry, with a Langlade and De la Rochefoucaulds. The abbey is now possessed by an abbé de

Malherbe, with whom I am acquainted, and who had given me a general invitation. I put it off to the last moment, that the *bois* and *allées* might set off the scene a little, and contribute to the vision; but it did not want it. Livry is situated in the forêt de Bondi, very agreeably on a flat, but with hills near it, and in prospect. There is a great air of simplicity and rural about it, more regular than our taste, but with an old-fashioned tranquillity, and nothing of *colifichet*. Not a tree exists that remembers the charming woman, because in this country an old tree is a traitor, and forfeits its head to the crown; but the plantations are not young, and might very well be as they were in her time. The abbé's house is decent and snug; a few paces from it is the sacred pavilion built for madame de Sevigné by her uncle, and much as it was in her day; a small saloon below for dinner, then an arcade, but the niches now closed, and painted in fresco with medallions of her, the Grignan, the Fayette, and the Rochefoucauld. Above, a handsome large room, with a chimney-piece in the best taste of Louis the Fourteenth's time; a holy family in good relief over it, and the cypher of her uncle Coulanges; a neat little bed-chamber within, and two or three clean little chambers over them. On one side of the garden, leading to the great road, is a little bridge of wood, on which the dear woman used to wait for the courier, that brought her daughter's letters. Judge with what veneration and satisfaction I set my foot upon it! If you will come to France with me next year, we will go and sacrifice on that sacred spot together.

On the road to Livry I passed a new house, on the pilasters of the gate to which were two sphynxes in stone, with their heads coquetly reclined, straw hats, and French cloaks slightly pinned, and not hiding their bosoms. I don't know whether I or Memphis would have been more diverted.

I shall set out this day se'nnight, the tenth, and be in London about the fifteenth or sixteenth, if the wind is fair. Adieu;

Yours ever.

P.S. I need not say, I suppose, that this letter is to Mr. Chute, too.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY,

Paris, April 6, 1766.

IN a certain city of Europe<sup>1</sup> it is the custom to wear slouched hats, long cloaks, and high capes. Scandal and the government called this dress *going in mask*, and pretended that it contributed to assassination. An ordonnance was published, commanding free-born hats to be cocked, cloaks to be shortened, and capes laid aside. All the world obeyed for the first day; but the next, every thing returned into its old channel. In the evening a tumult arose, and cries of God bless the king! God bless the kingdom! but confusion to the prime minister.<sup>2</sup>—The word was no sooner given, but his house was beset, the windows broken, and the gates attempted. The guards came and fired on the *weavers*<sup>3</sup> of cloaks. The weavers returned the fire, and many fell on each side. As the hour of supper approached and the mob grew hungry, they recollected a tax upon bread, and demanded the *repeal*. The king yielded to both requests, and hats and loaves were set at liberty. The people were not contented, and still insisted on the permission of murdering the first minister; though his majesty assured his faithful commons that the minister was never consulted on acts of government, and was only his private friend, who sometimes called upon him in an evening to drink a glass of wine and talk botany. The people were incredulous, and continued in mutiny when the last letters came away.

If you should happen to suppose, as I did, that this *history* arrived in London, do not be alarmed; for it was at Madrid; and a nation who has borne the inquisition cannot support a cocked hat!—So necessary it is for governors to know when lead or a feather will turn the balance of human understandings, or will not.

I should not have entrenched on lord George's<sup>4</sup> province of

<sup>1</sup> This account alludes to the insurrection at Madrid, on the attempt of the court to introduce the French dress in Spain. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> Squillace, an Italian, whom the king was obliged to banish. [Or.]

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to the mobs of silk-weavers which had taken place in London. [Or.]

<sup>4</sup> Lord George Lennox, only brother to the duke of Richmond. [Or.]

sending you news of revolutions, but he is at Aubigné;<sup>5</sup> and I thought it right to advertise you in time, in case you should have a mind to send a bale of slouched hats to the support of the mutineers. As I have worn a flapped hat all my life, when I have worn any at all, I think myself qualified, and would offer my service to command them; but, being persuaded that you are a faithful observer of treaties, though a friend to repeals, I shall come and receive your commands in person. In the mean time I cannot help figuring what a pompous protest my lord Lyttelton might draw up in the character of an old grandee against the revocation of the act for cocked hats.

Lady Ailesbury forgot to send me word of your recovery, as she promised; but I was so lucky as to hear it from other hands. Pray take care of yourself, and do not imagine that you are as weak as I am, and can escape the scythe, as I do, by being low: your life is of more consequence. If you don't believe me, step into the street and ask the first man you meet.

This is Sunday, and Thursday is fixed for my departure, unless the Clairon should return to the stage on Tuesday se'nnight, as is said; and I do not know whether I should not be tempted to borrow two or three days more, having never seen her: yet my lilacs pull hard, and I have not a farthing left in the world. Be sure you do not leave a cranny open for George Grenville to wriggle in, till I have got all my things out of the custom-house. Adieu!

Yours ever.

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Paris, April 8, 1766.

I SENT you a few lines by the post yesterday, with the first accounts of the insurrection at Madrid. I have since seen Stahremberg,<sup>1</sup> the Imperial minister; who has had a courier from thence; and if lord Rochford<sup>2</sup> has not sent one, you will

<sup>5</sup> The duke of Richmond's country seat in France. [Or.]

<sup>1</sup> Prince Stahremberg: he had married a daughter of the duc d'Arembert, by his duchess, née la Marcke. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> William Henry Zulestein de Nassau, earl of Rochford, who was at this time the English ambassador extraordinary at the court of Spain. [Ed.]

not be sorry to know more particulars. The mob disarmed the invalids; stopped all coaches, to prevent Squillace's flight; and meeting the duke de Medina Celi, forced him and the duke d'Arcos to carry their demands to the king. His most frightened majesty granted them directly; on which his highness the people dispatched a monk with their demands in writing, couched in four articles: the diminution of the gabel on bread and oil; the revocation of the ordonnance on hats and cloaks; the banishment of Squillace; and the abolition of some other tax, I don't know what. The king signed all; yet was still forced to appear in a balcony, and promise to observe what he had granted. Squillace was sent with an escort to Carthagena, to embark for Naples, and the first commissioner of the treasury appointed to succeed him; which does not look much like observation of the conditions. Some say Ensenada is recalled, and that Grimaldi is in no good odour with the people. If the latter and Squillace are dismissed, we get rid of two enemies.

The tumult ceased on the grant of the demands; but the king retiring that night to Aranjuez, the insurrection was renewed the next morning, on pretence that this flight was a breach of the capitulation. The people seized the gates of the capital, and permitted nobody to go out. In this state were things when the courier came away. The ordonnance against going in disguise looks as if some suspicions had been conceived; and yet their confidence was so great as not to have 2000 guards in the town. The pitiful behaviour of the court makes one think that the Italians were frightened, and that the Spanish part of the ministry were not sorry it took that turn. As I suppose there is no great city in Spain which has not at least a bigger bundle of grievances than the capital, one shall not wonder if the pusillanimous behaviour of the king encourages them to redress themselves, too.

There is what is called a change of the ministry here; but it is only a crossing over and figuring in. The duc de Praslin has wished to retire for some time; and for this last fortnight there has been much talk of his being replaced by the duc d'Aiguillon, the duc de Nivernois, &c.; but it is plain, though not believed till *now*, that the duc de Choiseul is all-powerful. To purchase the stay of his cousin Praslin, on whom he can depend, and to leave no cranny open, he has ceded the marine

and colonies to the duc de Praslin, and taken the foreign and military department himself. His cousin is, besides, named *chef du conseil des finances*; a very honourable, very dignified, and very idle place, and never filled since the duc de Bethune had it. Praslin's hopeful cub, the viscount, whom you saw in England last year, goes to Naples, and the marquis de Durfort to Vienna—a cold, dry, proud man, with the figure and manner of lord Cornbury.

Great matters are expected to-day from the parliament, which re-assembles. A mousquetaire, his piece loaded with a *lettre de cachet*, went about a fortnight ago to the notary who keeps the parliamentary registers, and demanded them. They were refused—but given up, on the *lettre de cachet* being produced. The parliament intends to try the notary for breach of trust, which I suppose will make his fortune; though he has not the merit of perjury, like \* \* \* \* \*

There have been insurrections at Bourdeaux and Toulouse, on the militia, and twenty-seven persons were killed at the latter: but both are appeased. These things are so much in vogue, that I wonder the French do not dress *à la revolte*.

The queen is in a very dangerous way.

This will be my last letter; but I am not sure I shall set out before the middle of next week.

Yours ever.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington-street, May 10, 1766.

At last I am come back, dear sir, and in good health. I have brought you four cups and saucers, one red and white, one blue and white, and two coloured; and a little box of pastils. Tell me whether and how I shall convey them to you; or whether you will, as I hope, come to Strawberry this summer, and fetch them yourself: but if you are in the least hurry, I will send them.

I flatter myself you have quite recovered your accident, and have no remains of lameness. The spring is very wet and cold, but Strawberry alone contains more verdure than all France.

I scrambled very well through the custom-house at Dover,



and have got all my china safe from *that* here in town. You will see the fruits when you come to Strawberry-hill. Adieu!

Yours ever.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE,

DEAR SIR,

If you wonder you have not received the china and pastils, I must tell you the reason. They were sent for late in the evening when I was not at home. The servant desired they might be ready by eight next morning, but did not come for them, but afterwards left word they were to go by the waggon. I knew that was not safe for the china, and would reduce the pastils to powder, and therefore did not send them. When you send for them, be so good as to let me have a day or two of notice, because I am never at home in an evening, and often out of town.

The cups certainly cost but nine livres a piece, and nineteen was a mistake.

Yours ever.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington-street, May 13, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

I am forced to do a very awkward thing, and send you back one of your letters, and, what is still worse, opened. The case was this: I received your two at dinner, opened one and laid the other in my lap; but forgetting that I had taken one out of the first, I took up the wrong and broke it open, without perceiving my mistake, till I saw the words, *Dear Sister*. I give you my honour I read no farther, but had torn it too much to send it away. Pray excuse me; and another time I beg you will put an envelope, for you write just where the seal comes; and besides, place the seals so together, that though I did not quite open the fourth letter, yet it stuck so to the outer seal, that I could not help tearing it a little.

Your things shall be ready whenever they are called for.  
Adieu !

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, May 25, 1766.

WHEN the weather will please to be in a little better temper, I will call upon you to perform your promise; but I cannot in conscience invite you to a fire-side. The Guerchys and French dined here last Monday, and it rained so that we could no more walk in the garden than Noah could. I came again to-day, but shall return to town to-morrow, as I hate to have no sun in May, but what I can make with a peck of coals.

I know no news, but that the duke of Richmond is secretary of state, and that your cousin North has refused the vice-treasurer of Ireland. It cost him bitter pangs, not to preserve his virtue, but his vicious connections. He goggled his eyes, and groped in his money pocket, more than half consented; nay, so much more, that when he got home he wrote an excuse to lord Rockingham, which made it plain that he thought he had accepted. As nobody was dipped deeper in the warrants and prosecution of Wilkes, there is no condoling with the ministers on missing so foul a bargain. They are only to be pitied, that they can purchase nothing but damaged goods.

So my lord Grandison<sup>1</sup> is dead! Does the general inherit much?

Have you heard the great loss the church of England has had! It is not avowed, but hear the evidence and judge. On Sunday last, George Selwyn was strolling home to dinner at half an hour after four. He saw my lady Townshend's coach stop at Caraccioli's<sup>2</sup> chapel. He watched, saw her go in; her footman laughed; he followed. She went up to the altar,

<sup>1</sup> John Villiers, fifth viscount Grandison: he had been elevated to the earldom in 1721, which title became extinct and the viscounty devolved upon William third earl of Jersey. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> The marquis de Carraccioli, ambassador from the court of Naples. He was afterwards ambassador to the French court. [Ed.]

a woman brought her a cushion; she knelt, crossed herself, and prayed. He stole up, and knelt by her. Conceive her face, if you can, when she turned and found his close to her. In his demure voice, he said, "Pray, madam, how long has your ladyship left the pale of our church?" She looked furies, and made no answer. Next day he went to her, and she turned it off upon curiosity; but is any thing more natural? No, she certainly means to go armed with every viaticum, the church of England in one hand, methodism in the other, and the host in her mouth.

Have you ranged your forest, and seen your lodge yourself? I could almost wish it may not answer, and that you may cast an eye towards our neighbourhood. My lady Shelburne<sup>3</sup> has taken a house here, and it has produced a *bon-mot* from Mrs. Clive. You know my lady Suffolk is *deaf*, and I have talked much of a charming old passion I have at Paris, who is *blind*; "Well," said the Clive, "if the new countess is but *lame*, I shall have no chance of ever seeing you." Good night!

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, June 20, 1766.

I DON'T know when I shall see you, but therefore must not I write to you? yet I have as little to say as may be. I could cry through a whole page over the bad weather. I have but a lock of hay, you know; and I cannot get it dry, unless I bring it to the fire. I would give half-a-crown for a pennyworth of sun. It is abominable to be ruined in coals in the middle of June.

What pleasure have you to come! there is a new thing published, that will make you split your cheeks with laughing. It is called the New Bath Guide.<sup>1</sup> It stole into the world, and

<sup>3</sup> Mary, countess of Shelburne, widow of the hon. John Fitzmaurice, first earl of Shelburne. She was likewise his first cousin, being the daughter of the hon. William Fitzmaurice, of Gallane, in the county of Kerry. [Ed.]

<sup>1</sup> By Christopher Anstey. It has recently been reprinted, and is now of

for a fortnight no soul looked into it, concluding its name was its true name. No such thing. It is a set of letters in verse, in all kind of verses, describing the life at Bath, and incidentally every thing else; but so much wit, so much humour, fun, and poetry, so much originality, never met together before. Then the man has a better ear than Dryden or Handel. *A-propos* to Dryden, he has burlesqued his St. Cecilia, that you will never read it again without laughing. There is a description of a milliner's box in all the terms of landscape, *painted lawns and chequered shades*, a Moravian ode, and a methodist ditty, that are incomparable, and the best names that ever were composed. I can say it by heart, though a quarto, and if I had time would write it you down; for it is not yet reprinted, and not one to be had.

There are two volumes, too, of Swift's correspondence, that will not amuse you less in another way, though abominable, for there are letters of twenty persons now alive; fifty of lady Betty Germain, one that does her great honour, in which she defends her friend my lady Suffolk, with all the spirit in the world, against that brute, who hated every body that he hoped would get him a mitre, and did not. \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

His own journal, sent to Stella during the four last years of the queen, is a fund of entertainment. You will see his insolence in full colours, and, at the same time, how daily vain he was of being noticed by the ministers he affected to treat arrogantly. His panic at the Mohocks is comical; but what strikes one, is bringing before one's eyes the incidents of a curious period. He goes to the rehearsal of Cato, and says the *drab* that acted Cato's daughter could not say her part. This was only Mrs. Oldfield.<sup>2</sup> I was saying before George Selwyn, that this journal put me in mind of the present time, there was the same indecision, irresolution, and want of system; but I added, "There is nothing new under the sun." "No," said Selwyn, "nor under the grandson."

My lord Chesterfield has done me much honour: he told increased interest from its faithful portraiture of the time in which it was composed. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> A celebrated actress and most accomplished woman. She was born in London 1683, and died in 1730. [Ed.]

Mrs. Anne Pitt that he would subscribe to any politics I should lay down. When she repeated this to me, I said, "Pray tell him I have laid down politics."

I am got into puns, and will tell you an excellent one of the king of France, though it does not spell any better than Selwyn's. You must have heard of count Lauragais, and his horse-race, and his quacking his horse till he killed it. At his return the king asked him what he had been doing in England? "Sire, *j'ai appris à penser*"—"Des chevaux?" replied the king.

Good night! I am tired, and going to bed.

Yours ever.

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TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Strawberry-hill, June 28, 1766.

IT is consonant to your ladyship's long experienced goodness, to remove my error as soon as you could. In fact, the same post that brought madame d'Aiguillon's letter to you, brought me a confession from madame du Deffand of her guilt.<sup>1</sup> I am not the less obliged to your ladyship for *informing* against the true criminal. It is well for me however that I hesitated, and did not, as monsieur de Guerchy pressed me to do, constitute myself prisoner. What a ridiculous vain-glorious figure I should have made at Versailles, with a laboured letter and my present! I still shudder when I think of it, and have scolded madame du Deffand black and blue. However, I feel very comfortable; and though it will be imputed to my own vanity, that I showed the box as madame de Choiseul's present, I resign the glory, and submit to the shame with great satisfaction. I have no pain in receiving this present from madame du Deffand, and must own have great pleasure that nobody but she could write that most charming of all letters. Did not lord Chesterfield think it so, madam? I doubt our friend Mr. Hume must allow that not only madame de Boufflers, but

<sup>1</sup> Madame du Deffand had sent Mr. Walpole a snuff-box, in which was a portrait of madame de Sevigné, accompanied by a letter written in her name from the Elysian-fields, and addressed to Mr. Walpole, who did not at first suspect madame du Deffand as the author, but thought both the present and letter had come from the duchess of Choiseul. [Or.]

Voltaire himself, could not have written so well. When I give up madame de Sevigné herself, I think his sacrifices will be trifling.

Pray, madam, continue your waters; and, if possible, wash away that original sin, the gout. What would one give for a little rainbow to tell one one should never have it again! Well, but then one should have a burning fever—for I think the greatest comfort that good-natured divines give us is, that we are not to be drowned any more, in order that we may be burned. It will not at least be this summer; here is nothing but haycocks swimming round me. If it should cease raining by Monday se'nnight, I think of dining with your ladyship at Old Windsor; and if Mr. Bateman presses me mightily, I may take a bed there.

As I have a waste of paper before me, and nothing more to say, I have a mind to fill it with a translation of a tale that I found lately in the *Dictionnaire d'Anecdotes*, taken from a German author. The novelty of it struck me, and I put it into verse—ill enough; but, as the old duchess of Rutland used to say of a lie, it will do for news into the country.

From Time's usurping power, I see,  
Not Acheron itself is free. .  
His wasting hand my subjects feel,  
Grow old, and wrinkle though in hell.  
Decrepit is Alecto grown,  
Megæra worn to skin and bone;  
And t'other beldam is so old,  
She has not spirits left to scold.  
Go, Hermes, bid my brother Jove  
Send three new furies from above.  
To Mercury thus Pluto said:  
The winged deity obey'd.

It was about the self-same season,  
That Juno, with as little reason,  
Rung for her abigail; and you know,  
Iris is chamber-maid to Juno.  
Iris, d'ye hear? Mind what I say,  
I want three maids—inquire—No, stay!  
Three virgins—Yes, unspotted all;  
No characters equivocal.  
Go find me three, whose manners pure  
Can envy's sharpest tooth endure.  
The goddess curtsey'd, and retir'd;  
From London to Pekin inquir'd;

## CORRESPONDENCE OF THE

Search'd huts and palaces—in vain;  
 And, tir'd, to heaven came back again.  
 Alone! are you return'd alone?  
 How wicked must the world be grown!  
 What has my profligate been doing?  
 On earth has he been spreading ruin?  
 Come tell me all—Fair Iris sigh'd,  
 And thus disconsolate replied:  
 'Tis true, O queen! three maids I found,  
 The like are not on Christian ground;  
 So chaste, severe, immaculate,  
 The very name of man they hate:  
 These—but, alas! I came too late;  
 For Hermes had been there before;  
 In triumph off to Pluto bore  
 Three sisters, whom yourself would own  
 The true supports of virtue's throne.  
 To Pluto!—Mercy! cried the queen,  
 What can my brother Pluto mean?  
 Poor man! he doats, or mad he sure is!  
 What can he want them for?—Three furies.

You will say I am an *infernal* poet; but every body cannot  
 write as they do *aux champs élysés*. Adieu, madam!

Yours most faithfully.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, July 10, 1765.

Don't you think a complete year enough for any administration to last? One, who at least can remove them, though he cannot make them, thinks so; and, accordingly, yesterday notified that he had sent for Mr. Pitt. Not a jot more is known; but as this set is sacrificed to their resolution of having nothing to do with lord Bute, the new list will probably not be composed of such hostile ingredients. The arrangement I believe settled in the outlines; if it is not, it may still never take place: it will not be the first time this egg has been addled. One is very sure that many people on all sides will be displeased, and I think no side quite contented. Your cousins, the house of Yorke, lord George Sackville, Newcastle, and lord

Rockingham, will certainly not be of the elect. What lord Temple will do, or if any thing will be done for George Grenville, are great points of curiosity. The plan will probably be, to pick and cull from all quarters, and break all parties, as much as possible. From this moment I date the wane of Mr. Pitt's glory; he will want the thorough-bass of drums and trumpets, and is not made for peace. The dismissal of a most popular administration, a leaven of Bute, whom, too, he can never trust, and the numbers he will discontent, will be considerable objects against him.

For my own part, I am much pleased, and much diverted. I have nothing to do but to sit by and laugh, a humour you know I am apt to indulge. You shall hear from me again soon.

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, July 21, 1766.

You may strike up your sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer; for Mr. Pitt<sup>1</sup> comes in, and lord Temple does not. Can I send you a more welcome affirmative or negative? My sackbut is not very sweet, and here is the ode I have made for it:—

When Britain heard the woful news,  
That Temple was to be minister,  
To look upon it could she choose  
But as an omen most sinister?  
But when she heard he did refuse,  
In spite of lady Chat his sister,  
What could she do but laugh, O muse?  
And so she did, till she — her.

If that snake had wriggled in, he would have drawn after him the whole herd of vipers; his brother Demogorgon and all. 'Tis a blessed deliverance.

<sup>1</sup> The right hon. William Pitt was gazetted on the 30th July 1766, viscount Pitt, of Burton Pynsent, and earl of Chatham. The same gazette contained the notification of his appointment as lord privy seal, in the room of the duke of Newcastle. [Ed.]



The changes I should think now would be few. They are not yet known; but I am content already, and shall go to Strawberry to-morrow, where I shall be happy to receive you and Mr. John any day after Sunday next, the twenty-seventh, and for as many days as ever you will afford me. Let me know your mind by the return of the post. Strawberry is in perfection: the verdure has all the bloom of spring: the orange trees are loaded with blossoms, the gallery all sun and gold, Mrs. Clive all sun and vermillion—in short, come away to

Yours ever.

P.S. I forgot to tell you, and I hate to steal and not tell, that my ode is imitated from Fontaine.

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TO DAVID HUME, Esq.<sup>1</sup>

Arlington-street, July 26, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

Your set of literary friends are what a set of literary men are apt to be, exceedingly absurd. They hold a consistory to consult how to argue with a madman; and they think it very necessary for your character to give them the pleasure of seeing Rousseau exposed, not because he has provoked you, but them. If Rousseau prints, you must; but I certainly would not till he does.

I cannot be precise as to the time of my writing the king of Prussia's letter, but I do assure you with the utmost truth that it was several days before you left Paris, and before Rousseau's arrival there, of which I can give you a strong proof; for I not only suppressed the letter while you staid there, out of delicacy to you; but it was the reason why, out of delicacy to myself, I did not go to see him, as you often proposed to me, thinking it wrong to go and make a cordial visit to a man, with a letter in

<sup>1</sup> On the celebrated quarrel between Hume and Rousseau, D'Alembert, and the other literary friends of the former, met at Paris, and were unanimous in advising him to publish the particulars. This Hume at first refused, but determined to collect them, and for that purpose had written to Mr. Valpole respecting the pretended letter from the king of Prussia. [Or.]

my pocket to laugh at him. You are at full liberty, dear sir, to make use of what I say in your justification, either to Rousseau or any body else. I should be very sorry to have you blamed on my account; I have a hearty contempt of Rousseau, and am perfectly indifferent what the literati of Paris think of the matter. If there is any fault, which I am far from thinking, let it lie on me. No parts can hinder my laughing at their possessor, if he is a mountebank. If he has a bad and most ungrateful heart, as Rousseau has shown in your case, into the bargain, he will have my scorn likewise, as he will of all good and sensible men. You may trust your sentence to such, who are as respectable judges as any that have pored over ten thousand more volumes.

Yours most sincerely.

P.S. I will look out the letter and the dates as soon as I go to Strawberry-hill.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington-street, Sept. 18, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your very friendly letter, and hurt at the absurdity of the newspapers that occasioned the alarm. Sure I am not of consequence enough to be lied about! It is true I am ill, have been extremely so, and have been ill long, but with nothing like paralytic, as they have reported me. It has been this long disorder alone that has prevented my profiting of your company at Strawberry, according to the leave you gave me of asking it. I have lived upon the road between that place and this, never settled there, and uncertain whether I should go to Bath or abroad. Yesterday se'nnight I grew exceedingly ill indeed, with what they say has been the gout in my stomach, bowels, back, and kidneys. The worst seems over, and I have been to take the air to-day, for the first time, but bore it so ill that I don't know how soon I shall be able to set out for Bath, whither they want me to go immediately. As that journey makes it very uncertain when I shall

be at Strawberry again, and, as you must want your cups and pastils, will you tell me if I can convey them to you any way safely?

Excuse my saying more to-day, as I am so faint and weak; but it was impossible not to acknowledge your kindness the first minute I was able. Adieu!

Yours ever.

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 18, 1766.

I AM this moment come hither with Mr. Chute, who has showed me your most kind and friendly letter, for which I give you a thousand thanks. It did not surprise me, for you cannot alter.

I have been most extremely ill; indeed, never well since I saw you. However, I think it is over, and that the gout is gone without leaving a codicil in my foot. Weak I am to the greatest degree, and no wonder. Such explosions make terrible havoc in a body of paper. I shall go to the Bath in a few days, which they tell me will make my quire of paper hold out a vast while! as to that, I am neither credulous nor earnest. If it can keep me from pain and preserve me the power of motion, I shall be content. Mr. Chute, who has been good beyond measure, goes with me for a few days. A thousand thanks and compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Whetenhall and Mr. John, and excuse my writing more, as I am a little fatigued with my little journey.

Yours ever.

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Bath, October 2, 1766.

I ARRIVED yesterday at noon, and bore my journey perfectly well, except that I had the head-ach all yesterday; but it is gone to-day, or at least made way for a little giddiness

which the water gave me this morning at first. If it does not do me good very soon, I shall leave it; for I dislike the place exceedingly, and am disappointed in it. Their new buildings that are so admired, look like a collection of little hospitals; the rest is detestable; and all crammed together, and surrounded with perpendicular hills that have no beauty. The river is paltry enough to be the Seine or Tyber. Oh! how unlike my lovely Thames!

I met my lord Chatham's coach yesterday full of such Grenville-looking children, that I shall not go to see him this day or two; and to-day I spoke to lady Rockingham in the street. My lords chancellor and president are here, and lord and lady Powis. Lady Malpas arrived yesterday. I shall visit miss Rich to-morrow. In the next apartment to mine lodges \* \* \* \* \*. I have not seen him some years; and he is grown either mad or superannuated, and talks without cessation or coherence: you would think all the articles in a dictionary were prating together at once. The Bedfords are expected this week. There are forty thousand others that I neither know nor intend to know. In short, it is living in a fair, and I am heartily sick of it already. Adieu!

Yours ever.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Bath, October 5, 1766.

Yes, thank you, I am quite well again; and if I had not a mind to continue so, I would not remain here a day longer, for I am tired to death of the place. I sit down by the waters of Babylon and weep, when I think of thee, oh Strawberry! The elements certainly agree with me, but I shun the gnomes and salamanders, and have not once been at the rooms. Mr. Chute stays with me till Tuesday; when he is gone, I do not know what I shall do; for I cannot play at cribbage by myself, and the alternative is to see my lady Vane open the ball, and glimmer at fifty-four. All my comfort is, that I lodge close to the cross bath, by which means I avoid the pump-room and all its works. We go to dine and see Bristol to-morrow, which

will terminate our sights, for we are afraid of your noble cousins at Badminton; and, as Mrs. Allen is dead, and Warburton<sup>1</sup> entered upon the premises, you may swear we shall not go thither.

Lord Chatham, the late and present chancellors, and sundry more, are here, and their graces of Bedford expected. I think I shall make your Mrs. Trevor and lady Lucy a visit, but it is such an age since we met, that I suppose we shall not know one another by sight. Adieu! These watering places, that mimic a capital, and add vulgarisms and familiarities of their own, seem to me like abigails in cast gowns, and I am not young enough to take up with either.

Yours ever.

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TO JOHN CHUTE, Esq.

Bath, Oct. 10, 1766.

I AM impatient to hear that your charity to me has not ended in the gout to yourself—all my comfort is, if you have it, that you have good lady Brown to nurse you.

My health advances faster than my amusement. However, I have been at one opera, Mr. Wesley's.<sup>1</sup> They have boys and girls with charming voices, that sing hymns, in parts, to Scotch ballad tunes; but indeed so long, that one would think they were already in eternity, and knew how much time they had before them. The chapel is very neat, with true Gothic windows (yet I am not converted); but I was glad to see that luxury is creeping in upon them before persecution: they have very neat mahogany stands for branches, and brackets of the

<sup>1</sup> The bishop of Gloucester, whom Walpole has previously designated as a 'saucy priest.' [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> The celebrated founder of the Wesleyan dissenters. The idea of adopting the psalms of the church to secular tunes had been put in practice long before Wesley's time. The celebrated Clement Marot wrote a number of psalms to suit the popular airs of his time, for the accommodation of the ladies of the French court, who were devoutly inclined, but he left it to Wesley to assign as a reason for doing so—"That there were no just grounds for letting the devil have all the best tunes." [Ed.]

same in taste. At the upper end is a broad *hautpas* of four steps, advancing in the middle: at each end of the broadest part are two of *my* eagles, with red cushions for the parson and clerk. Behind them rise three more steps, in the midst of which is a third eagle for pulpit. Scarlet armed chairs to all three. On either hand, a balcony for elect ladies. The rest of the congregation sit on forms. Behind the pit, in a dark niche, is a plain table within rails; so you see the throne is for the apostle. Wesley is a lean elderly man, fresh-coloured, his hair smoothly combed, but with a *soupeçon* of curl at the ends. Wondrous clean, but as evidently an actor as Garrick. He spoke his sermon, but so fast, and with so little accent, that I am sure he has often uttered it, for it was like a lesson. There were parts and eloquence in it; but towards the end he exalted his voice, and acted very ugly enthusiasm; decried learning, and told stories, like Latimer, of the fool of his college, who said, "I *thanks* God for every thing." Except a few from curiosity, and *some honourable women*, the congregation was very mean. There was a Scotch Countess of B \* \* \*, who is carrying a pure rosy vulgar face to heaven, and who asked miss Rich, if that was *the author of the poets*. I believe she meant me and the Noble Authors.

The Bedfords came last night. Lord Chatham was with me yesterday two hours; looks and walks well, and is in excellent political spirits.

Yours ever.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Bath, Oct. 18, 1766.

WELL, I went last night to see lady Lucy and Mrs. Trevor, was let in, and received with great kindness. I found them little altered; lady Lucy was much undressed, but looks better than when I saw her last, and as well as one could expect; no shyness, nor singularity, but very easy and conversable. They have a very pretty house, with two excellent rooms on a floor, and extremely well furnished. You may be sure your name was much in request. If I had not been

engaged, I could have staid much longer with satisfaction ; and if I am doomed, as probably I shall be, to come hither again, they would be a great resource to me, for I find much more pleasure now in renewing old acquaintances than in forming new.

The waters do not benefit me so much as at first ; the pains in my stomach return almost every morning, but do not seem the least allied to the gout. This decrease of their virtue is not near so great a disappointment to me as you might imagine ; for I am so childish as not to think health itself a compensation for passing my time very disagreeably. I can bear the loss of youth heroically, provided I am comfortable, and can amuse myself as I like. But health does not give one the sort of spirits that make one like diversions, public places, and mixed company. Living here is being a shopkeeper, who is glad of all kinds of customers ; but does not suit me, who am leaving off trade. I shall depart on Wednesday, even on the penalty of coming again. To have lived three weeks in a fair appears to me a century ! I am not at all in love with their country, which so charms every body. Mountains are very good frames to a prospect, but here they run against one's nose, nor can one stir out of the town without clambering. It is true one may live as retired as one pleases, and may always have a small society. The place is healthy, every thing is cheap, and the provisions better than ever I tasted. Still I have taken an insupportable aversion to it, which I feel rather than can account for ; I do not think you would dislike it : so you see I am just in general, though very partial as to my own particular.

You have raised my curiosity about lord Scarsdale's, yet I question whether I shall ever take the trouble of visiting it. I grow every year more averse to stirring from home, and putting myself out of my way. If I can but be tolerably well at Strawberry, my wishes are bounded. If I am to live at watering-places, and keep what is called *good hours*, life itself will be very indifferent to me. I do not talk very sensibly, but I have a contempt for that fictitious character styled philosophy ; I feel what I feel, and say I feel what I do feel. Adieu !

Yours ever.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Bath, Oct. 18, 1766.

You have made me laugh, and somebody else makes me stare. How can one wonder at any thing he does, when he knows so little of the world? I suppose the next step will be to propose me for groom of the bed-chamber to the new duke of Cumberland. But why me? Here is that hopeful young fellow, sir John Rushout, the oldest member of the house, and, as extremes meet, very proper to begin again; why overlook him? However, as the secret is kept from me myself, I am perfectly easy about it. I shall call to-day or to-morrow to ask his commands, but certainly shall not obey those you mention.

The waters certainly are not so beneficial to me as at first: I have almost every morning my pain in my stomach. I do not pretend this to be the cause of my leaving Bath. The truth is, I cannot bear it any longer. You laugh at my regularity; but the contrary habit is so strong in me, that I cannot continue such sobriety. The public rooms, and the Loo, where we play in a circle, like the hazard on twelfth-night, are insupportable. This coming into the world again, when I am so weary of it, is as bad and ridiculous as moving an address would be. I have no affectation, for affectation is a monster at nine-and-forty; but if I cannot live quietly, privately, and comfortably, I am perfectly indifferent about living at all. I would not kill myself, for that is a philosopher's affectation, and I will come hither again, if I must; but I shall always drive very near, before I submit to do any thing I do not like. In short, I must be as foolish as I please, as long as I can keep without the limits of absurdity. What has an old man to do but to preserve himself from parade on one hand, and ridicule on the other? Charming youth may indulge itself in either, may be censured, will be envied, and has time to correct. Adieu!

Yours ever.

Monday evening.

You are a delightful manager of the house of commons, to



reckon 540, instead of 565! Sandwich was more accurate in lists, and would not have miscounted 25, which are something in a division.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, October 22, 1766.

THEY may say what they will, but it does one ten times more good to leave Bath than to go to it. I may sometimes drink the waters, as Mr. Bentley used to say I invited company hither that I did not care for, that I might enjoy the pleasure of their going away. My health is certainly mended, but I did not feel the satisfaction of it till I got home. I have still a little rheumatism in one shoulder, which was not dipped in Styx, and is still mortal; but, while I went to the rooms, or staid in my chambers in a dull court, I thought I had twenty complaints. I don't perceive one of them.

Having no companion but such as the place afforded, and which I did not accept, my excursions were very few; besides that the city is so guarded with mountains, that I had not patience to be jolted like a pea in a drum, in my chaise alone. I did go to Bristol, the dirtiest great shop I ever saw, with so foul a river, that, had I seen the least appearance of cleanliness, I should have concluded they washed all their linen in it, as they do at Paris. Going into the town, I was struck with a large Gothic building, coal black, and striped with white; I took it for the devil's cathedral. When I came nearer, I found it was an uniform castle, lately built, and serving for stables and offices to a smart false Gothic house on the other side of the road.

The real cathedral is very neat, and has pretty tombs, besides the two windows of painted glass, given by Mrs. Ellen Gwyn. There is a new church besides of St. Nicholas, neat and truly Gothic, besides a charming old church at the other end of the town. The cathedral, or abbey, at Bath, is glaring and crowded with modern tablet-monuments; among others, I found two, of my cousin sir Erasmus Phillips, and of colonel Madan. Your cousin bishop Montagu decked it much. I dined one day with an agreeable family, two miles from Bath,

a captain Miller and his wife, and her mother, Mrs. Biggs. They have a small new-built house, with a bow-window, directly opposite to which the Avon falls in a wide cascade, a church behind it in a vale, into which two mountains descend, leaving an opening into the distant country. A large village, with houses of gentry, is on one of the hills to the left. Their garden is little, but pretty, and watered with several small rivulets among the bushes. Meadows fall down to the road, and above, the garden is terminated by another view of the river, the city, and the mountains. 'Tis a very diminutive principality, with large pretensions.

I must tell you a quotation I lighted upon t'other day from Persius, the application of which has much diverted Mr. Chute. You know my lord Milton,<sup>1</sup> from nephew of the old usurer Damer, of Dublin, has endeavoured to erect himself into the representative of the ancient barons Damory—*momento turbinis exit*

Marcus Dama.

*A-propos*, or rather not *a-propos*, I wish you joy of the restoration of the dukedom in your house, though I believe we both think it very hard upon my lady Beaulieu.

I made a second visit to lady Lucy and Mrs. Trevor, and saw the latter one night at the rooms. She did not appear to me so little altered as in the dusk of her own chamber. Adieu!

Yours ever.

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TO DAVID HUME, Esq.

Nov. 6, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

You have, I own, surprised me by suffering your quatrel with Rousseau to be printed, contrary to your determination when you left London, and against the advice of all your best

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Damer lord Milton, of Shrone-hill, in the kingdom of Ireland, was created a baron of Great Britain in May 1762, by the title of baron Milton of Milton Abbey, Dorsetshire. His lordship was born 12th March 1717-18, and was the son of Joseph Damer of Came, Dorsetshire, esq. His sister Mary, was the wife of the first lord Dawson, afterwards viscount Carlow, and mother of John, first earl of Portarlington. [Ed.]

friends here; I may add, contrary to your own nature, which has always inclined you to despise literary squabbles, the jest and scorn of all men of sense. Indeed, I am sorry you have let yourself be over-persuaded, and so are all that I have seen who wish you well: I ought rather to use your own word *extorted*. You say your Parisian friends *extorted* your consent to this publication. I believe so. Your good sense could not approve what your good heart could not refuse. You add, that they told you *Rousseau had sent letters of defiance against you all over Europe*. Good God! my dear sir, could you pay any regard to such fustian? All Europe laughs at being dragged every day into these idle quarrels, with which Europe only \* \* \*. Your friends talk as loftily as of a challenge between Charles the Fifth and Francis the First. What are become of all the controversies since the days of Scaliger<sup>1</sup> and Scioppius,<sup>2</sup> of Billingsgate memory? Why, they sleep in oblivion, till some Bayle<sup>3</sup> drags them out of their dust, and takes mighty pains to ascertain the date of each author's death, which is of no more consequence to the world than the day of his birth. Many a country squire quarrels with his neighbour about game and manors, yet they never print their wrangles, though as much abuse passes between them as if they could quote all the philippics of the learned.

You have acted, as I should have expected if you *would* print, with sense, temper, and decency, and, what is still more uncommon, with your usual modesty. I cannot say so much for your editors. But editors and commentators are seldom modest. Even to this day that race ape the dictatorial tone of the commentators at the restoration of learning, when the mob thought that Greek and Latin could give men the sense which they wanted in their native languages. But *Europe* is now grown a little wiser, and holds these magnificent pretensions in proper contempt.

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Scaliger, a great critical and historical writer, said to have been master of thirteen languages, born at Agen 1540, died 1609. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Gaspar Scioppius, a learned German writer, born in the Upper Palatinate 1576, died 1649. He was called the "Grammatical Cur," on account of his spiteful and injurious way of calumniating all his contemporaries, who were eminent for their learning. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> Pierre Bayle, author of the dictionary "Historical and Critical." He was born November 18th 1647, and died 28th December 1706. [Ed.]

What I have said is to explain why I am sorry my letter makes a part of this controversy. When I sent it to you, it was for your justification; and, had it been necessary, I could have added as much more, having been witness to your anxious and boundless friendship for Rousseau. I told you, you might make what use of it you pleased. Indeed, at that time I did not—could not think of its being printed, you seeming so averse to any publication on that head. However, I by no means take it ill, nor regret my part, if it tends to vindicate your honour.

I must confess that I am more concerned that you have suffered my letter to be curtailed; nor should I have consented to that if you had asked me. I guessed that your friends consulted your interest less than their own inclination to expose Rousseau; and I think their omission of what I said on that subject proves I was not mistaken in my guess. My letter hinted, too, my contempt of learned men and their miserable conduct. Since I was to appear in print, I should not have been sorry that that opinion should have appeared at the same time. In truth, there is nothing I hold so cheap as the generality of learned men; and I have often thought that young men ought to be made scholars, lest they should grow to reverence learned blockheads, and think there is any merit in having read more foolish books than other folks, which, as there are a thousand nonsensical books for one good one, must be the case of any man who has read much more than other people.

Your friend D'Alembert,\* who, I suppose, has read a vast deal, is, it seems, offended with my letter to Rousseau. He is certainly as much at liberty to blame it, as I was to write it. Unfortunately he does not convince me; nor can I think but that if Rousseau may attack all governments and all religions, I might attack him: especially on his affectation and affected misfortunes, which you and your editors have proved *are affected*. D'Alembert might be offended at Rousseau's ascribing my letter to him; and he is in the right. I am a very indifferent author; and there is nothing so vexatious to an indifferent author as to be confounded with another of the same class. I should be

\* Jean Le Rond D'Alembert, one of the principal editors of the celebrated "Encyclopedie," and one of the ablest mathematicians of his age. He was secretary to the French Academy, and died 27th Oct. 1783. [Ed.]

sorry to have his *éloges* and translations of scraps of Tacitus laid to me. However, I can forgive him anything, provided he never translates me. Adieu! my dear sir. I am apt to laugh, you know, and therefore you will excuse me, though I do not treat your friends up o the pomp of their claims. They may treat me as freely: I shall not laugh the less, and I promise you I will never enter into a controversy with them.

Yours most sincerely.

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TO DAVID HUME, Esq.

Arlington-street, November 11, 1766.

INDEED, dear sir, it was not necessary to make me any apology. D'Alembert is certainly at liberty to say what he pleases of my letter; and undoubtedly you cannot think that it signifies a straw to me what he says. But how can you be surprised at his printing a thing that he sent you so long ago? All *my* surprise consists in your suffering him to curtail my letter to you, when you might be sure he would print his own at length. I am glad, however, that he has mangled mine: it not only shows his equity, but is the strongest presumption that he was conscious I guessed right, when I supposed he urged you to publish, from his own private pique to Rousseau.

What you surmise of his censuring my letter because I am a friend of madame du Deffand, is astonishing indeed, and not to be credited, unless you had suggested it. Having never thought him any thing like a *superior genius*, as you term him, I concluded his vanity was hurt by Rousseau's ascribing my letter to him; but, to carry resentment to a woman, to an old and blind woman, so far as to hate a friend of hers *qui ne lui avoit point fait de mal*, is strangely weak and lamentable. I thought he was a philosopher, and that philosophers were virtuous, upright men, who loved wisdom, and were above the little passions and foibles of humanity. I thought they assumed that proud title as an earnest to the world that they intended to be something more than mortal; that they engaged themselves to be patterns of excellence, and would utter no opinion, would pronounce no decision, but what they believed the quintessence of truth;

that they always acted without prejudice and respect of persons. Indeed, we know that the ancient philosophers were a ridiculous composition of arrogance, disputation, and contradictions; that some of them acted against all ideas of decency; that others affected to doubt of their own senses; that some, for venting unintelligible nonsense, pretended to think themselves superior to kings; that they gave themselves airs of accounting for all that we do and do not see—and yet, that no two of them agreed in a single hypothesis; that one thought fire, another water, the origin of all things; and that some were even so absurd and impious, as to displace God, and enthrone matter in his place. I do not mean to disparage such wise men, for we are really obliged to them: they anticipated and helped us off with an exceeding deal of nonsense, through which we might possibly have passed, if they had not prevented us. But, when in this enlightened age, as it is called, I saw the term *philosophers* revived, I concluded the jargon would be omitted, and that we should be blessed with only the cream of sapience; and one had more reason still to expect this from any *superior genius*. But, alas! my dear sir, what a tumble is here! Your D'Alembert is a mere mortal oracle. Who but would have laughed, if, when the buffoon Aristophanes ridiculed Socrates, Plato had condemned the former, not for making sport with a great man in distress, but because Plato hated some blind old woman with whom Aristophanes was acquainted!

D'Alembert's conduct is the more unjust, as I never heard madame du Deffand talk of him above three times in the seven months that I passed at Paris: and never, though she does not love him, with any reflection to his prejudice. I remember, the first time I ever heard her mention his name, I said I have been told he was a good mimic, but could not think him a good writer. (Crawford remembers this, and it is a proof that I always thought of D'Alembert as I do now.) She took it up with warmth, defended his parts, and said he was extremely amusing. For her quarrel with him, I never troubled my head about it one way or other, which you will not wonder at. You know in England we read their works, but seldom or never take any notice of authors. We think them sufficiently paid if their books sell, and of course leave them to their colleges and obscurity, by which means we are not troubled with their vanity.

and impertinence. In France, they spoil us; but that was no business of mine. I, who am an author, must own this conduct very sensible; for in truth we are a most useless tribe.

That D'Alembert should have omitted passages in which you was so good as to mention me with approbation, agrees with his peevishness, not with his philosophy. However, for God's sake do not reinstate the passages. I do not love compliments, and will never give my consent to receive any. I have no doubt of your kind intentions to me, but beg they may rest there. I am much more diverted with the philosopher D'Alembert's under-hand dealings, than I should have been pleased with panegyric even from you.

Allow me to make one more remark, and I have done with this trifling business for ever. Your moral friend pronounces me ill-natured for laughing at an unhappy man who had never offended me. Rousseau certainly never did offend me. I believed, from many symptoms in his writings, and from what I heard of him, that his love of singularity made him choose to invite misfortunes, and that he hung out many more than he felt. I, who affect no philosophy, nor pretend to more virtue than my neighbours, thought this ridiculous in a man who is really a *superior genius*, and joked upon it in a few lines never certainly intended to appear in print. The sage D'Alembert reprehends this—and where? In a book published to expose Rousseau, and which confirms by serious proofs what I had hinted at in jest. What! does a philosopher condemn me, and in the very same breath, only with ten times more ill-nature, act exactly as I had done? Oh! but you will say, Rousseau had offended D'Alembert by ascribing the king of Prussia's letter to him. Worse and worse: if Rousseau is unhappy, a philosopher should have pardoned. Revenge is so unbecoming the *rex regum*, the man who is *præcipue sanus—nisi cum pituita molesta est*. If Rousseau's misfortunes are affected, what becomes of my ill-nature? In short, my dear sir, to conclude as D'Alembert concludes his book, I do believe in the virtue of Mr. Hume, but not much in that of philosophers. Adieu!

Yours ever.

P.S It occurs to me, that you may be apprehensive of my being indiscreet enough to let D'Alembert learn your suspicions

of him on madame du Deffand's account ! but you may be perfectly easy on that head. Though I like such an advantage over him, and should be glad he saw this letter, and knew how little formidable I think him, I shall certainly not make an ill use of a private letter, and had much rather wave any triumph, than give a friend a moment's pain. I love to laugh at an impertinent *savant*, but respect learning when joined to such goodness as yours, and never confound ostentation and modesty.

I wrote to you last Thursday ; and, by lady Hertford's advice, directed my letter to Nine-Wells : I hope you will receive it.

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill Dec. 12, 1766.

PRAY what are you doing ?  
 Or reading or feeding ?  
 Or drinking or thinking ?  
 Or praying or playing ?  
 Or walking or talking ?  
 Or riding about to your neighbours ?

I AM sure you are not writing, for I have not had a word from you this century ; nay, nor you from me. In truth, we have had a busy month, and many grumbles of a state-quake ; but the session has however ended very triumphantly for the great earl. I mean, we are adjourned for the holidays for above a month, after two divisions of one hundred and sixty-six to forty-eight, and one hundred and forty to fifty-six. The earl chaffered for the Bedfords, and who so willing as they ? However, the bargain went off, and they are forced to return to George Grenville. Lord Rockingham and the Cavendishes have made a jaunt to the same quarter, but could carry only eight along with them, which swelled that little minority to fifty-six. I trust and I hope it will not rise higher in haste. Your cousin, I hear, has been two hours with the earl, but to what purpose I know not. Nugent is made lord Clare, I think to no purpose at all.

I came hither to-day for two or three days, and to empty my head. The weather is very warm and comfortable. When do



you move your tents southward? I left little news in town, except politics. That pretty young woman, lady Fortrose,<sup>1</sup> lady Harrington's<sup>2</sup> eldest daughter, is at the point of death, killed, like Coventry and others, by white lead, of which nothing could break her. Lord Beauchamp<sup>3</sup> is going to marry the second Miss Windsor. It is odd that those two ugly girls, though such great fortunes, should get the two best figures in England, him and lord Mount-Stuart.

The duke of York is erecting a theatre at his own palace, and is to play Lothario in the Fair Penitent himself. *A-propos*, have you seen that delightful paper composed out of scraps in the newspapers? I laughed till I cried, and literally burst out so loud, that I thought Favre, who was waiting in the next room, would conclude I was in a fit; I mean the paper<sup>4</sup> that says,

This day his majesty will go in state  
To fifteen notorious \* \* \* \*, &c. &c.

It is the newest piece of humour, except the Bath Guide, that I have seen of many years. Adieu! Do let me hear from you soon. How does brother John?

Yours ever.

<sup>1</sup> Caroline, eldest daughter of William second earl of Harrington, married 7th October 1765, to Kenneth McKenzie, (grandson of William, fifth earl of Seaforth in the peerage of Scotland, who was attainted in 1715) created baron of Andeloe, viscount Fortrose and earl of Seaforth in the peerage of Ireland: honours which expired at his lordship's decease without male issue in 1781. Her ladyship died 9th February 1767, leaving an only daughter, Caroline, who married count Melford. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Caroline, eldest daughter of Charles second duke of Grafton, and wife of William second earl of Harrington. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> Francis, lord Beauchamp, son of the first marquis of Hertford. His first wife, by whom he had no issue, was Alice Elizabeth, youngest daughter and co-heiress of Herbert, second viscount Windsor. This lady died in 1772, when his lordship married secondly in 1776, Isabella Anne, daughter and heiress of Charles Ingram, viscount Irvine of Scotland, by whom he had an only son, the present marquis of Hertford. [Ed.]

<sup>4</sup> Cross-readings from the Public Advertiser, by Caleb Whitefoord. [Or.]

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Dec. 16, 1766.

I WROTE to you last post on the very day I ought to have received yours, but being at Strawberry, did not get it in time. Thank you for your offer of a doe; you know, when I dine at home here, it is quite alone, and venison frightens my little meal; yet, as half of it is designed for *dimidium animæ meæ* Mrs. Clive (a pretty round half), I must not refuse it; venison will make such a figure at her Christmas gambols! only let me know when and how I am to receive it, that she may prepare the rest of her banquet; I will convey it to her.

I don't like your wintering so late in the country. Adieu!

Yours ever.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Tuesday, Jan. 13, 1767.

I AM going to eat some of your venison, and dare to say it is very good; I am sure you are, and thank you for it. Catherine, I do not doubt, is up to the elbows in currant jelly and gratitude.

I have lost poor Louis, who died last week at Strawberry. He had no fault but what has fallen upon himself, poor soul! drinking; his honesty and good-nature were complete; and I am heartily concerned for him, which I shall seldom say so sincerely.

There has been printed a dull complimentary letter to me on the quarrel of Hume and Rousseau. In one of the reviews they are so obliging as to say I wrote it myself; it is so dull, that I should think they wrote it themselves—a kind of abuse I should dislike much more than their criticism.

Are not you frozen, perished? How do you keep yourself alive on your mountain? I scarce stir from my fire-side. I have scarce been at Strawberry for a day this whole Christmas, and there is less appearance of a thaw to-day than ever. There has been dreadful havoc at Margate and Aldborough, and along

the coast. At Calais, the sea rose above sixty feet perpendicular, which makes people conclude there has been an earthquake somewhere or other. I shall not think of my journey to France yet; I suffered too much with the cold last year at Paris, where they have not the least idea of comfortable, but sup in stone halls, with all the doors open,

Adieu! I must go dress for the drawing-room of the princess of Wales.

Yours ever.

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TO DR. DUCAREL.

April 25, 1767.

MR. WALPOLE has been out of town, or should have thanked Dr. Ducarel sooner for the obliging favour of his most curious and valuable work,<sup>1</sup> which Mr. Walpole has read with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction. He will be very much obliged to Dr. Ducarel if he will favour him with a set of the prints separate; which Mr. Walpole would be glad to put into his volumes of English Heads; and shall be happy to have an opportunity of returning these obligations.

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TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry-hill, July 29, 1767.

MY DEAR LORD,

I am very sorry that I must speak of a loss that will give you and lady Strafford concern; an essential loss to me, who am deprived of a most agreeable friend, with whom I passed here many hours. I need not say I mean poor lady Suffolk.<sup>1</sup> I was with her two hours on Saturday night; and, indeed, found her much changed, though I did not apprehend her in danger. I was going to say she complained—but you know she never

<sup>1</sup> Anglo-Norman Antiquities. [Or.]

<sup>1</sup> Henrietta Hobart countess of Suffolk. For a further account of her see the Reminiscences. [Or.]

did complain—of the gout and rheumatism all over her, particularly in her face. It was a cold night, and she sat below stairs when she should have been in bed; and I doubt this want of care was prejudicial. I sent next morning. She had a bad night; but grew much better in the evening. Lady Dalkeith came to her; and, when she was gone, lady Suffolk said to lord Chetwynd, ‘She would eat her supper in her bed-chamber.’ He went up with her, and thought the appearances promised a good night: but she was scarce sat down in her chair, before she pressed her hand to her side, and died in half an hour.

I believe both your lordship and lady Strafford will be surprised to hear that she was by no means in the situation that most people thought. Lord Chetwynd<sup>2</sup> and myself were the only persons at all acquainted with her affairs, and they were far from being even easy to her. It is due to her memory to say, that I never saw more strict honour and justice. She bore *knowingly* the imputation of being covetous, at a time that the strictest economy could by no means prevent her exceeding her income considerably. The anguish of the last years of her life, though concealed, flowed from the apprehension of not satisfying her few wishes, which were, not to be in debt, and to make a provision for miss H \* \* \* \*.<sup>3</sup> I can give your lordship strong instances of the sacrifices she tried to make to her principles. I have not yet heard if her will is opened; but it will surprise those who thought her rich. Lord Chetwynd’s friendship to her has been unalterably kind and zealous, and is not ceased. He stays in the house with miss H \* \* \* \* till some of her family come to take her away. I have perhaps dwelt too long on this subject; but, as it was not permitted me to do her justice when alive, I own I cannot help wishing that those who had a regard for her, may now at least know how much more she deserved it than even they suspected. In truth, I never knew a woman more respectable for her honour and principles, and have lost few persons in my life whom I shall miss so much.

I am, my dear lord, yours most sincerely.

<sup>2</sup> William Richard, third viscount Chetwynd, youngest brother of Walter first viscount, succeeded to the title 21st June 1767, upon the death of his second brother, John, second viscount; and died 3d April 1770. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> Her great-niece. [Or.]

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, July 31, 1767.

I FIND one must cast you into debt, if one has a mind to hear of you. You would drop one with all your heart, if one would let you alone. Did not you talk of passing by Strawberry in June, on a visit to the bishop? I did not summon you, because I have not been sure of my own motions for two days together for these three months. At last all is subsided; the administration will go on pretty much as it was, with Mr. Conway for part of it. The fools and the rogues, or, if you like proper names, the Rockinghams and the Grenvilles, have bungled their own game, quarrelled, and thrown it away.

Where are you? What are you doing? Where are you going or staying? I shall trip to Paris in about a fortnight, for a month or six weeks. Indeed, I have had such a loss in poor lady Suffolk, that my autumns at Strawberry will suffer exceedingly, and will not be repaired by my lord Buckingham. I have been in pain, too, and am not yet quite easy about my brother, who is in a bad state of health. Have you waded through or into lord Lyttelton?<sup>1</sup> How dull one may be, if one will but take pains for six or seven-and-twenty years together! Except one day's gout, which I cured with the bootikins, I have been quite well since I saw you: nay, with a microscope you would perceive I am fatter. Mr. Hawkins saw it with his naked eye, and told me it was common for lean people to grow fat when they grow old. I am afraid the latter is more certain than the former, and I submit to it with a good grace. There is no keeping off age by sticking roses and sweet peas in one's hair, as miss Chudleigh does still.

If you are not totally abandoned, you will send me a line before I go. The Clive has been desperately nervous, but I

<sup>1</sup> "The History of the Life of King Henry the Second, and of the Age in which he lived," by George lord Lyttelton, 4to., London, 1767, &c. 4 vols. 4to. It was of this nobleman and his work that Dr. Johnson remarked, "that he was thirty years in preparing his History, and that he employed another man to point it for him, as if another man could point it better than himself." [Ed.]

have convinced her it did not become her, and she has recovered her rubicundity. Adieu !

Yours ever.

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Friday, Aug. 7, 1767.

As I am turned knight-errant, and going again in search of my old fairy, I will certainly transport your enchanted casket, and will endeavour to procure some talisman, that may secrete it from the eyes of those unheroic harpies, the officers of the custom-house. You must take care to let me have it before to-morrow se'nnight.

The house at Twickenham, with which you fell in love, is still unmarried; but they ask a hundred and thirty pounds a-year for it. If they asked one hundred and thirty thousand pounds for it, perhaps my lord Clive might snap it up; but that not being the case, I don't doubt but it will fall, and I flatter myself that you and it may meet at last upon reasonable terms. That of general Trapaud is to be had at fifty pounds a-year, but with a fine on entrance of five hundred pounds. As I propose to return by the beginning of October, perhaps I may see you, and then you may review both. Since the loss of poor lady Suffolk, I am more desirous than ever of having you in my neighbourhood, as I have not a rational acquaintance left. Adieu !

Yours ever.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington-street, October 24, 1767.

DEAR SIR,

It is an age since we have had any correspondence. My long and dangerous illness last year, with my journey to Bath; my long attendance in parliament all winter, spring, and to the beginning of summer; and my journey to France since, from whence I returned but last week, prevented my asking the pleasure of seeing you at Strawberry-hill.

I wish to hear that you have enjoyed your health, and shall be glad of any news of you. The season is too late, and the parliament too near opening, for me to propose a winter journey to you. If you should happen to think at all of London, I trust you would do me the favour to call on me. In short, this is only a letter of inquiry after you, and to show you that I am always

Most truly yours.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Sunday, Nov. 1, 1767.

THE house is taken, that you wot of, but I believe you may have general Trapaud's for fifty pounds a year, and a fine of two hundred and fifty, which is less by half, look you, than you was told at first. A jury of matrons, composed of lady Frances, my dame Bramston, lady Pembroke, and lady Carberry, and the merry Catholic lady Brown, have sat upon it, and decide that you should take it. But you must come and treat in person, and may hold the congress here. I hear lord Guildford is much better, so that the exchequer will still find you in funds. You will not dislike to hear, shall you, that Mr. Conway does not take the appointments of secretary of staté. If it grows the fashion to give up above five thousand pounds a year, this ministry will last for ever, for I do not think the opposition will struggle for places without salaries. If my lord Ligonier does not go to heaven, or sir Robert Rich to the devil soon, our general will run considerably in debt; but he had better be too poor than too rich. I would not have him die like old Pulteney, loaded with the spoils of other families and the crimes of his own. Adieu! I will not write to you any more, so you may as well come.

Yours ever.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, Dec. 19, 1767.

You are now I reckon settled in your new habitation :<sup>1</sup> I would not interrupt you in your journeyings, dear sir, but am not at all pleased that you are seated so little to your mind ; and yet I think you will stay there. Cambridge and Ely are neighbourhoods to your taste, and if you do not again shift your quarters, I shall make them and you a visit : Ely I have never seen. I could have wished that you had preferred this part of the world ; and yet, I trust, I shall see you here oftener than I have done of late. This, to my great satisfaction, is my last session of parliament, to which, and to politics, I shall ever bid adieu !

I did not go to Paris for my health, though I found the journey and the sea-sickness, which I had never experienced before, contributed to it greatly. I have not been so well for some years as I am at present, and if I continue to plump up as I do at present, I do not know but by the time we may meet, whether you may not discover, without a microscope, that I am really fatter. I went to make a visit to my dear old blind woman,<sup>2</sup> and to see some things I could not see in winter.

For the Catholic religion, I think it very consumptive. With a little patience, if Whitfield, Wesley, my lady Huntingdon, and that rogue Madan live, I do not doubt but we shall have something very like it here. And yet I had rather live at the end of a tawdry religion, than at the beginning ; which is always more stern and hypocritic.

I shall be very glad to see your laborious work of the maps ; you are indefatigable, I know : I think mapping would try my patience more than any thing.

My Richard the Third will go to press this week, and you shall have one of the first copies, which I think will be in about a month, if you will tell me how to convey it : direct to Arlington-street. Mr. Gray went to Cambridge yesterday se'nnight : I wait for some papers from him for my purpose.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Cole had lately removed from Blecheley, Bucks, to Waterbeach, near Cambridge. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> Madame du Deffand. [Or.]



I grieve for your sufferings by the inundation ; but you are not only an hermit, but, what is better, a real philosopher. Let me hear from you soon.

Yours ever.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington-street, Feb. 1, 1768.

DEAR SIR,

I have waited for the impression of my Richard, to send you the whole parcel together. This moment I have conveyed to Mr. Cartwright a large bundle for you, containing Richard the Third,<sup>1</sup> the four volumes of the new edition of the Anecdotes, and six prints for your relation Tuer. You will find his head very small: but the original was too inconsiderable to allow it to be larger. I have sent you no Patagonéans:<sup>2</sup> for they are out of print: I have only my own copy, and could not get another. Pray tell me how, or what you heard of it: and tell me sincerely, for I did not know it had made any noise.

I shall be much obliged to you for the extract relating to the Academy of which a Walpole was president. I doubt if he was of our branch; and rather think he was of the younger and Roman Catholic branch.

Are you reconciled to your new habitation? Don't you find it too damp? and if you do, don't deceive yourself, and try to surmount it, but remove immediately. Health is the most important of all considerations. Adieu! dear sir,

Yours ever.

<sup>1</sup> "Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of King Richard the Third, by Mr. Horace Walpole," London 1768, 4to. Two editions of this work, which occasioned a good deal of historical controversy, were published during the year. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> "An account of the Giants lately discovered; in a Letter to a Friend in the Country," London 1766, 8vo. It was afterwards translated into French by the Chevalier Redmond, an Irish officer in the French service. [Ed.]

TO MR. GRAY.

Arlington-street, Feb. 18, 1768.

You have sent me a long and very obliging letter, and yet I am extremely out of humour with you. I saw *Poems* by Mr. Gray advertised: I called directly at Dodsley's to know if this was to be more than a new edition? He was not at home himself, but his foreman told me he thought there were some new pieces, and notes to the whole. It was very unkind, not only to go out of town without mentioning them to me, without showing them to me, but not to say a word of them in this letter. Do you think I am indifferent, or not curious, about what you write? I have ceased to ask you, because you have so long refused to show me any thing. You could not suppose I thought that you never write. No; but I concluded you did not intend, at least yet, to publish what you had written. As you did intend it, I might have expected a month's preference. You will do me the justice to own that I had always rather have seen your writings than have shown you mine, which you know are the most hasty trifles in the world, and which, though I may be fond of the subject when fresh, I constantly forget in a very short time after they are published. This would sound like affectation to others, but will not to you. It would be affected, even to you, to say I am indifferent to fame—I certainly am not, but I am indifferent to almost any thing I have done to acquire it. The greater part are mere compilations; and no wonder they are, as you say, incorrect, when they are commonly written with people in the room, as Richard and the Noble Authors were. But I doubt there is a more intrinsic fault in them; which is, that I cannot correct them. If I write tolerably, it must be at once; I can neither mend nor add. The articles of lord Capel and lord Peterborough, in the second edition of the Noble Authors, cost me more trouble than all the rest together: and you may perceive that the worst part of Richard, in point of ease and style, is what relates to the papers you gave me on Jane Shore, because it was tacked on so long afterwards, and when my impetus was chilled. If some time or other you will take the trouble of pointing out the inaccuracies of it, I shall be much obliged to you: at present I

shall meddle no more with it. It has taken its fate; nor did I mean to complain. I found it was condemned. indeed. beforehand, which was what I alluded to. Since publication (as has happened to me before) the success has gone beyond my expectation.

Not only at Cambridge, but here, there have been people wise enough to think me too free with the king of Prussia! A newspaper has talked of my known inveteracy to him.—Truly, I love him as well as I do most kings. The greater offence is my reflection on lord Clarendon. It is forgotten that I had overpraised him before. Pray turn to the new State Papers, from which, *it is said*, he composed his history. You will find they are the papers from which he did *not* compose his history. And yet I admire my lord Clarendon more than these pretended admirers do. But I do not intend to justify myself. I can as little satisfy those who complain that I do not let them know what *really did* happen. If this inquiry can ferret out any truth, I shall be glad. I have picked up a few more circumstances. I now want to know what Perkin Warbeck's proclamation was, which Speed in his history says is preserved by bishop Leslie. If you look in Speed, perhaps you will be able to assist me

The duke of Richmond and lord Lyttelton agree with you, that I have not disculpated Richard of the murder of Henry VI. I own to you, it is the crime of which in my own mind I believe him most guiltless. Had I thought he committed it, I should never have taken the trouble to apologize for the rest. I am not at all positive or obstinate on your other objections, nor know exactly what I believe on many points of this story. And I am so sincere, that, except a few notes hereafter, I shall leave the matter to be settled or discussed by others. As you have written much too little, I have written a great deal too much, and think only of finishing the two or three other things I have begun—and of those, nothing but the last volume of *Painters* is designed for the present public. What has one to do when turned fifty, but really think of *finishing*?

I am much obliged and flattered by Mr. Mason's approbation, and particularly by having had almost the same thought with 'm. I said, "People need not be angry at my excusing Richard; I have not diminished their fund of hatred, I have

only transferred it from Richard to Henry." Well, but I have found you close with Mason—No doubt, cry prating I, something will come out.<sup>1</sup>—Oh! no—leave us, both of you, to Annabellas and Epistles to Ferney, that give Voltaire an account of his own tragedies, to Macarony fables that are more unintelligible than Pilpay's are in the original, to Mr. Thornton's hurdy-gurdy poetry, and to Mr. \* \* \* \*, who has imitated himself worse than any fop in a magazine would have done. In truth, if you should abandon us, I could not wonder—When Garrick's prologues and epilogues, his own Cymons and farces, and the comedies of the fools that pay court to him, are the delight of the age, it does not deserve any thing better.

Pray read the new account of Corsica. What relates to Paoli will amuse you much. There is a deal about the island and its divisions that one does not care a straw for. The author, Boswell, is a strange being, and, like \* \* \* \*, has a rage of knowing any body that ever was talked of. He forced himself upon me at Paris in spite of my teeth and my doors, and I see has given a foolish account of all he could pick up from me about king Theodore. He then took an antipathy to me on Rousseau's account, abused me in the newspapers, and exhorted Rousseau to do so too: but as he came to see me no more, I forgave all the rest. I see he now is a little sick of Rousseau himself, but I hope it will not cure him of his anger to me. However, his book will I am sure entertain you.

I will add but a word or two more. I am criticized for the expression *tinker up* in the preface. Is this one of those that you object to? I own I think such a low expression, placed to ridicule an absurd instance of wise folly, very forcible. Replace it with an elevated word or phrase, and to my conception it becomes as flat as possible.

George Selwyn says I may, if I please, write historic doubts on the present duke of G \* \* \* \* too. Indeed they would be doubts, for I know nothing certainly.

Will you be so kind as to look into Leslie de rebus Scotorum, and see if Perkin's proclamation is there, and if there, how

<sup>1</sup> "I found him close with Swift"—"Indeed?"—"No doubt,"

Cries prating Balbus, "something will come out."

*Pope's Epistle to Arbuthnot.* [Or.]

authenticated. You will find in Speed my reason for asking this.

I have written in such a hurry, I believe you will scarce be able to read my letter—and as I have just been writing French, perhaps the sense may not be clearer than the writing. Adieu!

Yours ever.

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TO MR. GRAY.

Arlington-street, Friday night, Feb. 26.

I PLAGUE you to death, but I must reply a few more words. I shall be very glad to see in print, and to have those that are worthy see your ancient odes; but I was in hopes there were some pieces, too, that I had not seen. I am sorry there are not.

I troubled you about Perkin's proclamation, because Mr. Hume lays great stress upon it, and insists, that if Perkin affirmed his brother was killed, it must have been true, if he was true duke of York. Mr. Hume would have persuaded me that the proclamation is in Stowe, but I can find no such thing there; nor, what is more, in Casley's catalogue, which I have twice looked over carefully. I wrote to sir David Dalrymple in Scotland, to inquire after it, because I would produce it if I could, though it should make against me: but he, I believe, thinking I inquired with the contrary view, replied very drily, that it was published at York, and was not to be found in Scotland. Whether he is displeased that I have plucked a hair from the tresses of their great historian; or whether, as I suspect, he is offended for king William; this reply was all the notice he took of my letter and book. I only smiled, as I must do when I find one party is angry with me on king William's, and the other on lord Clarendon's account.

The answer advertised is Guthrie's, who is furious that I have taken no notice of *his* History. I shall take as little of his pamphlet; but his end will be answered, if he sells that and one or two copies of his History. Mr. Hume, I am told, has drawn up an answer too, which I shall see, and, if I can, will get him

to publish; for, if I should ever choose to say any thing more on this subject, I had rather reply to him than to hackney-writers:—to the latter, indeed, I never will reply. A few notes I have to add that will be very material; and I wish to get some account of a book that was once sold at Osborn's, that exists perhaps at Cambridge, and of which I found a memorandum t'other day in my note-book. It is called *A Paradox, or Apology for Richard the Third*, by sir William Cornwallis.<sup>1</sup> If you could discover it, I should be much obliged to you.

Lord Sandwich, with whom I have not exchanged a syllable since the general warrants, very obligingly sent me an account of the roll at Kimbolton; and has since, at my desire, borrowed it for me and sent it to town.<sup>2</sup> It is as long as my lord Lyttelton's History; but by what I can read of it (for it is both ill written and much decayed), it is not a roll of kings, but of all that have been possessed of, or been earls of Warwick: or have not—for one of the first earls is Æneas. How, or wherefore, I do not know, but amongst the first is Richard the Third, in whose reign it was finished, and with whom it concludes. He is there again with his wife and son, and Edward the Fourth, and Clarence and his wife, and Edward their son (who unluckily is a little old man), and Margaret countess of Salisbury, their daughter——But why do I say with these? There is every body else too—and what is most meritorious, the habits of all the times are admirably well observed from the most savage ages. Each figure is tricked with a pen, well drawn, but neither coloured nor shaded. Richard is straight, but thinner than my print; his hair short, and exactly curled in the same manner; not so handsome as mine, but what one might really believe intended for the same countenance, as drawn by a different painter, especially when so small; for the figures in general are not so long as one's finger. His queen is ugly, and with just such a square forehead as in my print, but I cannot say like it. Nor, indeed, where forty-five figures out of fifty (I have not counted the number) must have been imaginary,

<sup>1</sup> "The Praise of King Richard the Third," which was published by sir William Cornwallis Knight, the celebrated 'Essayist' in 1617, is reprinted in the third volume of the Somers collection of Tracts. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> From this roll were taken the two plates of portraits in the *Historic Doubts*. [Or.]

can one lay great stress on the five. I shall, however, have these figures copied, especially as I know of no other image of the son. Mr. Astle is to come to me to-morrow morning to explain the writing.

I wish you had told me in what age your Franciscan friars lived; and what the passage in Comines is. I am very ready to make *amende honorable*.

Thank you for the notes on the Noble Authors. They shall be inserted when I make a new edition, for the sake of the trouble the person has taken, though they are of little consequence. Dodsley has asked me for a new edition; but I have had little heart to undertake such work, no more than to mend my old linen. It is pity one cannot be born an ancient, and have commentators to do such jobs for one! Adieu!

Yours ever.

Saturday morning.

On reading over your letter again this morning, I do find the age in which the friars lived—I read and write in such a hurry, that I think I neither know what I read or say.

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, March 12, 1768.

THE house, &c. described in the enclosed advertisement I should think might suit you; I am sure its being in my neighbourhood would make me glad, if it did. I know no more than what you will find in this scrap of paper, nor what the rent is, nor whether it has a chamber as big as Westminster-hall; but as you have flown about the world, and are returned to your ark without finding a place to rest your foot, I should think you might as well inquire about the house I notify to you, as set out with your caravan to Greatworth, like a Tartar chief; especially as the laws of this country will not permit you to stop in the first meadow you like, and turn your horses to grazing, without saying by your leave.

As my senatorial dignity is gone,<sup>1</sup> and the sight of my name is no longer worth threepence, I shall not put you to the expense of a cover, and I hope the advertisement will not be

<sup>1</sup> Walpole had retired from Parliament at the election in the beginning of the year 1768. He had announced his intention of doing so in the preceding year, in the following letter addressed to William Langley, esq., mayor of Lynn, which is inserted as a specimen of his official correspondence.

TO WILLIAM LANGLEY, Esq., Mayor of Lynn, Norfolk.

SIR,

Arlington-street, March 13, 1767.

The declining state of my health, and a wish of retiring from all public business, have for some time made me think of not offering my service again to the town of Lynn as one of their representatives in Parliament. I was even on the point, above eighteen months ago, of obtaining to have my seat vacated by one of those temporary places, often bestowed for that purpose; but I thought it more respectful, and more consonant to the great and singular obligations I have to the corporation and town of Lynn, to wait till I had executed their commands to the last hour of the commission they had voluntarily intrusted to me.

Till then, sir, I did not think of making this declaration; but hearing that dissatisfaction and dissension have arisen amongst you (of which I am so happy as to have been in no shape the cause), that a warm contest is expected, and dreading to see in the uncorrupted town of Lynn what has spread too fatally in other places, and what I fear will end in the ruin of this constitution and country, I think it my duty by an early declaration, to endeavour to preserve the integrity and peace of so great, so respectable, and so unblemished a borough.

My father was rechosen by the free voice of Lynn, when imprisoned and expelled by an arbitrary court and prostitute parliament; and from affection to his name, not from the smallest merit in me, they unanimously demanded me for their member, while I was sitting for Castle Rising. Gratitude exacts what in any other light might seem vain-glorious in me to declare, but it is to the lasting honour of the town of Lynn I declare, that I have represented them in two parliaments without offering or being asked for the smallest gratification by any one of my constituents. May I be permitted, sir, to flatter myself they are persuaded their otherwise unworthy representative has not disgraced so free and unbiassed a choice.

I have sat above five-and-twenty years in parliament, and allow me to say, sir, as I am, in a manner, giving up my account to my constituents, that my conduct in Parliament has been as pure as my manner of coming thither. No man who is, or has been minister, can say that I have ever asked or received a personal favour. My votes, which have neither been dictated by favour nor influence, but by the principles on which the revolution was founded, the principles by which we enjoy the establishment of the present royal family, the principles to which the town of Lynn has ever adhered,



taxed, as I seal it to the paper. In short, I retain so much iniquity from the last infamous parliament that you see I would still cheat the public. The comfort I feel in sitting peaceably here, instead of being at Lynn in the high fever of a contested election, which at best would end in my being carried about that large town like the figure of a pope at a bonfire, is very great. I do not think, when that function is over, that I shall repent my resolution. What could I see but sons and grandsons playing over the same knaveries, that I have seen their fathers and grandfathers act? Could I hear oratory beyond my lord Chatham's? Will there ever be parts equal to Charles Townshend's? Will George Grenville cease to be the most tiresome of beings? Will he not be constantly whining, and droning, and interrupting, like a cigala in a sultry day in Italy.

Guthrie<sup>2</sup> has published two criticisms on my Richard; one abusive in the Critical Review; t'other very civil and even flattering in a pamphlet; both so stupid and contemptible, that I rather prefer the first, as making some attempt at vivacity; but in point of argument, nay, and of humour, at which he makes an effort too, both things are below scorn. As an instance of the former, he says, the duke of Clarence might die of drinking sack, and so be said to be drowned in a butt of malmsey; of the latter sort, are his calling the lady Bridget *lady Biddy*, and the duke of York *poor little fellow*! I will weary you with no more such stuff!

The weather is so very March, that I cannot enjoy my new and by which my father commenced and closed his venerable life. The best and only honours I desire, would be to find that my conduct has been satisfactory to my constituents.

From your kindness, sir, I must intreat to have the notification made in the most respectful and grateful manner to the corporation and town of Lynn. Nothing can exceed the obligation I owe to them, but my sensibility to their favours. And be assured, sir, that no terms can outgo the esteem I have for so upright and untainted a borough, or the affection I feel for all their goodness to my family and me. My trifling services will be overpaid if they graciously accept my intention of promoting their union and preserving their virtue, and though I may be forgotten, I never shall or can forget the obligations they have conferred on,

Sir, their and your most devoted humble servant,

HORACE WALPOLE. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> William Guthrie, the reputed writer of the well-known Geographical Grammar, which it is said he did not write. [Ed.]

holidays at Strawberry yet; I sit reading and writing close to the fire.

Sterne has published two little volumes, called *Sentimental Travels*. They are very pleasing, though too much dilated, and infinitely preferable to his tiresome *Tristram Shandy*, of which I never could get through three volumes. In these there is great good-nature and strokes of delicacy. Gray has added to his poems three ancient odes from Norway and Wales. The subjects of the two first are grand and picturesque, and there is *his* genuine vein in them; but they are not interesting, and do not, like his other poems, touch any passion. Our human feelings, which he masters at will in his former pieces, are here not affected. Who can care through what horrors a Runic savage arrived at all the joys and glories they could conceive, the supreme felicity of boozing ale out of the skull of an enemy in Odin's hall? Oh! yes, just now perhaps these odes would be toasted at many a contested election. Adieu!

Yours ever.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, April 15, 1769.

MR. CHUTE tells me that you have taken a new house in Squireland, and have given yourself up for two years more to port and parsons. I am very angry, and resign you to the works of the devil or the church, I don't care which. You will get the gout, turn methodist, and expect to ride to heaven upon your own great toe. I was happy with your telling me how well you love me, and though I don't love loving, I could have poured out all the fulness of my heart to such an old and true friend; but what am I the better for it, if I am to see you but two or three days in the year? I thought you would at last come and while away the remainder of life on the banks of the Thames in gaiety and old tales. I have quitted the stage, and the Clive is preparing to leave it. We shall neither of us ever be grave: dowagers roost all round us, and you could never want cards or mirth. Will you end like a fat farmer, repeating annually the price of

I hear, into an old gallery, that has not been glazed since queen Elizabeth, and under the nose of an infant duke and duchess, that will understand you no more than if you wore a ruff and a coif, and talked to them of a call of serjeants the year of the Spanish armada! Your wit and humour will be as much lost upon them, as if you talked the dialect of Chaucer; for, with all the divinity of wit, it grows out of fashion like a fardingale. I am convinced that the young men at White's already laugh at George Selwyn's *bon-mots* only by tradition. I avoid talking before the youth of the age as I would dancing before them; for if one's tongue don't move in the steps of the day, and thinks to please by its old graces, it is only an object of ridicule, like Mrs. Hobart in her cotillon. I tell you we should get together, and comfort ourselves with reflecting on the brave days that we have known—not that I think people were a jot more clever or wise in our youth than they are now; but as my system is always to live in a vision as much as I can, and as visions don't increase with years, there is nothing so natural as to think one remembers what one does not remember.

I have finished my tragedy,<sup>1</sup> but as you would not bear the subject, I will say no more of it, but that Mr. Chute, who is not easily pleased, likes it, and Gray, who is still more difficult, approves it. I am not yet intoxicated enough with it to think it would do for the stage, though I wish to see it acted; but, as Mrs. Pritchard<sup>2</sup> leaves the stage next month, I know nobody could play the countess; nor am I disposed to expose myself to the impertinences of that jackanapes Garrick, who lets nothing appear but his own wretched stuff, or that of creatures still duller, who suffer him to alter their pieces as he pleases. I have written an epilogue in character for the Clive, which she would speak admirably; but I am not so sure that she would like to speak it. Mr. Conway, lady Aylesbury, lady Lyttelton, and Miss Rich, are to come hither the day after to-morrow, and Mr. Conway and I are to read my play to them, for I have not strength enough to go through the whole alone.

My press is revived, and is printing a French play written by

<sup>1</sup> The Mysterious Mother: a Tragedy: Strawberry-hill, 1768. 8vo. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> This celebrated actress, who excelled alike in tragedy and comedy, died in August 1768. [Ed.]

the old president Henault.<sup>3</sup> It was damned many years ago at Paris, and yet I think is better than some that have succeeded, and much better than any of *our* modern tragedies. I print it to please the old man, as he was exceedingly kind to me at Paris; but I doubt whether he will live till it is finished. He is to have a hundred copies, and there are to be but a hundred more, of which you shall have one.

Adieu! though I am very angry with you, I deserve all your friendship, by that I have for you, witness my anger and disappointment.

Yours ever.

P.S. Send me your new direction, and tell me when I must begin to use it.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, April 16, 1768.

WELL, dear sir, does your new habitation improve as the spring advances? There has been dry weather and east wind enough to parch the fens. We find that the severe beginning of this last winter has made terrible havoc among the evergreens, though of old standing. Half my cypresses have been bewitched, and turned into brooms; and the laurustinus is everywhere perished. I am Goth enough to choose now and then to believe in prognostics; and I hope this destruction imports, that, though foreigners should take root here, they cannot last in this climate. I would fain persuade myself, that we are to be our own empire to eternity.

The duke of Manchester has lent me an invaluable curiosity: I mean invaluable to us antiquaries: but perhaps I have already mentioned it to you; I forget whether I have or no. It is the original roll of the earls of Warwick, as long as my gallery, and

<sup>3</sup> *Cornelia*, a Tragedy, by the President Henault, had been originally performed in the year 1713, and by no means deserved to be rescued from the oblivion in which it had remained for a period of fifty-five years. The same kind feeling which induced Walpole to print it, must have biassed the judgment which he passed upon it. [Ed.]

drawn by John Rous<sup>1</sup> himself. Aye, and what is more, there are portraits of Richard III., his queen, and son; the two former corresponding almost exactly with my print; and a panegyric on the virtues of Richard, and a satire, upwards and downwards, on the illegal marriage of Edward IV., and on the extortions of Henry VII. I have had these, and seven other portraits copied, and shall, some time or other, give plates of them. But I wait for an excuse; I mean till Mr. Hume shall publish a few remarks he has made on my book: they are very far from substantial; yet still better than any other trash that has been written against it, nothing of which deserves an answer.

I have long had thoughts of drawing up something for London like St. Foix's<sup>2</sup> *Rues de Paris*, and have made some collections. I wish you would be so good, in the course of your reading, to mark down any passage to that end: as where any great houses of the nobility were situated; or in what street any memorable event happened. I fear the subject will not furnish much till later times, as our princes kept their courts up and down the country in such a vagrant manner.

I expect Mr. Gray and Mr. Mason to pass the day with me here to-morrow. When I am more settled here I shall put you in mind of your promise to bestow more than one day on me.

I hope the methodist, your neighbour, does not, like his patriarch Whitfield, encourage the people to forge, murder, &c. in order to have the benefit of being converted at the gallows. That arch-rogué preached lately a funeral sermon on one Gibson, hanged for forgery, and told his audience, that he could assure them Gibson was now in heaven, and that another fellow, executed at the same time, had the happiness of touching Gibson's coat as he was turned off. As little as you and I agree about a hundred years ago, I don't desire a reign of fanatics. Oxford has begun with these rascals, and I hope Cambridge will

<sup>1</sup> John Rous, the historian of Warwickshire, "who," according to Walpole, (*Anecdotes of Painting*, vol. i. p. 52, ed. 1762), "drew his own portrait and other semblances, but in too rude a style to be called painting." [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> *Essais Historiques sur Paris*, par Germain-François-Poulain de Saint Foix. Paris, 1777, 5 vols. 12mo. The above is the best edition of the work alluded to by Walpole, and of which an English translation was published in 1767, in 3 vols. 12mo. [Ed.]

wake. I don't mean that I would have them persecuted, which is what they wish; but I would have the clergy fight them and ridicule them. Adieu!

Dear sir,

Yours ever.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, June 6, 1768.

You have told me what makes me both sorry and glad.<sup>1</sup> Long have I expected the appearance of Ely, and thought it at the eve of coming forth. Now you tell me it is not half written; but then I am rejoiced you are to write it. Pray do; the author is very much in the right to make you author for him. I cannot say you have addressed yourself quite so judiciously as he has. I never heard of cardinal Lewis de Luxembourg in my days, nor have a scrap of the history of Normandy, but Ducarel's tour to the conqueror's kitchen. But the best way will be to come and rummage my library yourself: not to set me to writing the lives of prelates: I shall strip them stark, and you will have them to re-consecrate. Cardinal Morton is at your service: pray say *for* him, and *of* me, what you please. I have very slender opinion of his integrity; but, as I am not spiteful, it would be hard to exact from you a less favourable account of him than I conclude your piety will bestow on all his predecessors and successors. Seriously, you know how little I take contradiction to heart, and beg you will have no scruples about defending Morton. When I bestow but a momentary smile on the abuse of my answerers, I am not likely to stint a friend in a fair and obliging remark.

The man that you mention, who calls himself *Impartialis*, is, I suppose, some hackney historian, I shall never inquire whom,

<sup>1</sup> This is in reply to one of Mr. Cole's letters, wherein he had informed Mr. Walpole, that he had undertaken to write the history of some of the bishops of Ely for the history of Ely cathedral, and requested some particulars relating to cardinal Lewis de Luxembourg; and to be informed the meaning of the French word *sotalle* or *sotelle*. Mr. Cole also proposed to controvert an opinion of Mr. Walpole's respecting cardinal Morton. [Or.]

angry at being censured in the lump, and not named: I foretold he would drop his criticisms before he entered on Perkin Warbeck, which I knew he could not answer; and so it happened. Good night to him!

Unfortunately I am no culinary antiquary: the bishop of Carlisle, who is, I have oft heard talk of a *sotelle*, as an ancient dish. He is rambling between London, Hagley, and Carlisle, that I do not know where to consult him: but, if the book is not printed before winter, I am sure he could translate your bill of fare into modern phrase. As I trust I shall see you some time this summer, you might bring your papers with you, and we will try what we can make of them. Tell me, do, when it will be most convenient for you to come, from now to the end of October. At the same time, I will beg to see the letters of the university to King Richard; and shall be still more obliged to you for the print of Jane Shore.\* I have a very bad mezzotinto of her, either from the picture at Cambridge or Eton.

I wish I could return these favours by contributing to the decoration of your new old house: but, as you know, I erected an old house, not demolished one. I had no windows, or frames for windows, but what I bespoke on purpose for the places where they are. My painted glass was so exhausted, before I got through my design, that I was forced to have the windows in the gallery painted on purpose by Pecket. What scraps I have remaining are so bad I cannot make you pay for the carriage of them, as I think there is not one whole piece; but you shall see them when you come hither, and I will search if I can find anything for your purpose. I am sure I owe it you. Adieu!

Yours ever,

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, June 15, 1768.

No, I cannot be so false as to say I am glad you are pleased with your situation. You are so apt to take root, that it requires

\* This appears, from the copy of Cole's previous letter, to have been an engraving done by Mr. Tyson of Bennet's College, from the picture in the provost's lodge. [Or.]

ten years to dig you out again when you once begin to settle. As you go pitching your tent up and down, I wish you were still more a Tartar, and shifted your quarters perpetually. Yes, I will come and see you; but tell me first, when do your duke and duchess travel to the north? I know that he is a very amiable lad, and I do not know that she is not as amiable a *laddess*, but I had rather see their house comfortably when they are not there.

I perceive the deluge fell upon you before it reached us. It began here but on Monday last, and then rained near eight and forty hours without intermission. My poor hay has not a dry thread to its back. I have had a fire these three days. In short, every summer one lives in a state of mutiny and murmur, and I have found the reason: it is because we will affect to have a summer, and we have no title to any such thing. Our poets learnt their trade of the Romans, and so adopted the terms of their masters. They talk of shady groves, purling streams, and cooling breezes, and we get sore throats and agues with attempting to realize these visions. Master Damon writes a song, and invites miss Chloe to enjoy the cool of the evening, and the deuce a bit have we of any such thing as a cool evening. Zephyr is a north-east wind, that makes Damon button up to the chin, and pinches Chloe's nose till it is red and blue; and then they cry, *this is a bad summer!* as if we ever had any other. The best sun we have is made of Newcastle coal, and I am determined never to reckon upon any other. We ruin ourselves with inviting over foreign trees, and make our houses clamber up hills to look at prospects. How our ancestors would laugh at us, who knew there was no being comfortable, unless you had a high hill before your nose, and a thick warm wood at your back! Taste is too freezing a commodity for us, and, depend upon it, will go out of fashion again.

There is indeed a natural warmth in this country, which, as you say, I am very glad not to enjoy any longer; I mean the hot-house in St. Stephen's chapel. My own sagacity makes me very vain, though there was very little merit in it. I had seen so much of all parties, that I had little esteem left for any; it is most indifferent to me who is in or who is out, or which is set in the pillory, Mr. Wilkes or my lord Mansfield. I see the country going to ruin, and no man with brains enough to save it.



That is mortifying; but what signifies who has the undoing it? I seldom suffer myself to think on this subject: *my* patriotism could do no good, and my philosophy can make me be at peace.

I am sorry you are likely to lose your poor cousin lady Hinchinbrook; <sup>1</sup> I heard a very bad account of her when I was last in town. Your letter to madame Roland shall be taken care of; but as you are so scrupulous of making me pay postage, I must remember not to overcharge you, as I can frank my idle letters no longer; therefore, good night!

Yours ever.

P.S. I was in town last week, and found Mr. Chute still confined. He had a return in his shoulder, but I think it more rheumatism than gout.

TO MONSIEUR DE VOLTAIRE.

Strawberry-hill, June 21, 1768.

SIR,

You read English with so much more facility than I can write French, that I hope you will excuse my making use of my own tongue to thank you for the honour of your letter. If I employed your language, my ignorance in it might betray me into expressions that would not do justice to the sentiments I feel at being so distinguished.

It is true, sir, I have ventured to contest the history of Richard the Third, as it has been delivered down to us: and I shall obey your commands, and send it to you, though with fear and trembling; for though I have given it to the world, as it is called, yet, as you have justly observed, *that* world is comprised within a very small circle of readers—and undoubtedly I could not expect that you would do me the honour of being one of the number. Nor do I fear you, sir, only as the first genius in Europe, who has illustrated every science; I have a more

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth, wife of John viscount Hinchinbroke, afterwards fifth earl of Sandwich, was the only surviving daughter of George, second and last earl of Halifax. Her ladyship died 1st July 1768, leaving a son George viscount Hinchinbroke, who died *sine prole*, 1790. [Ed.]

intimate dependence on you than you suspect. Without knowing it, you have been my master, and perhaps the sole merit that may be found in my writings is owing to my having studied yours ; so far, sir, am I from living in that state of barbarism and ignorance with which you tax me when you say *que vous m'êtes peut-être inconnu*. I was not a stranger to your reputation very many years ago, but remember to have then thought you honoured our house by dining with my mother—though I was at school, and had not the happiness of seeing you : and yet my father was in a situation that might have dazzled eyes older than mine. The plain name of that father, and the pride of having had so excellent a father, to whose virtues truth at last does justice, is all I have to boast. I am a very private man, distinguished by neither dignities nor titles, which I have never done any thing to deserve—but as I am certain that titles alone would not have procured me the honour of your notice, I am content without them.

But, sir, if I can tell you nothing good of myself, I can at least tell you something bad : and, after the obligation you have conferred on me by your letter, I should blush if you heard it from any body but myself. I had rather incur your indignation than deceive you. Some time ago I took the liberty to find fault in print with the criticisms you had made on our Shakspeare. This freedom, and no wonder, never came to your knowledge. It was in a preface to a trifling Romance, much unworthy of your regard, but which I shall send you, because I cannot accept even the honour of your correspondence, without making you judge whether I deserve it. I might retract, I might beg your pardon ; but having said nothing but what I thought, nothing illiberal or unbecoming a gentleman, it would be treating you with ingratitude and impertinence, to suppose that you would either be offended with my remarks, or pleased with my recantation. You are as much above wanting flattery, as I am above offering it to you. You would despise me, and I should despise myself—a sacrifice I cannot make, sir, even to you.

Though it is impossible not to know *you*, sir, I must confess my ignorance on the other part of your letter. I know nothing of the history of monsieur de Genonville, nor can tell whether it is true or false, as this is the first time I ever heard of it. But

I will take care to inform myself as well as I can, and, if you allow me to trouble you again, will send you the exact account as far as I can obtain it. I love my country, but I do not love any of my countrymen that have been capable, if they have been so, of a foul assassination. I should have made this inquiry directly, and informed you of the result of it in this letter, had I been in London; but the respect I owe you, sir, and my impatience to thank you for so unexpected a mark of your favour, made me choose not to delay my gratitude for a single post. I have the honour to be, sir,

Your most obliged and most obedient humble servant.

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To the EARL of STRAFFORD.

Strawberry-hill, June 25, 1768.

You ordered me, my dear lord, to write to you, and I am always ready to obey you, and to give you every proof of attachment in my power: but it is a very barren season for all but cabalists, who can compound, divide, multiply No. 45 forty-five thousand different ways. I saw in the papers to-day, that somehow or other this famous number and the number of the beast in the Revelations is the same—an observation from which different persons will draw various conclusions. For my part, who have no ill wishes to Wilkes, I wish he was in Patmos, or the New Jerusalem, for I am exceedingly tired of his name. The only good thing I have heard in all this controversy was of a man who began his letter thus: “I take the Wilkes-and-liberty to assure you,” &c.

I peeped at London last week, and found a tolerably full opera. But now the birth-day is over, I suppose every body will go to waters and races till his majesty of Denmark arrives. He is extremely amorous; but stays so short a time, that the ladies who intend to be undone must not haggle. They must do their business in the twinkling of an allemande, or he will be flown. Don't you think he will be a little surprised, when he inquires for the seraglio in B \* \* \* house, to find, in full of all accounts, two old *Mecklenburgheresses*?

Is it true that \* \* \* is turned methodist? It will be a great acquisition to the sect to have their hymns set by Giardini.

Pope Joan Huntingdon will be deposed, if the husband becomes first minister. I doubt, too, the saints will like to call at Canterbury and Winchester in their way to Heaven. My charity is so small, that I do not think their virtue a jot more obdurate than that of patriots.

We have had some severe rain; but the season is now beautiful, though scarce hot. The hay and the corn promise that we shall have no riots on their account. Those black dogs the whiteboys or coal-heavers are dispersed or taken; and I really see no reason to think we shall have another rebellion this fortnight. The most comfortable event to me is, that we shall have no civil war all the summer at Brentford. I dreaded two kings there; but the writ for Middlesex will not be issued till the parliament meets; so there will be no pretender against king Glynn.<sup>1</sup> As I love peace, and have done with politics, I quietly acknowledge the king *de facto*; and hope to pass and repass unmolested through his majesty's *long, lazy, l \* \* capital*.<sup>2</sup>

My humble duty to my lady Strafford and all her pheasants. I have just made two cascades; but my naiads are fools to Mrs. C \* \* \* or my lady S \* \* \*, and don't give me a gallon of water in a week.—Well, this is a very silly letter! But you must take the will for the deed. Adieu, my dear lord!

Your most faithful servant.

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TO MONSIEUR DE VOLTAIRE.

Strawberry-hill, July 27, 1768.

ONE can never, sir, be sorry to have been in the wrong, when one's errors are pointed out to one in so obliging and masterly a manner. Whatever opinion I may have of Shakspeare, I should think him to blame, if he could have seen the letter you have done me the honour to write to me, and yet not conform to the rules you have there laid down. When he lived, there had not been a Voltaire both to give laws to the stage, and to show on what good sense those laws were founded. Your art, sir, goes still farther: for you have supported your argu-

<sup>1</sup> Serjeant Glynn, member of parliament for Middlesex. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> Brentford. [Or.]

ments, without having recourse to the best authority, your own works. It was my interest perhaps to defend barbarism and irregularity. A great genius is in the right, on the contrary, to show that when correctness, nay, when perfection is demanded, he can still shine, and be himself, whatever fetters are imposed on him. But I will say no more on this head; for I am neither so unpolished as to tell you to your face how much I admire you, nor, though I have taken the liberty to vindicate Shakespeare against your criticisms, am I vain enough to think myself an adversary worthy of you. I am much more proud of receiving laws from you, than of contesting them. It was bold in me to dispute with you even before I had the honour of your acquaintance; it would be ungrateful now when you have not only taken notice of me, but forgiven me. The admirable letter you have been so good as to send me, is a proof that you are one of those truly great and rare men who know at once how to conquer and to pardon.

I have made all the inquiry I could into the story of M. de Jumonville; and though your and our accounts disagree, I own I do not think, sir, that the strongest evidence is in our favour. I am told we allow he was killed by a party of our men, going to the Ohio. Your countrymen say he was going with a flag of truce. The commanding officer of our party said M. de Jumonville was going with hostile intentions; and that very hostile orders were found after his death in his pocket. Unless that officer had proved that he had previous intelligence of those orders, I doubt he will not be justified by finding them afterwards; for I am not at all disposed to believe that he had the foreknowledge of your hermit,<sup>1</sup> who pitched the old woman's nephew into the river, because *ce jeune homme auroit assassiné sa tante dans un an*.

I am grieved that such disputes should ever subsist between two nations who have every thing in themselves to create happiness, and who may find enough in each other to love and

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to the fable in Zadig, which is said to have been founded upon Parnell's Hermit, but which was most probably taken from one of the *Contes Devots*, "De l'Hermite qu'un ange conduisit dans le Siècle," and of which a translation, or rather modernization, is to be found in the fifth volume of le Grand D'Aussy, *Fabliaux* (p. 165, ed. 1829). The original old French version has been printed by Meou, in his *Nouveau Recueil de Fabliaux et Contes*, tom. ii. p. 216. [Ed.]

admire. It is your benevolence, sir, and your zeal for softening the manners of mankind ; it is the doctrine of peace and amity which you preach, that have raised my esteem for you even more than the brightness of your genius. France may claim you in the latter light, but all nations have a right to call you their countryman *du côté du cœur*. It is on the strength of that connection that I beg you, sir, to accept the homage of,

Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, August 9, 1768.

YOU are very kind, or else you saw into my mind, and knew that I have been thinking of writing to you, but had not a pen full of matter. True, I have been in town, but I am more likely to learn news here ; where at least we have it like fish, that could not find vent in London. I saw nothing there but the ruins of loo, lady Hertford's cribbage, and lord B \* \* \*, like patience on a monument, smiling in grief. He is totally ruined, and quite charmed. Yet I heartily pity him. To Virginia he cannot be indifferent : he must turn their heads somehow or other. If his graces do not captivate them, he will enrage them to fury ; for I take all his *douceur* to be enamelled on iron.

My life is most uniform and void of events, and has nothing worth repeating. I have not had a soul with me, but accidental company now and then at dinner. Lady Holderness, lady Ancram, lady Mary Coke, Mrs. Ann Pitt, and Mr. Hume, dined here the day before yesterday. They were but just gone, when George Selwyn, lord Bolingbroke, and sir William Musgrave, who had been at Hampton-court, came in, at nine at night, to drink tea. They told me, what I was very glad to hear, and what I could not doubt, as they had it from the duke of Grafton himself, that bishop Cornwallis<sup>1</sup> goes to Canterbury.

<sup>1</sup> The hon. Frederick Cornwallis, seventh son of Charles fourth baron Cornwallis, was translated from the see of Lichfield and Coventry to that of Canterbury, on the death of archbishop Secker. [Ed.]

I feared it would be \* \* \* \* ; but it seems he had secured all the back-stairs, and not the great stairs. As the last head of the church<sup>2</sup> had been on the midwife line, I suppose goody \* \* \* \* had hopes; and as he had been president of an atheistical club, to be sure Warburton did not despair. I was thinking it would make a good article in the papers, that three bishops had supped with Nancy Parsons at Vauxhall, in their way to Lambeth. I am sure \* \* \* \* would have been of the number; and \* \* \* \*, who told the duke of Newcastle, that if his grace had commanded the Blues at Minden, they would have behaved better, would make no scruple to cry up her chastity.

The king of Denmark comes on Thursday; and I go to-morrow to see him. It has cost three thousand pounds to new-furnish an apartment for him at St. James's; and now he will not go thither, supposing it would be a confinement. He is to lodge at his own minister Dieden's.

Augustus Hervey,<sup>3</sup> thinking it the *bel air*, is going to sue for a divorce from the Chudleigh. He asked lord B \* \* \* \* t'other day, who was his proctor, as he would have asked for his tailor. The nymph has sent him word, that if he proves her his wife he must pay her debts; and she owes sixteen thousand pounds. This obstacle thrown in the way, looks as if she was not sure of being duchess of Kingston. The lawyers say, it will be no valid plea; it not appearing that she was Hervey's wife, and therefore the tradesmen could not reckon on his paying them.

Yes, it is my Gray, Gray the poet, who is made professor of modern history; and I believe it is worth 500*l.* a year. I knew nothing of it till I saw it in the papers; but believe it was Stonehewer that obtained it for him.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Secker, archbishop of Canterbury. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> Augustus John Hervey, second son of lord Hervey, whom Pope satirised, and grandson of John first earl of Bristol. His lordship married privately, on the 4th August 1744, the celebrated miss Chudleigh, who, in twenty-five years afterwards, 8th March 1769, publicly espoused Evelyn Pierrepont duke of Kingston; for which offence her ladyship was impeached before the House of Peers, and the marriage declared illegal. She subsequently retired to the Continent, where she died in 1788. His lordship succeeded to the earldom as third earl, on the 18th March 1775, and dying without issue, 22d December 1779, was succeeded by his brother Frederick Augustus bishop of Derry. [Ed.]

Yes, again ; I use a bit of alum half as big as my nail, once or twice a-week, and let it dissolve in my mouth. I should not think that using it oftener could be prejudicial. You should inquire ; but as you are in more hurry than I am, you should certainly use it oftener than I do. I wish I could cure my lady Ailesbury, too. Ice-water has astonishing effect on my stomach, and removes all pain like a charm. Pray, though the one's teeth may not be so white as formerly, nor t'other look in perfect health, let the Danish king see such good specimens of the last age—though, by what I hear, he likes nothing but the very present age.—However, sure you will both come and look at him : not that I believe he is a jot better than the apprentices that flirt to Epsom in a Tim-whisky ; but I want to meet you in town.

I don't very well know what I write, for I hear a caravan on my stairs, that are come to see the house ; Margaret is chattering, and the dogs barking ; and this I call retirement ! and yet I think it preferable to your visit at Becket. Adieu ! Let me know something more of your motions before you go to Ireland, which I think a strange journey, and better compounded for : and when I see you in town I will settle with you another visit to Park-place.

Yours ever.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, August 13, 1768.

I WONDERED, indeed, what was become of you, as I had offered myself to you so long ago, and you did not accept my bill ; and now it is payable at such short notice, that as I cannot find Mr. Chute, nor know where he is, whether at your brother's or the Vine, I think I had better defer my visit till the autumn, when you say you will be less hurried, and more at leisure. I believe I shall go to Ragley the beginning of September, and possibly on to lord Strafford's, and therefore I may call on you, if it will not be inconvenient to you, on my return.

I came to town to see the Danish king.<sup>1</sup> He is as diminutive

<sup>1</sup> Christian the Seventh, king of Denmark, who had married, on the 8th November 1766, the princess Caroline Matilda, a posthumous child of Frederick prince of Wales, and sister of his majesty king George III. [Ed.]



as if he came out of a kernel in the Fairy Tale. He is not ill-made, nor weakly made, though so small; and, though his face is pale and delicate, it is not at all ugly; yet has a strong sense of the late king, and enough of the late prince of \* \* \* \* to put one upon one's guard not to be prejudiced in his favour. Still he has more royalty than folly in his air; and, considering he is not twenty, is as well as one expects any king in a puppet-show to be. He arrived on Thursday, supped and lay at St. James's. Yesterday evening, he was at the queen's and Carlton-house, and at night at lady Hertford's assembly. He only takes the title of *altesse*, an absurd mezzotermine, but acts king exceedingly; struts in the circle like a cock-sparrow, and does the honours of himself very civilly. There is a favourite, too, who seems a complete jackanapes; a young fellow called Holke, well enough in his figure, and about three-and-twenty, but who will be tumbled down long before he is prepared for it. Bernsdorff, a Hanoverian, his first minister, is a decent sensible man; I pity him, though I suppose he is envied. From lady Hertford's they went to Ranelagh, and to-night go to the opera. There had like to have been an untoward circumstance: the last new opera in the spring, which was exceedingly pretty, was called *I Viaggiatori Ridicoli*, and they were on the point of acting it for this royal traveller.

I am sure you are not sorry that Cornwallis is archbishop. He is no hypocrite, time-server, nor high-priest. I little expected so good a choice. Adieu!

Yours ever.

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TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 16, 1768.

As you have been so good, my dear lord, as twice to take notice of my letter, I am bound in conscience and gratitude to try to amuse you with any thing new. A royal visitor, quite fresh, is a real curiosity—by the reception of him, I do not think many more of the breed will come hither. He came from Dover in hackney-chaises; for somehow or other the master of the horse happened to be in Lincolnshire; and the king's coaches

having received no orders, were too good subjects to go and fetch a stranger king of their own heads. However, as his Danish majesty travels to improve himself for the good of his people; he will go back extremely enlightened in the arts of government and morality, by having learned that crowned heads may be reduced to ride in a hired chaise.

By another mistake, king George happened to go to Richmond about an hour before king Christiern arrived in London. An hour is exceedingly long; and the distance to Richmond still longer: so, with all the dispatch that could possibly be made, king George could not get back to his capital till next day at noon. Then, as the road from his closet at St. James's to the king of Denmark's apartment on t'other side of the palace is about thirty miles, which posterity, having no conception of the prodigious extent and magnificence of St. James's, will never believe, it was half an hour after three before his Danish majesty's courier could go, and return to let him know that his good brother and ally was leaving the palace in which they both were, in order to receive him at the queen's palace, which you know is about a million of snail's paces from St. James's. Notwithstanding these difficulties and unavoidable delays, Woden, Thor, Friga, and all the gods that watch over the kings of the North, did bring these two invincible monarchs to each others' embraces about half an hour after five the same evening. They passed an hour in projecting a family compact that will regulate the destiny of Europe to latest posterity: and then, the Fates so willing it, the British prince departed for Richmond, and the Danish potentate repaired to the widowed mansion of his royal mother-in-law, where he poured forth the fullness of his heart in praises on the lovely bride she had bestowed on him, from whom nothing but the benefit of his subjects could ever have torn him.—And here let calumny blush, who has aspersed so chaste and faithful a monarch with low amours; pretending that he has raised to the honour of a seat in his sublime council, an artisan of Ham-burgh, known only by repairing the soles of buskins, because that mechanic would, on no other terms, consent to his fair daughter's being honoured with majestic embraces. So victorious over his passions is this young Scipio from the Pole, that though on Shooter's-hill he fell into an ambush laid for him by an illustrious countess, of blood-royal herself, his majesty after

descending from his car, and courteously greeting her, again mounted his vehicle, without being one moment eclipsed from the eyes of the surrounding multitude.—Oh! mercy on me! I am out of breath—Pray let me descend from my stilts, or I shall send you as fastidious and tedious a history as that of Henry II.—Well, then, this great king is a very little one; not ugly, nor ill-made. He has the sublime strut of his grandfather, or of a cock-sparrow; and the divine white eyes of all his family by the mother's side. His curiosity seems to have consisted in the original plan of travelling, for I cannot say he takes notice of any thing in particular. His manner is cold and dignified, but very civil and gracious and proper. The mob adore him and huzza him; and so they did the first instant. At present they begin to know why—for he flings money to them out of his windows: and by the end of the week I do not doubt but they will want to choose him for Middlesex. His court is extremely well ordered; for they bow as low to him at every word as if his name was Sultan Amurat. You would take his first minister for only the first of his slaves.—I hope this example, which they have been so good as to exhibit at the opera, will contribute to civilise us. There is, indeed, a pert young gentleman, who a little discomposes this august ceremonial. His name is count Holke, his age three and twenty; and his post answers to one that we had formerly in England many years ago, and which in our tongue was called the lord high favourite. Before the Danish monarch became absolute, the most refractory of that country used to write libels, called *North Danes*, against this great officer; but that practice has long since ceased. Count Holke seems rather proud of his favour than shy of displaying it.

I hope, my dear lord, you will be content with my Danish politics, for I trouble myself with no other. There is a long history about the baron de Bottetourt, and sir Jeffery Amherst, who has resigned his regiment; but it is nothing to me; nor do I care a straw about it. I am deep in the anecdotes of the new court: and if you want to know more of count Holke or count Molke, or the grand vizier Bernsdorff, or mynheer Schimtmelman, apply to me, and you shall be satisfied.—But what do I talk of? You will see them yourself. Minerva in the shape of

count Bernsdorff; or out of all shape in the person of the duchess of \*\*\* , is to conduct Telemachus to York razes; for can a monarch be perfectly accomplished in the mysteries of king-craft, as our Solomon James I. called it, unless he is initiated in the arts of jockeyship? When this northern star travels towards its own sphere, lord Hertford will go to Ragley. I shall go with him; and if I can avoid running foul of the magi that will be thronging from all parts to worship that star, I will endeavour to call at Wentworth-castle for a day or two, if it will not be inconvenient, I should think it would be about the second week in September, but your lordship shall hear again, unless you should forbid me, who am ever Lady Strafford's and your lordship's

Most faithful humble servant.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 30, 1768.

You are always heaping so many kindnesses on me, dear sir, that I think I must break off all acquaintance with you, unless I can find some way of returning them. The print of the countess of Exeter is the greatest present to me in the world. I have been trying for years to no purpose to get one. Reynolds the painter promised to beg one for me of a person he knows, but I have never had it. I wanted it for four different purposes. 1. As a grandmother (in law, by the Cranes and Allingtons): 2. for my collection of heads: 3. for the volumes of prints after pieces in my collection: and, above all, for my collection of Faithornes, which, though so fine, wanted such a capital print: and to this last I have preferred it. I give you unbounded thanks for it: and yet I feel exceedingly ashamed to rob you. The print of Jane Shore I had: but as I have such various uses for prints I easily bestowed it. It is inserted in my anecdotes, where her picture is mentioned.

Thank you, too, for all your notices. I intend next summer to set about the last volume of my Anecdotes, and to make still further additions to my former volumes, in which these notes will find their place. I am going to reprint all my pieces together, and, to my shame be it spoken, find they will at least make two large

quartos. You, I know, will be partial enough to give them a place on a shelf, but as I doubt many persons will not be so favourable, I only think of leaving the edition behind me.

Methinks I should like for your amusement and my own, that you settled to Ely: yet I value your health so much beyond either, that I must advise Milton, Ely being, I believe, a very damp, and, consequently, a very unwholesome situation. Pray let me know on which you fix; and if you do fix this summer, remember the hopes you have given me of a visit. My summer, that is, my fixed residence here, lasts till November. My gallery is not only finished, but I am going on with the round chamber at the end of it; and am besides *playing* with the little garden on the other side of the road, which was old Franklin's, and by his death came into my hands. When the round tower is finished, I propose to draw up a description and catalogue of the whole house and collection, and I think you will not dislike lending me your assistance.

Mr. Granger, of Shiplake, is printing his laborious and curious Catalogue of English Heads, with an accurate though succinct account of almost all the persons. It will be a very valuable and useful work, and I heartily wish may succeed; though I have some fears. There are of late a small number of persons who collect English heads; but not enough to encourage such a work: I hope the anecdotic part will make it more known and tasted. It is essential to us, who shall love the performance, that it should sell: for he prints no farther at first than to the end of the first Charles: and, if this part does not sell well, the bookseller will not purchase the remainder of the copy, though he gives but an 100*l.* for this half; and good Mr. Granger is not in circumstances to afford printing it himself. I do not compare it with Dr. Robertson's writings, who has an excellent genius, with admirable style and manner; and yet I cannot help thinking, that there is a good deal of Scotch puffing and partiality, when the booksellers have given the doctor 3,000*l.* for his life of Charles V., for composing which he does not pretend to have obtained any new materials.

I am going into Warwickshire; and I think shall go on to lord Strafford's, but propose returning before the end of September.

Yours ever.

## TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry-hill, Monday, Oct 10, 1768.

I GIVE you a thousand thanks, my dear lord, for the account of the ball at Welbeck. I shall not be able to repay it with a relation of the masquerade<sup>1</sup> to-night ; for I have been confined here this week with the gout in my foot, and have not stirred off my bed or couch since Tuesday. I was to have gone to the great ball at Sion<sup>2</sup> on Friday, for which a new road, paddock, and bridge were made, as other folks make a dessert. I conclude lady Mary<sup>3</sup> has, and will tell you of all these pomps, which health thinks so serious, and sickness with her grave face tells one are so idle. Sickness may make me moralize, but I assure you she does not want humour. She has diverted me extremely with drawing a comparison between the repose (to call neglect by its dignified name) which I have enjoyed in this fit, and the great anxiety in which the whole world was when I had the last gout, three years ago — You remember my friends were then coming into power. Lord W—— was so good as to call at least once every day, and inquire after me ; and the foreign ministers insisted that I should give them the satisfaction of seeing me, that they might tranquillize their sovereigns with the certainty of my not being in any danger. The duke and duchess of Newcastle were so kind, though very nervous themselves, as to send messengers and long messages every day from Claremont. I cannot say this fit has alarmed Europe quite so much. I heard the bell ring at the gate, and asked with much majesty if it was the duke of Newcastle had sent ? “ No, sir, it was only the butcher’s boy.” The butcher’s boy is indeed the only courier I have had. Neither the king of France nor king of Spain appears to be under the least concern about me.

My dear lord, I have had so many of these transitions in my

<sup>1</sup> A masquerade given at the Opera House by the king of Denmark ; one of the most magnificent which had ever been given in England. The jewels worn on this occasion by the maskers were estimated to be of the value of two millions. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> The villa of the duke of Northumberland, near Brentford. [Or.]

<sup>3</sup> Lady Mary Coke, sister to lady Strafford. [Or.]

life, that you will not wonder they divert me more than a masquerade. I am ready to say to most people, "Mask, I know you."—I wish I might choose their dresses!

When I have the honour of seeing lady Strafford, I shall beseech her to tell me all the news; for I am too nigh and too far to know any. Adieu, my dear lord!

Yours most sincerely.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Nov. 10, 1768.

I HAVE not received the cheese, but I thank you as much beforehand. I have been laid up with a fit of the gout in both feet and a knee; at Strawberry for an entire month, and eight days here: I took the air for the first time the day before yesterday, and am, considering, surprisingly recovered by the assistance of the bootkins and my own perseverance in drinking water. I moulted my stick to-day, and have no complaint but weakness left. The fit came just in time to augment my felicity in having quitted parliament. I do not find it so uncomfortable to grow old, when one is not obliged to expose one's self in public.

I neither rejoice nor am sorry at your being accommodated in your new habitation. It has long been plain to me that you choose to bury yourself in the ugliest spot you can find, at a distance from almost all your acquaintance; so I give it up; and then I am glad you are pleased.

Nothing is stirring but politics, and chiefly the worst kind of politics, elections. I trouble myself with no sort, but seek to pass what days the gout leaves me or bestows on me, as quietly as I can. I do not wonder at others, because I doubt I am more singular than they are; and what makes me happy would probably not make them so. My best compliments to your brother; I shall be glad to see you both when you come; though for you, you don't care how little time you pass with your friends. Yet I am, and ever shall be,

Yours most sincerely.

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Nov. 15, 1768.

You cannot wonder when I receive such kind letters from you, that I am vexed our intimacy should be reduced almost to those letters. It is selfish to complain, when you give me such good reasons for your system: but I grow old; and the less time we have to live together, the more I feel a separation from a person I love so well; and that reflection furnishes me with arguments in vindication of my peevishness. Methinks, though the contrary is true in practice, prudence should be the attribute of youth, not of years. When we approach to the last gate of life, what does it signify to provide for new furnishing one's house? Youth should have all those cares; indeed, charming youth is better employed. It leaves foresight to those that have little occasion for it. You and I have both done with the world, the busy world, and therefore I would smile with you over what we have both seen of it, and luckily we can smile both, for we have quitted it willingly, not from disgust nor mortifications. However, I do not pretend to combat your reasons, much less would I draw you to town a moment sooner than it is convenient to you, though I shall never forget your offering it. Nay, it is not so much in town that I wish we were nearer, as in the country. Unless one lives exactly in the same set of company, one is not much the better for one's friends being in London. I, that talk of giving up the world, have only given up the troubles of it, as far as that is possible. I should speak more properly in saying, that I have retired out of the world into London. I always intend to place some months between me and the moroseness of retirement. We are not made for solitude. It gives us prejudices, it indulges us in our own humours, and at last we cannot live without them.

My gout is quite gone; and if I had a mind to disguise its remains, I could walk very gracefully, except on going down stairs. Happily it is not the fashion to hand any body; the nymph and I should soon be at the bottom.

Your old cousin Newcastle is going; he has had a stroke of the palsy, and they think will not last two days. I hope he is



not sensible, as I doubt he would be too averse to his situation. Poor man! he is not like my late amiable friend, lady Hervey; two days before she died, she wrote to her son Bristol these words: "I feel my dissolution coming on, but I have no pain; what can an old woman desire more?" This was consonant to her usual propriety—yes, propriety is grace, and thus every body may be graceful, when other graces are fled. Oh! but you will cry, is not this a contradiction to the former part of your letter? Prudence is one of the graces of age—why—yes, I do not know but it may be—and yet I don't know how, it is a musty quality; one hates to allow it to be a grace—come, at least, it is only like that one of the graces that hides her face. In short, I have ever been so imprudent, that though I have much corrected myself, I am not at all vain of such merit. I have purchased it for much more than it was worth.

I wish you joy of lord Guildford's amendment; and always take a full part in your satisfaction or sorrow. Adieu!

Yours ever.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Dec. 1, 1768.

I LIKE your letter, and have been looking at my next door but one. The ground story is built, and the side walls will certainly be raised another floor, before you think of arriving. I fear nothing for you but the noise of workmen, and of this street in front and Piccadilly on the other side. If you can bear such a constant hammering and hurricane, it will rejoice me to have you so near me; and then I think I must see you oftener than I have done these ten years. Nothing can be more dignified than this position. From my earliest memory Arlington-street has been the ministerial street. The duke of Grafton is actually coming into the house of Mr. Pelham, which my lord president is quitting, and which occupies, too, the ground on which my father lived; and lord Weymouth has just taken the duke of Dorset's; yet you and I, I doubt, shall always live on the wrong side of the way.

Lord Chatham is reconciled to lord Temple and George Grenville. The second is in great spirits on the occasion; and yet gives out that lord Chatham earnestly solicited it. The insignificant Lepidus patronizes Antony, and is sued to by Augustus! Still do I doubt whether Augustus will ever come forth again. Is this a peace patched up by Livia for the sake of her children, seeing the imbecility of her husband? or is Augustus to own he has been acting a changeling, like the first Brutus, for near two years? I do not know, I remain in doubt.

Wilkes has struck an artful stroke. The ministers, devoid of all management in the House of Commons, consented that he should be heard at the bar of the House, and appointed to-morrow, forgetting the election for Middlesex is to come on next Thursday: one would think they were impatient to advance riots. Last Monday Wilkes demanded to examine lord Temple: when that was granted, he asked for lord Sandwich and lord March. As the first had not been refused, the others could not. The lords were adjourned till to-day, and, I suppose, are now sitting on this perplexing demand. If lord Temple desires to go to the bar of the Commons, and the others desire to be excused, it will be difficult for the Lords to know what to do. Sandwich is frightened out of his senses, and March does not like it. Well! this will cure ministers and great lords of being flippant in dirty tyranny, when they see they may be worried for it four years afterwards.

The Commons, I suppose, are at this minute as hotly engaged on the Cumberland election between Sir James Lowther and the duke of Portland. Oh! how delightful and comfortable to be sitting quietly here and scribbling to you, perfectly indifferent about both houses!

You will just escape having your brains beaten out, by not coming this fortnight. The Middlesex election will be over. Adieu!

Yours ever...

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Sunday, March 26, 1769.

I beg your pardon; I promised to send you news, and I had quite forgot that we have had a rebellion; at least, the duke of Bedford says so. Six or eight hundred merchants, English, Dutch, Jews, Gentiles, had been entreated to protect the Protestant succession, and consented<sup>1</sup> They set out on Wednesday noon in their coaches and chariots, chariots not armed with scythes like our Gothic ancestors. At Temple-bar they met several regiments of foot dreadfully armed with mud, who discharged a sleet of dirt on the royal troop. Minerva, who had forgotten her dreadful *Aegis*, and who, in the shape of Mr. Boehm, carried the address, was forced to take shelter under a cloud in Nando's coffee-house, being more afraid of Buckhorse than ever Venus was of Diomed; in short, it was a dismal day; and if lord Talbot had not recollected the patriot feats of his youth<sup>2</sup> and recommenced bruiser, I don't know but the duchess of Kingston,<sup>3</sup> who has so long preserved her modesty, from both her husbands, might not have been ravished in the drawing-room. Peace is at present restored, and the rebellion adjourned to the thirteenth of April; when Wilkes and colonel Luttrell are to fight a pitched

<sup>1</sup> A great riot took place on the 22d March 1769, when a cavalcade of the merchants and tradesmen of the city of London, who were proceeding to St. James's with a loyal address, were so maltreated by the populace, that the gentleman, Mr. Boehm, to whom the address was entrusted, was obliged to take refuge in Nando's coffee-house. His coach was rifled, but the address escaped the search of the rioters, and was, after considerable delay, during which a second had been voted and prepared, eventually presented at St. James's. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> His lordship seems not to have forgotten his former prowess; for, though he had his staff of office broken in his hand, and was deserted by his servants, he secured two of the most active of the rioters. His example recalled the military to their duty, who, without employing either guns or bayonets, then captured fifteen more. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> The duke of Kingston had married miss Chudleigh on the 8th of this month; the Consistory Court of London having declared, on the 11th February previous, that the lady was free from any matrimonial contract with the right hon. Augustus John Hervey, esq. On the 19th she was presented, upon her marriage, to their majesties, who honoured her by wearing her favours, as did all the great officers of state. [Ed.]

battle at Brentford, the Philippi of Antoninus. *Tityre tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi*, know nothing of these broils. You don't convert your plough-shares into falchions, nor the mud of Adderbury into gunpowder. I tremble for my painted windows, and write talismans of number forty-five on every gate and postern of my castle. Mr. Hume is writing the *Revolutions of Middlesex*, and a troop of barnacle geese are levied to defend the capital. These are melancholy times! Heaven send we do not laugh till we cry!

London, Tuesday, 28th.

OUR ministers, like their Saxon ancestors, are gone to hold a wittenagemot on horseback at Newmarket. Lord Chatham, we are told, is to come forth after the holidays and place himself at the head of the discontented. When I see it I shall believe it. Lord Frederick Campbell is, at last, to be married this evening to the dowager countess of Ferrers. The duchess of Grafton is actually countess of Ossory.<sup>4</sup> This is a short gazette; but, consider, it is a time of truce. Adieu!

Yours ever.

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, April 15, 1769.

I SHOULD be very sorry to believe half your distempers. I am heartily grieved for the vacancy that has happened in your mouth, though you describe it so comically. As the only physic I believe in is prevention, you shall let me prescribe to you. Use a little bit of alum twice or thrice in a week, no bigger than half your nail, till it has all dissolved in your mouth, and then spit out. This has fortified my teeth, that they are as strong as the pen of Junius.<sup>1</sup> I learned it of Mrs. Grosvenor, who had not

<sup>4</sup> Lady Anne Liddel, only daughter of Henry Liddel, lord Ravensworth, married in 1756, to Augustus Henry, third duke of Grafton, being divorced from whom by act of parliament, she married, secondly, 26th March 1769, the earl of Ossory. [Ed.]

<sup>1</sup> The letters of Junius were now in course of publication, and exciting, as may well be supposed, great attention. [Ed.]

a speck in her teeth to her death. For your other complaints, I revert to my old sermon, temperance. If you will live in a hermitage, methinks it is no great addition to live like a hermit. Look in Sadeler's prints, they had beards down to their girdles; and with all their impatience to be in heaven, their roots and water kept them for a century from their wishes. I have lived all my life like an anchorite in London, and within ten miles, shed my skin after the gout, and am as lively as an eel in a week after. Mr. Chute, who has drunk no more wine than a fish, grows better every year. He has escaped this winter with only a little pain in one hand. Consider that the physicians recommend wine, and then can you doubt of its being poison? Medicines may cure a few acute distempers, but how should they mend a broken constitution? they would as soon mend a broken leg. Abstinence and time may repair it, nothing else can; for when time has been employed to spoil the blood, it cannot be purified in a moment.

Wilkes, who has been chosen member of parliament almost as often as Marius was consul, was again re-elected on Thursday. The house of Commons, who are as obstinate as the county, have again rejected him. To-day they are to instate colonel Luttrell in his place.<sup>2</sup> What is to follow I cannot say, but I doubt grievous commotions. Both sides seem so warm, that it will be difficult for either to be in the right. This is not a merry subject, and therefore I will have done with it. If it comes to blows, I intend to be as neutral as the gentleman that was going out with his hounds the morning of Edgehill. I have seen too much of parties to list with any of them.

You promised to return to town, but now say nothing of it. You had better come before a passport is necessary. Adieu!

Yours ever.

<sup>2</sup> Wilkes having been expelled the House of Commons, on the 3d February 1769, was elected M.P. for Middlesex a third time on the 16th of March. On the 17th the election was declared by the house to be null and void, and a new writ was ordered to be issued; and on the day of election (13th April), Wilkes, Luttrell, and Serjeant Whitaker presented themselves as candidates, when Wilkes, having a majority, was declared duly elected. On the 14th this election was pronounced void, and on the 15th Henry Laws Luttrell, esq., was declared duly elected, and took his seat accordingly. [Ed.]

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, May 11, 1769.

You are so wayward, that I often resolve to give you up to your humours. Then something happens with which I can divert you, and my good-humour returns. Did not you say you should return to London long before this time? At least, could you not tell me you had changed your mind? why am I to pick it out from your absence and silence, as Dr. Warburton found a future state in Moses's saying nothing of the matter! I could go on with a chapter of severe interrogatories, but I think it more cruel to treat you as a hopeless reprobate; yes, you are graceless, and as I have a respect for my own scolding, I shall not throw it away upon you.

Strawberry has been in great glory; I have given a festino there that will almost mortgage it. Last Tuesday all France dined there: Monsieur and Madame du Chatelet,<sup>1</sup> the duc de Liancourt,<sup>2</sup> three more French ladies, whose names you will find in the enclosed paper, eight other Frenchmen, the Spanish and Portuguese ministers, the Holdernesses, Fitzroys, in short, we were four-and-twenty. They arrived at two. At the gates of the castle I received them dressed in the cravat of Gibbins's carving, and a pair of gloves embroidered up to the elbows that had belonged to James the first. The French servants stared, and firmly believed this was the dress of English country gentlemen. After taking a survey of the apartments, we went to the printing-house, where I had prepared the enclosed verses, with translations by Monsieur de Lille,<sup>3</sup> one of the company. The

<sup>1</sup> Le marquis du Châtelet, was son to la marquise du Châtelet, the commentator upon Newton, and the Amelie of Voltaire. The scandalous chronicles of the time give to Voltaire the honour of his paternity. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> The duc de Liancourt, of the family of de la Rochefoucault, grand maitre de la garde-robe du roi. At the commencement of the revolution his conduct was much blamed by those attached to the court. He eventually emigrated to England, and after residing here some time visited America, and published an account of his travels in that country, which is remarkable for a display of ill-will and enmity towards this country, its interests, and every thing connected with it. [Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> M. de Lille was an officer of the French cavalry, an agreeable man in society, and the author of many pretty ballads, and *vers de société*. [Ed.]

moment they were printed off, I gave a private signal, and French horns and clarionets accompanied this compliment. We then went to see Pope's grotto and garden, and returned to a magnificent dinner in the refectory. In the evening we walked, had tea, coffee, and lemonade in the gallery, which was illuminated with a thousand, or thirty candles, I forget which, and played at whist and loo till midnight. Then there was a cold supper, and at one the company returned to town saluted by fifty nightingales, who, as tenants of the manor, came to do honour to their lord.

I cannot say last night was equally agreeable. There was what they called a *ridotto el fresco* at Vauxhall, for which one paid half-a-guinea, though, except some thousand more lamps and a covered passage all round the garden, which took off from the gardenhood, there was nothing better than on a common night. Mr. Conway and I set out from his house at eight o'clock; the tide and torrent of coaches was so prodigious, that it was half-an-hour after nine before we got half way from Westminster-bridge. We then alighted; and after scrambling under bellies of horses, through wheels, and over posts and rails, we reached the gardens, where were already many thousand persons. Nothing diverted me but a man in a Turk's dress and two nymphs in masquerade without masks, who sailed amongst the company, and, which was surprising, seemed to surprise nobody. It had been given out that people were desired to come in fancied dresses without masks. We walked twice round and were rejoiced to come away, though with the same difficulties as at our entrance; for we found three strings of coaches all along the road, who did not move half a foot in half-an-hour. There is to be a rival mob in the same way at Ranelagh to-morrow; for the greater the folly and imposition the greater is the crowd. I have suspended the vestimenta that were torn off my back to the god of repentance, and shall stay away. Adieu! I have not a word more to say to you.

Yours, &c.

P.S. I hope you will not regret paying a shilling for this packet.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington-street, May 27, 1769.

DEAR SIR,

I have not heard from you this century, nor knew where you had fixed yourself. Mr. Gray tells me you are still at Waterbeche. Mr. Grainger has published his Catalogue of Prints, and Lives down to the Revolution;<sup>1</sup> and, as the work sells well, I believe, nay, do not doubt, we shall have the rest. There are a few copies printed but on one side of the leaf. As I know you love scribbling in such books as well as I do, I beg you will give me leave to make you a present of one set. I shall send it in about a week to Mr. Gray, and have desired him, as soon as he has turned it over, to convey it to you. I have found a few mistakes, and you will find more. To my mortification, though I have four thousand heads, I find, upon a rough calculation, that I still want three or four hundred.

Pray give me some account of yourself, how you do, and whether you are fixed? I thought you rather inclined to Ely. Are we never to have the history of that cathedral? I wish you would tell me that you have any thoughts of coming this way, or that you would make me a visit this summer. I shall be little from home this summer till August, when I think of going to Paris for six weeks. To be sure you have seen the History of British Topography,<sup>2</sup> which was published this winter, and it is a delightful book in our way. Adieu! dear sir,

Yours ever.

<sup>1</sup> A Biographical History of England, from Egbert the great to the Revolution, with a supplement. London, 1769, 4to. five vols.

The rev. James Granger, the author of the above work, of which there have been five editions, was vicar of Shiplake in Oxfordshire, where he died, on the 15th April 1776, having on the previous day been seized with a fit, while in the act of administering the sacrament.

A continuation of Granger's work, bringing it down from the Revolution to the end of George I.'s reign, was published in 1806, in three vols. 8vo, by the rev. James Noble. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> By Richard Gough, the well-known antiquary. The second edition, published in 1780, is a far better one. [Ed.]



TO THE REV MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, June 14, 1769.

DEAR SIR,

Among many agreeable passages in your last, there is nothing I like so well, as the hope you give me of seeing you here in July. I will return that visit immediately: don't be afraid; I do not mean to incommode you at Waterbeche; but, if you will come, I promise I will accompany you back as far as Cambridge; nay, carry you on to Ely, for thither I am bound. The bishop has sent a Dr. Nichols to me, to desire I would assist him in a plan for the east window of his cathedral, which he intends to *benefactorate* with painted glass. The window is the most untractable of all Saxon uncouthness: nor can I conceive what to do with it, but by taking off the bottoms for arms and mosaic, splitting the crucifixion into three compartments, and filling the five lights at top with prophets, saints, martyrs, and such like; after shortening the windows like the great ones. This I shall propose. However, I choose to see the spot myself, as it will be a proper attention to the BP. after his civility, and I really would give the best advice I could. The BP., like Alexander VIII., feels that the *clock has struck half an hour past eleven*, and is impatient to be *let depart in peace* after his eyes shall have seen his vitrification: at least, he is impatient to give his eyes that treat; and yet it will be pity to precipitate the work. If you can come to me first, I shall be happy; if not, I must come to you: that is, will meet you at Cambridge. Let me know your mind, for I would not press you unseasonably. I am enough obliged to you already; though, by mistake, you think it is you that are obliged to me. I do not mean to plunder you of any more prints; but shall employ a *little collector* to get me all that are gettable. The rest, the *greatest* of us all must want.

I am very sorry for the fever you have had: but, Goodman Frog, if you will live in the fens, do not expect to be as healthy as if you were a fat Dominican at Naples. You and your MSS. will all grow mouldy. When our climate is subject to no sign but Aquarius and Pisces, would one choose the dampest country under the heavens? I do not expect to persuade you,

and so I will say no more. I wish you joy of the treasure you have discovered: six Saxon bishops and a duke of Northumberland!<sup>1</sup> You have had fine sport this season. Thank you much for wishing to see my name on a plate in the History. But, seriously, I have no such vanity. I did my utmost to dissuade Mr. Granger from the dedication, and took especial pains to get my *virtues* left out of the question; till I found he would be quite htrrt if I did not let him express his gratitude, as he called it: so, to satisfy him, I was forced to accept of his present; for I doubt I have few virtues but what he has presented me with: and in a dedication, you know, one is permitted to have as many as the author can afford to bestow. I really have another objection to the plate; which is, the ten guineas. I have so many draughts on my extravagance for trifles, that I like better than vanity, that I should not care to be at that expense. But I should think either the duke or duchess of Northumberland would rejoice at such opportunity of buying incense; and I will tell you what you shall do. Write to Mr. Percy, and vaunt the discovery of duke Brithnoth's bones, and ask him to move their graces to contribute a plate. They could not be so *unnatural* as to refuse; especially if the duchess knew the size of his thigh-bone.

I was very happy to show civilities to your friends, and should have asked them to stay and dine, but unluckily expected other company. Dr. Ewin seems a very good sort of man, and Mr. Rawlinson a very agreeable one. Pray do not think it was any trouble to me to pay respect to your recommendation.

I have been eagerly reading Mr. Shenstone's letters, which,

<sup>1</sup> The following is an extract from a previous letter of Mr. Cole's, and to this Mr. Walpole alludes. "An old wall being to be taken down behind the choir [at Ely] on which were painted seven figures of six Saxon bishops and a duke, as he is called, of Northumberland, one Brithnoth: which painting I take to be as old as any we have in England—I guessed by seven arches in the wall, below the figures, that the bones of these seven benefactors to the old Saxon conventual church were repositied in the wall under them: accordingly, we found seven separate holes, each with the remains of the said persons," &c. &c. Mr. Cole proposed that Mr. Walpole should contribute an engraving from this painting to the History of Ely Cathedral, a work about to be published, or to use his interest to induce the duke of Northumberland to do so. [Or.]

though containing nothing but trifles, amused me extremely, as they mention so many persons I know ; particularly myself. I found there, what I did not know, and what, I believe, Mr. Gray himself never knew, that his ode on my cat was written to ridicule Lord Lyttelton's monody. It is just as true as that the latter will survive, and the former be forgotten. There is another anecdote equally vulgar, and void of truth : that my father, sitting in George's coffee-house (I suppose Mr. Shenstone thought that, after he quitted his place, he went to the coffee-houses to learn news,) was asked to contribute to a figure of himself that was to be beheaded by the mob. I do remember something like it, but it happened to myself. I met a mob, just after my father was out, in Hanover-square, and drove up to it to know what was the matter. They were carrying about a figure of my sister. This probably gave rise to the other story. That on my uncle I never heard ; but it is a good story, and not at all improbable. I felt great pity on reading these letters for the narrow circumstances of the author, and the passion for fame that he was tormented with ; and yet he had much more fame than his talents entitled him to. Poor man ! he wanted to have all the world talk of him for the pretty place he had made ; and which he seems to have made only that it might be talked of. The first time a company came to see my house, I felt his joy. I am now so tired of it, that I shudder when the bell rings at the gate. It is as bad as keeping an inn, and I am often tempted to deny its being shown, if it would not be ill-natured to those that come, and to my house-keeper. I own, I was one day too cross. I had been plagued all the week with staring crowds. At last, it rained a deluge. Well, said I, at last, nobody will come to-day. The words were scarce uttered, when the bell rang. A company desired to see the house. I replied, " Tell them they cannot possibly see the house, but they are very welcome to walk in the garden."

Observe : nothing above alludes to Dr. Ewin and Mr. Rawlinson : I was not only much pleased with them, but quite glad to show them how entirely you may command my house, and your most sincere friend and servant.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, Monday, June 26, 1769.

DEAR SIR,

Oh! yes, yes, I shall like Thursday or Friday, 6th or 7th, exceedingly; I shall like your staying with me two days exceedingly; and longer exceedingly: and I will carry you back to Cambridge on our pilgrimage to Ely. But I should not at all like to be caught in the glories of an installation, and find myself a doctor, before I knew where I was. It will be much more agreeable to find the whole *caput* asleep, digesting turtle, dreaming of bishoprics, and humming old catches of Anacreon, and scraps of Corelli. I wish Mr. Gray may not be set out for the north; which is rather the case than setting out for the summer. We have no summers, I think, but what we raise, like pine-apples, by fire. My hay is an absolute *water-soochy*, and teaches me how to feel for you. You are quite in the right to sell your fief in Marshland. I should be glad if you would take one step more, and quit Marshland. We live, at least, on *terra firma* in this part of the world, and can saunter out without stilts. *Item*, we do not wade into pools, and call it going upon the water, and get sore throats. I trust yours is better; but I recollect this is not the first you have complained of. Pray be not incorrigible, but come to shore.

Be so good as to thank Mr. Smith, my old tutor, for his corrections. If ever the Anecdotes are reprinted, I will certainly profit of them.

I joked, it is true, about Joscelyn de Louvain,<sup>1</sup> and his duchess:

<sup>1</sup> The duke of Northumberland. His Grace having been originally a baronet, sir Hugh Smithson, and having married the daughter of Algernon Seymour, duke of Somerset and earl of Northumberland, in 1750 assumed the surname and arms of Percy, and was created duke of Northumberland in 1766. Walpole's allusion is to his becoming a Percy by marriage, as Joscelyn had done before him: Agnes de Percy, daughter of William de Percy the third baron, having only consented to marry *Joscelyn of Lovain*, brother of queen Adelicia, second wife of Henry I., and son of Godfrey Barbatus, duke of Lower Lorraine and count of Brabant, who was descended from the emperor Charlemagne, upon his agreeing to adopt either the surname or arms of Percy. He accordingly assumed the name, and retained his paternal

but not at all in advising you to make Mr. Percy pimp for the plate. On the contrary, I wish you success, and think this an infallible method of obtaining the benefaction. It is right to lay vanity under contribution ; for then both sides are pleased.

It will not be easy for you to dine with Mr. Grainger from hence, and return at night. It cannot be less than six or seven-and-twenty miles to Shiplake. But I go to Park-place to-morrow [Mr. Henry Conway's], which is within two miles of him, and I will try if I can tempt him to meet you here. Adieu !

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TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Arlington-street, July 3, 1769.

WHEN you have been so constantly good to me, my dear lord, without changing, do you wonder that our friendship has lasted so long ? Can I be insensible to the honour or pleasure of your acquaintance ? When the advantage lies so much on my side, am I likely to alter the first ? Oh, but it will last now ! We have seen friendships without number born and die. Ours was not formed on interest, nor alliance ; and politics, the poison of all English connections, never entered into ours. You have given me a new proof by remembering the chapel of Luton. I hear it is to be preserved ; and am glad of it, though I might have been the better for its ruins.

I should have answered your lordship's last post, but was at Park-place. I think lady Ailesbury quite recovered ; though her illness has made such an impression that she does not yet believe it.

It is so settled that we are never to have tolerable weather in June, that the first hot day was on Saturday—hot by comparison ; for I think it is three years since we have really felt the feel of summer. I was, however, concerned to be forced to come

arms, in order to perpetuate his claim to the principality of his father, should the elder line of the reigning duke at any period become extinct. This fact is expressly mentioned in the great pedigree at Sion house—"The ancient arms of Hainault the lord Jocelin retained, and gave his children the surname of Percy." [Ed.]

to town yesterday on some business ; for, however the country feels, it looks divine, and the verdure we buy so dear is delicious. I shall not be able, I fear, to profit of it this summer in the loveliest of all places, as I am to go to Paris in August. But next year I trust I shall accompany Mr. Conway and lady Ailesbury to Wentworth-castle. I shall be glad to visit Castle Howard and Beverley ; but neither would carry me so far, if Wentworth-castle was not in the way.

The Chatelets are gone, without any more battles with the Russians.<sup>1</sup> The papers say the latter have been beaten by the Turks ;<sup>2</sup> which rejoices me, though against all rules of politics : but I detest that murderess, and like to have her humbled. I don't know that this piece of news is true : it is enough to me that it is agreeable. I had rather take it for granted, than be at the trouble of inquiring about what I have so little to do

<sup>1</sup> The duc de Chatelet, the French ambassador, had affronted comte Czernicheff, the Russian ambassador, at a ball at court, for precedence ; and a challenge ensued : but their meeting was prevented. [Or.] The marquis de Chatelet published a statement upon the occasion, in which he accused the Russian ambassador of having, in compliance with the directions of the empress, sought to obtain precedence at court before all the other ambassadors, and of having, accordingly, repaired to court on the evening of the king's birth-day an hour before the usual time, and thereby secured a seat next to the imperial ambassador. That being determined to support the dignity of his court, he (the comte de Chatelet) took the first opportunity of placing himself according to his national rank, in which he was followed by the Spanish ambassador ; upon which comte Czernicheff said, " Sir, if you had desired me to give you that place, I should have consented." Whereupon de Chatelet replied, " that he did not intend to desire, nor to receive that place as a thing consented to by another, but to take it *as his right*, and in obedience to the commands of his master." In reply to this address, a counter-statement appeared, in which it was said the explanation would have come with a better grace had the comte (who was gone also to Paris at the time of its publication, leaving M. de Bataille de François as chargé d'affaires) staid here to justify it. " For," said the reply, " every Englishman at court knows that the count's toes were crushed, and that too with a vengeance ; and there is not a Frenchman in London but knows, too, that the Russian ambassador dared him to resent the affront." [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Before Choczim. The Russians were at first victorious ; but, like the king of Prussia at the battle of Zorendorff, they dispatched the messenger with the news too soon ; for the Turks, having recovered their surprise, returned to the charge, and repulsed the Russians with great slaughter. [Ed.]

with. I am just the same about the City and Surrey petitions. Since I have *dismembered*<sup>3</sup> myself, it is incredible how cool I am to all politics.

London is the abomination of desolation ; and I rejoice to leave it again this evening. Even Pam has not a levée above once or twice a week. Next winter, I suppose it will begin to be a fashion to remove into the city : for, since it is the mode to choose aldermen at this end of the town, the maccaronis will certainly adjourn to Bishopsgate-street, for fear of being fined for sheriffs. Mr. J \* \* \* \* and Mr. B \* \* \* \* will die of the thought of being aldermen of Grosvenor-ward and Berkeley-square-ward. Adam and Eve in their paradise laugh at all these tumults, and have not tasted of the tree that forfeits paradise ; which I take to have been the tree of politics, not of knowledge. How happy you are not to have your son Abel knocked on the head by his brother Cain at the Brentford election ! You do not hunt the poor deer and hares that gambol around you.—If Eve has a sin, I doubt it is angling ; but as she makes all other creatures happy, I beg she would not impale worms nor whisk car out of one element into another. If she repents of that guilt, I hope she will live as long as her grandson Methuselah. There is a commentator that says *his* life was protracted for never having boiled a lobster alive. Adieu, dear couple, that I honour as much as I could honour my first grandfather and grandmother !

Your most dutiful

HOR. JAPHET.

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, Friday, July 7, 1769.

You desired me to write, if I knew any thing particular. How particular will content you ? Don't imagine I would send you such hash as the livery's petition.<sup>1</sup> Come ; would the ap-

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Walpole means, since he quitted parliament. [Or.]

<sup>1</sup> The petition of the livery of London, complaining of the unconstitu-

partition of my lord Chatham satisfy you? Don't be frightened; it was not his ghost. He, he himself *in propria personâ*, and not in a strait waistcoat, walked into the king's levee this morning, and was in the closet twenty minutes after the levee; and was to go out of town to-night again. The deuce is in it if this is not news. Whether he is to be king, minister, lord mayor, or alderman, I do not know; nor a word more than I have told you. Whether he was sent for to guard St. James's gate, or whether he came alone, like Almanzor, to storm it, I cannot tell: by Beckford's violence I should think the latter. I am so indifferent what he came for, that I shall wait till Sunday to learn: when I lie in town on my way to Ely. You will probably hear more from your brother before I can write again. I send this by my friend Mr. Granger,<sup>2</sup> who will leave it at your park-gate as he goes through Henley home. Good-night! it is past twelve, and I am going to bed.

Yours ever.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, July 15, 1769.

DEAR SIR,

Your fellow travellers, Rosette<sup>1</sup> and I, got home safe and perfectly contented with our expedition, and wonderfully obliged to you. Pray receive our thanks and *barking*; and pray *say*, and *bark* a great deal for us to Mr. and Mrs. Bentham, and all that good family.

After gratitude, you know, always comes a little self interest; for who would be at the trouble of being grateful, if he had no further expectations? *Imprimis*, then, here are the directions for Mr. Essex for the piers of my gates. Bp. Luda must not be offended at my converting his tomb into a gateway. Many a saint and confessor, I doubt, will be glad soon to be *passed through*, as it will, at least, secure his being *passed over*. When

tional conduct of the king's ministers, and the undue return of Mr. Luttrell, when he opposed Mr. Wilkes at the election for Middlesex. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> Author of the Biographical History of England. [Or.]

<sup>1</sup> A favourite dog of Mr. Walpole's. [Or.]



I was directing the east window at Ely, I recollected the lines of Prior :—

“ How unlucky were nature and art to poor Nell!  
She was painting her cheeks at the time her nose fell.”

Adorning cathedrals when the religion itself totters, is very like poor Nell's mishap.<sup>2</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

I will trouble you with no more at present, but to get from Mr. Lort the name of the Norfolk monster, and to give it to Jackson. Don't forget the list of English heads in Dr. Ewin's book for Mr. Granger ; particularly the duchess of Chenreux. I will now release you, only adding my compliments to Dr. Ewin, Mr. Tyson, Mr. Lort, Mr. Essex, and once more to the Bentham's.

Adieu, dear sir!

Yours ever.

Remember to ask me for acacias, and any thing else with which I can pay some of my debts to you.

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 12, 1769.

DEAR SIR,

I was in town yesterday, and found the parcel arrived very safe. I give you a thousand thanks, dear sir, for all the contents ; but, when I sent you the list of heads I wanted, it was for Mr. Jackson, not at all meaning to rob you ; but your generosity much outruns my prudence, and I must be upon my guard with you. The Catherine Bolen was particularly welcome ; I had never seen it—it is a treasure, though I am persuaded not genuine, but taken from a French print of the queen of Scots, which I have. I wish you could tell me from whence it was taken ; I mean from what book : I imagine the same in which

<sup>2</sup> Here follow some minute directions for building the gateway, unintelligible without the sketch that accompanied the letter, and uninteresting with it, and a list of prints that Mr. Walpole was anxious to procure. [Or.]

are two prints, which Mr. Granger mentions, and has himself (with Italian inscriptions, too), of a duke of Northumberland and an earl of Arundel. Mr. Bernardiston I never saw before—I do not know in what reign he lived—I suppose lately: nor do I know the era of the master of Benet. When I come back, I must beg you to satisfy these questions. The countess of Kent is very curious, too; I have lately got a very dirty one, so that I shall return yours again. Mrs. Wooley I could not get high nor low. But there is no end of thanking you—and yet I must for Sir J. Finett, though Mr. Hawkins gave me a copy a fortnight ago. I must delay sending them till I come back. Be so good as to thank Mr. Tyson for his prints and notes; the latter I have not had time to look over, I am so hurried with my journey; but I am sure they will be very useful to me. I hope he will not forget me in October. It will be a good opportunity of sending you some young acacias, or any thing you want from hence. I am sure you ought to ask me for any thing in my power, so much I am in your debt: I must beg to be a little more, by entreating you to pay Mr. Essex whatever he asks for his drawing, which is just what I wished. The iron gates I have.

With regard to a history of Gothic architecture, in which he desires my advice, the plan, I think, should lie in a very simple compass. Was I to execute it, it should be thus:—I would give a series of plates, even from the conclusion of Saxon architecture, beginning with the round Roman arch, and going on to show how they plaistered and zig-zagged it, and then how better ornaments crept in, till the beautiful Gothic arrived at its perfection: then how it deceased in Henry the eighth's reign!—Abp. Wareham's tomb at Canterbury, being, I believe, the last example of unbastardized Gothic. A very few plates more would demonstrate its change: though Holbein embroidered it with some morsels of true architecture. In queen Elizabeth's reign there was scarce any architecture at all: I mean no pillars, or seldom, buildings then becoming quite plain. Under James a barbarous composition succeeded. A single plate of something of Inigo Jones, in his heaviest and worst style, should terminate the work; for he soon stepped into the true and perfect Grecian.

The next part, Mr. Essex can do better than any body, and is, perhaps, the only person that can do it. This should consist of observations on the art, proportions, and method of building,

and the reasons observed by the Gothic architects for what they did. This would show what great men they were, and how they raised such aerial and stupendous masses, though unassisted by half the lights now enjoyed by their successors. The prices and the wages of workmen, and the comparative value of money and provisions at the several periods, should be stated, as far as it is possible to get materials.

The last part (I don't know whether it should not be the first part) nobody can do so well as yourself. This must be to ascertain the chronologic period of each building. And not only of each building, but of each tomb, that shall be exhibited ; for you know the great delicacy and richness of Gothic ornaments were exhausted on small chapels, oratories, and tombs. For my own part, I should wish to have added detached samples of the various patterns of ornaments, which would not be a great many ; as, excepting pinnacles, there is scarce one which does not branch from the trefoil ; quatrefoils, cinquefoils, &c. being but various modifications of it. I believe almost all the ramifications of windows are so, and of them there should be samples, too.

This work you see could not be executed by one hand : Mr. Tyson could give great assistance. I wish the plan was drawn out, and better digested. This is a very rude sketch, and first thought. I should be very glad to contribute what little I know, and to the expense too, which would be considerable ; but I am sure *we* could get assistance—and it had better not be undertaken than executed superficially. Mr. Tyson's History of Fashions and Dresses would make a valuable part of the work ; as, in elder times especially, much must be depended on tombs for dresses. I have a notion the king might be inclined to encourage such a work ; and, if a proper plan was drawn out, for which I have not time now, I would endeavour to get it laid before him, and his patronage solicited. Pray talk this over with Mr. Tyson and Mr. Essex. It is an idea worth pursuing.

You was very kind to take me out of the scrape about the organ ; and yet if my insignificant name could carry it to one side, I would not scruple to lend it.<sup>1</sup> Thank you, too, for St.

<sup>1</sup> There was a dispute among the chapter at Ely respecting the situation of the organ. [Or.]

Alban and Noailles. The very picture the latter describes was in my father's collection, and is now at Worksop. I have scarce room to crowd in my compliments to the good house of Bentham, and to say

Yours ever.

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

August 18, 1769.

As I have heard nothing of you since the Assyrian calends, which is much longer ago than the Greek, you may perhaps have died in Media, at Ecbatana, or in Chaldæa, and then to be sure I have no reason to take it ill, that you have forgotten me. There is no post between Europe and the Elysian fields, where I hope in the lord Pluto you are; and for the letters that are sent by Orpheus, Æneas, sir George Villiers, and such accidental passengers, to be sure one cannot wonder if they miscarry. You might indeed have sent one a scrawl by Fanny, as Cock-lane is not very distant from Arlington-street; but, when I asked her, she scratched the ghost of a *no*, that made one's ears tingle again. If, contrary to all probability, you should still be above ground, and if, which is still more improbable, you should repent of your sins while you are yet in good health, and should go strangely further, and endeavour to make atonement by writing to me again, I think it conscientiously right to inform you, that I am not in Arlington-street, nor at Strawberry-hill, nor even in Middlesex; nay, not in England, I am—I am—guess where—not in Corsica, nor at Spa—stay, I am not at Paris yet, but I hope to be there in two days. In short, I am at Calais, having landed about two hours ago, after a tedious passage of nine hours. Having no soul with me but Rosette, I have been amusing myself with the arrival of a French officer and his wife in a berlin, which carried their ancestors to one of Molière's plays: as madame has no maid with her, she and monsieur very prudently untied the trunks, and disburthened the venerable machine of all its luggage themselves; and then with a proper resumption of their quality, monsieur gave his hand to madame, and conducted her in much ceremony through the yard to their apart-

ment. Here ends the beginning of my letter; when I have nothing else to do, perhaps, I may continue it. You cannot have the confidence to complain, if I give you no more than my *momens perdus*; have you deserved any better of me?

Saturday morning.

HAVING just recollected that the whole merit of this letter will consist in the surprise, I hurry to finish it, and send it away by the captain of the packet, who is returning. You may repay me this surprise by answering my letter, and by directing yours to Arlington-street, from whence Mary will forward it to me. You will not have much time to consider, for I shall set out on my return from Paris the first of October, according to my solemn promise to Strawberry; and you must know, I keep my promises to Strawberry much better than you do. Adieu! Boulogne hoy.

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To JOHN CHUTE, Esq.

Paris, August 30, 1769.

I HAVE been so hurried with paying and receiving visits, that I have not had a moment's worth of time to write. My passage was very tedious, and lasted near nine hours for want of wind — But I need not talk of my journey; for Mr. Maurice, whom I met on the road, will have told you that I was safe on terra firma.

Judge of my surprise at hearing four days ago that my lord Dacre<sup>1</sup> and my lady were arrived here. They are lodged within a few doors of me. He is come to consult a doctor Pomme,<sup>2</sup> who has prescribed wine, and lord Dacre already complains of the violence of his appetite. If you and I had *pommed* him to eternity, he would not have believed us. A man across the sea

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Barret Lennard, seventeenth baron Dacre. His lordship married Ann Maria, daughter of sir John Pratt, lord chief justice of the court of King's Bench. [Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> At that time the fashionable physician of Paris. He was originally from Arles, and attained his celebrity by curing the ladies of fashion, in the French metropolis, of the vapours. [Ed.]

tells him the plainest thing in the world ; that man happens to be called a doctor ; and happening for novelty to talk common sense, is believed, as if he had talked nonsense ! and what is more extraordinary, lord Dacre thinks himself better, *though* he is so.

My dear old woman<sup>3</sup> is in better health than when I left her, and her spirits so increased, that I tell her she will go mad with age. When they ask her how old she is, she answers, *J'ai soixante et mille ans*. She and I went to the Boulevard last night after supper, and drove about there till two in the morning. We are going to sup in the country this evening, and are to go to-morrow night at eleven to the puppet-show. A *protégé* of hers has written a piece for that theatre. I have not yet seen madame du Barri, nor can get to see her picture at the exposition at the Louvre, the crowds are so enormous that go thither for that purpose. As royal curiosities are the least part of my *virtú*, I wait with patience. Whenever I have an opportunity I visit gardens, chiefly with a view to Rosette's having a walk. She goes no where else, because there is a distemper among the dogs.

There is going to be represented a translation of Hamlet ; who, when his hair is cut, and he is curled and powdered, I suppose will be exactly *monsieur le prince Oreste*. T'other night I was at Merope. The Dumenil was as divine as Mrs. Porter ; they said her familiar tones were those of a *poissonniere*. In the last act, when one expected the catastrophe, Narbas, more interested than any body to see the event, remained coolly on the stage to hear the story. The queen's maid of honour entered without her handkerchief, and with her hair most artfully undressed, and reeling as if she was maudlin, sobbed out a long narrative, that did not prove true ; while Narbas, with all the good breeding in the world, was more attentive to her fright than to what had happened. So much for propriety. Now for probability. Voltaire has published a tragedy, called *Les Guebres*. Two Roman colonels open the piece : they are brothers, and relate to one another, how they lately in company destroyed, by the emperor's mandate, a city of the Guebres, in which were their own wives and children ; and they recollect that

<sup>3</sup> Madame du Deffand. [Or.]

they want prodigiously to know whether both their families did perish in the flames. The son of the one and the daughter of the other are taken up for heretics, and, thinking themselves brother and sister, insist upon being married, and upon being executed for their religion. The son stabs his father, who is half a Guebre, too. The high-priest rants and roars. The emperor arrives, blames the pontiff for being a persecutor, and forgives the son for assassinating his father (who does not die) because—I don't know why, but that he may marry his cousin.—The grave-diggers in Hamlet have no chance, when such a piece as the Guebres is written agreeably to all rules and unities. Adieu, my dear sir! I hope to find you quite well at my return.

Yours ever.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Paris, Sept. 7, 1769.

YOUR two letters flew here together in a breath. I shall answer the article of business first. I could certainly buy many things for you here, that you would like, the reliques of the last age's magnificence; but, since my lady Holderness invaded the custom-house with a hundred and fourteen gowns, in the reign of that two-penny monarch George Grenville, the ports are so guarded, that not a soul but a smuggler can smuggle any thing into England; and I suppose you would not care to pay seventy-five per cent. on second-hand commodities. All I transported three years ago, was conveyed under the canon of the duke of Richmond. I have no interest in our present representative; nor if I had, is he returning. Plate, of all earthly vanities, is the most impassable: it is not counterband in its metallic capacity, but totally so in its personal; and the officers of the custom house not being philosophers enough to separate the substance from the superficies, brutally hammer both to pieces, and return you only the intrinsic; a compensation which you, who are a member of parliament, would not, I trow, be satisfied with. Thus I doubt you must retrench your generosity to yourself, unless you can contract into an Elzevir size, and be content with any thing one can bring in one's pocket.

My dear old friend was charmed with your mention of her, and made me vow to return you a thousand compliments. She cannot conceive why you will not step hither. Feeling in herself no difference between the spirits of twenty-three and seventy-three, she thinks there is no impediment to doing whatever one will, but the want of eyesight. If she had that, I am persuaded no consideration would prevent her making me a visit at Strawberry-hill. She makes songs, sings them, remembers all that ever were made; and, having lived from the most agreeable to the most reasoning age, has all that was amiable in the last, all that is sensible in this, without the vanity of the former, or the pedant impertinence of the latter. I have heard her dispute with all sorts of people, on all sorts of subjects, and never knew her in the wrong. She humbles the learned, sets right their disciples, and finds conversation for every body. Affectionate as Madame de Sevigné, she has none of her prejudices, but a more universal taste; and, with the most delicate frame, her spirits hurry her through a life of fatigue that would kill me, if I was to continue here. If we return by one in the morning from suppers in the country, she proposes driving to the *Boulevard* or to the *Foire St. Ovide*, because it is too early to go to bed. I had great difficulty last night to persuade her, though she was not well, not to sit up till between two or three for the comet; for which purpose she had appointed an astronomer to bring his telescopes to the president Henault's, as she thought it would amuse me. In short, her goodness to me is so excessive, that I feel unashamed at producing my withered person in a round of diversions, which I have quitted at home. I tell a story; I do feel ashamed, and sigh to be in my quiet castle and cottage; but it costs me many a pang, when I reflect that I shall probably never have resolution enough to take another journey to see this best and sincerest of friends, who loves me as much as my mother did! but it is idle to look forward ——— what is next year ———, a bubble that may burst for her or me before even the flying year can hurry to the end of its almanack! To form plans and projects in such a precarious life as this, resembles the enchanted castles of fairy legends, in which every gate was guarded by giants, dragons, &c. Death or diseases bar every portal through which we mean to pass; and, though we may escape them and reach the last chamber, what a wild adventurer



is he that centres his hopes at the end of such an avenue ! I sit contented with the beggars of the threshold, and never propose going on, but as the gates open of themselves.

The weather here is quite sultry, and I am sorry to say one can send to the corner of the street and buy better peaches than all our expense in kitchen gardens produces. Lord and lady Dacre are a few doors from me, having started from Tunbridge more suddenly than I did from Strawberry-hill, but on a more unpleasant motive. My lord was persuaded to come and try a new physician. His faith is greater than mine ; but, poor man ! can one wonder that he is willing to believe ? My lady has stood her shock, and I do not doubt will get over it.

Adieu, my t'other dear old friend ! I am sorry to say I see you almost as seldom as I do Madame du Deffand. However, it is comfortable to reflect that we have not changed to each other for some five-and-thirty years, and neither you nor I haggle about naming so ancient a term. I made a visit yesterday to the abbess of Panthemont,<sup>1</sup> general Oglethorpe's niece, and no chicken. I inquired after her mother, Madame de Meziers, and I thought I might to a spiritual votary to immortality venture to say, that her mother must be very old ; she interrupted me tartly, and said, no, her mother had been married extremely young. Do but think of its seeming important to a saint to sink a wrinkle of her own through an iron grate ! Oh ! we are ridiculous animals ; and if angels have any fun in them, how we must divert them.

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TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Paris, Sept. 8, 1769.

T'OTHER night, at the duchess of Choiseul's at supper, the intendant of Rouen asked me, if we have roads of communication all over England and Scotland ?—I suppose he thinks that in general we inhabit trackless forests and wild mountains, and that once a year a few legislators come to Paris to learn the arts of civil life, as to sow corn, plant vines, and make operas. If

<sup>1</sup> Sister of the princess de Ligne. [Ed.]

this letter should contrive to scramble through that *desert* Yorkshire, where your lordship has *attempted* to improve a dreary hill and uncultivated vale, you will find I remember your commands of writing from this capital of the world, whither I am come for the benefit of my country, and where I am intensely studying those laws and that beautiful frame of government, which can alone render a nation happy, great, and flourishing; where *lettres de cachet* soften manners, and a proper distribution of luxury and beggary ensures a common felicity. As we have a prodigious number of students in legislature of both sexes here at present, I will not anticipate their discoveries; but, as your particular friend, will communicate a rare improvement on nature, which these great philosophers have made, and which would add considerable beauties to those parts which your lordship has already recovered from the waste, and taught to look a little like a Christian country. The secret is very simple, and yet demanded the effort of a mighty genius to strike it out. It is nothing but this: Trees ought to be educated as much as men, and are strange awkward productions when not taught to hold themselves upright or bow on proper occasions. The academy *de belles-lettres* have even offered a prize for the man that shall recover the long-lost art of an ancient Greek, called *le sieur Orphée*, who instituted a dancing-school for plants, and gave a magnificent ball on the birth of the dauphin of Thrace, which was performed entirely by forest trees. In this whole kingdom there is no such thing as seeing a tree that is not well behaved. They are first stripped up and then cut down; and you would as soon meet a man with his hair about his ears as an oak or ash. As the weather is very hot now, and the soil chalk, and the dust white, I assure you it is very difficult, powdered as both are all over, to distinguish a tree from a hair-dresser. Lest this should sound like a travelling hyperbole, I must advertise your lordship, that there is little difference in their heights, for a tree of thirty years' growth being liable to be marked as royal timber the proprietors take care not to let their trees live to the age of being enlisted, but burn them, and plant others as often almost as they change their fashions. This gives an air of perpetual youth to the face of the country, and if adopted by us would realize Mr. Addison's visions, and

Make our bleak rocks and barren mountains smile.

What other remarks I have made in my indefatigable search after knowledge must be reserved to a future opportunity ; but as your lordship is my friend, I may venture to say without vanity to you, that Solon nor any of the ancient philosophers who travelled to Egypt in quest of religions, mysteries, laws, and fables, never sat up so late with the ladies and priests and *presidents de parlement* at Memphis, as I do here—and consequently were not half so well qualified as I am to new model a commonwealth. I have learned how to make remonstrances, and how to answer them. The latter, it seems, is a science much wanted in my own country<sup>1</sup>—and yet it is as easy and obvious as their treatment of trees, and not very unlike it. It was delivered many years ago in an oracular sentence of my name-sake—

Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo.

You must drive away the vulgar, and you must have an hundred and fifty thousand men to drive them away with—that is all. I do not wonder the intendant of Rouen thinks we are still in a state of barbarism, when we are ignorant of the very rudiments of government.

The duke and duchess of Richmond have been here a few days, and are gone to Aubigné. I do not think him at all well, and am exceedingly concerned for it, as I know no man who has more estimable qualities. They return by the end of the month. I am fluctuating whether I shall not return with them, as they have pressed me to do, through Holland. I never was there, and could never go so agreeably ; but then it would protract my absence three weeks, and I am impatient to be in my own caye, notwithstanding the wisdom I imbibe every day. But one cannot sacrifice one's self wholly to the public : Titus and Wilkes have now and then lost a day. Adieu, my dear lord ! Be assured that I shall not disdain yours and lady Strafford's conversation, though you have nothing but the goodness of your hearts, and the simplicity of your manners, to recommend you to the more enlightened understanding of

Your old friend.

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the number of remonstrances under the name of petitions, which were presented this year from the livery of London and many other corporate bodies, on the subject of the Middlesex election. [Or.]

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Paris, Sunday night, Sept. 17, 1769.

I AM heartily tired ; but, as it is too early to go to bed, I must tell you how agreeably I have passed the day. I wished for you ; the same scenes strike us both, and the same kind of visions has amused us both ever since we were born.

Well then : I went this morning to Versailles with my niece Mrs. Cholmondeley, Mrs. Hart, lady Denbigh's sister, and the count de Grave, one of the most amiable, humane, and obliging men alive. Our first object was to see Madame du Barri. Being too early for mass, we saw the dauphin and his brothers at dinner. The eldest is the picture of the duke of Grafton, except that he is more fair, and will be taller. He has a sickly air, and no grace. The count de Provence has a very pleasing countenance, with an air of more sense than the count d'Artois, the genius of the family. They already tell as many *bon-mots* of the latter as of Henri quatre and Louis quatorze. He is very fat, and the most like his grandfather of all the children. You may imagine this royal mess did not occupy us long : thence to the chapel, where a first row in the balconies was kept for us. Madame du Barri<sup>1</sup> arrived over against us below, without rouge, without powder, and indeed *sans avoir fait sa toilette* ; an odd appear-

<sup>1</sup> Madame du Barri, the celebrated mistress of Louis XV., was born in the lowest rank of society and brought up in the most depraved habits, being known only by the name which her beauty had acquired for her, mademoiselle L'Ange. She became the mistress of Le comte du Barri, a gentleman belonging to a family of Toulon of no distinction, who was well known as le grand du Barri, or du Barri le Roué, and eventually the mistress of the king ; and, when the influence which she exercised over her royal protector had determined him to receive her publicly at court, and a marriage was necessary to the purpose, du Barri le Roué brought forward his younger brother the comte Guillaume du Barri, who readily submitted to this prostitution of his name and family. A third brother, when the family were enjoying the sunshine of court favour, married a daughter of the comte de Fumel, and assumed the name of comte d'Argicour. They had two sisters, who remained unmarried.

The vicomte Alphonse du Barri, who married the beautiful mademoiselle de Tournon, a relation of the prince de Soubise, and was afterwards killed at Bath by comte Rice, an Irishman, was a son of the Roué. [Ed.]

ance, as she was so conspicuous, close to the altar, and amidst both court and people. She is pretty, when you consider her; yet so little striking, that I never should have asked who she was. There is nothing bold, assuming, or affected in her manner. Her husband's sister was along with her. In the tribune above, surrounded by prelates, was the amorous and still handsome king. One could not help smiling at the mixture of piety, pomp, and carnality. From chapel we went to the dinner of the elder Mesdames. We were almost stifled in the antichamber, where their dishes were heating over charcoal, and where we could not stir for the press. When the doors are opened every body rushes in, princes of the blood, *cordons bleus*, abbés, housemaids, and the Lord knows who and what. Yet, so used are their highnesses to this trade, that they eat as comfortably and heartily as you or I could do in our own parlours.

Our second act was much more agreeable. We quitted the court and a reigning mistress, for a dead one and a cloister. In short, I had obtained leave from the bishop of Chartres to enter into St. Cyr; and, as Madame du Deffand never leaves any thing undone that can give me satisfaction, she had written to the abbess to desire I might see every thing that could be seen there. The bishop's order was to admit me, *Monsieur de Grave et les dames de ma compagnie*: I begged the abbess to give me back the order, that I might deposit it in the archives of Strawberry, and she complied instantly. Every door flew open to us: and the nuns vied in attentions to please us. The first thing I desired to see was madame de Maintenon's apartment. It consists of two small rooms, a library, and a very small chamber, the same in which the czar saw her, and in which she died. The bed is taken away, and the room covered now with bad pictures of the royal family, which destroys the gravity and simplicity. It is wainscotted with oak, with plain chairs of the same, covered with dark blue damask. Every where else the chairs are of blue cloth. The simplicity and extreme neatness of the whole house, which is vast, are very remarkable. A large apartment above, (for that I have mentioned is on the ground floor) consisting of five rooms, and destined by Louis quatorze for madame de Maintenon, is now the infirmary, with neat white linen beds, and decorated with every text of scripture, by which could be

insinuated that the foundress was a queen. The hour of vespers being come, we were conducted to the chapel, and, as it was *my* curiosity that had led us thither, I was placed in the Maintenon's own tribune; my company in the adjoining gallery. The pensioners two and two, each band headed by a man, march orderly to their seats, and sing the whole service, which I confess was not a little tedious. The young ladies to the number of two hundred and fifty are dressed in black, with short aprons of the same, the latter and their stays bound with blue, yellow, green or red, to distinguish the classes; the captains and lieutenants have knots of a different colour for distinction. Their hair is curled and powdered, their coiffeure a sort of French round-eared caps, with white tippets, a sort of ruff and large tucker: in short, a very pretty dress. The nuns are entirely in black, with crape veils and long trains, deep white handkerchiefs, and forehead clothes, and a very long train. The chapel is plain but very pretty, and in the middle of the choir under a flat marble lies the foundress. Madame de Cambis, one of the nuns, who are about forty, is beautiful as a Madonna. The abbess has no distinction but a larger and richer gold cross: her apartment consists of two very small rooms. Of madame de Maintenon we did not see fewer than twenty pictures. The young one looking over her shoulder has a round face, without the least resemblance to those of her latter age. That in the royal mantle, of which you know I have a copy, is the most repeated; but there is another with a longer and leaner face, which has by far the most sensible look. She is in black, with a high point head and band, a long train, and is sitting in a chair of purple velvet. Before her knees stands her niece madame de Noailles, a child; at a distance a view of Versailles or St. Cyr, I could not distinguish which. We were shown some rich reliquaires, and the corpo santo, that was sent to her by the pope. We were then carried into the public room of each class. In the first, the young ladies, who were playing at chess, were ordered to sing to us the chorusses of Athaliah; in another, they danced minuets and country dances, while a nun, not quite so able as St. Cecilia, played on a violin. In the others, they acted before us the proverbs or conversations written by madame de Maintenon for their instruction; for she was not only their foundress but their saint, and their adoration of her memory has quite eclipsed the Virgin Mary. We saw their

dormitory, and saw them at supper; and at last were carried to their archives, where they produced volumes of her letters, and where one of the nuns gave me a small piece of paper with three sentences in her handwriting. I forgot to tell you, that this kind dame, who took to me extremely, asked me if we had many convents and many relics in England. I was much embarrassed for fear of destroying her good opinion of me, and so said we had but few now. Oh! we went to the *apothecairie*, where they treated us with cordials, and where one of the ladies told me inoculation was a sin, as it was a voluntary detention from mass, and as voluntary a cause of eating *gras*. Our visit concluded in the garden, now grown very venerable, where the young ladies played at little games before us. After a stay of four hours we took our leave. I begged the abbess's blessing; she smiled, and said, she doubted I should not place much faith in it. She is a comely old gentlewoman, and very proud of having seen madame de Maintenon. Well! was not I in the right to wish you with me? could you have passed a day more agreeably?

I will conclude my letter with a most charming trait of madame de Mailly, which cannot be misplaced in such a chapter of royal concubines. Going to St. Sulpice, after she had lost the king's heart, a person present desired the crowd to make way for her. Some brutal young officers said, "*Comment pour cette catin là!*" She turned to them, and, with the most charming modesty said, "*Messieurs, puisque vous me connoissez; priez Dieu pour moi:*" I am sure it will bring tears into your eyes. Was not she the Publican, and Maintenon the Pharisee? Good night; I hope I am going to dream of all I have been seeing. As my impressions and my fancy, when I am pleased, are apt to be strong, my night, perhaps, may still be more productive of ideas than the day has been. It will be charming indeed, if madame de Cambis<sup>1</sup> is the ruling tint. Adieu!

Yours ever.

<sup>1</sup> The viscountess de Cambise was niece of la marquise de Boufflers, and having fled to this country at the breaking out of the French Revolution, resided here until her death, which took place at Richmond in January 1809.

The following portrait of her by mad. de la Valliere, is given in the *lettres* of mad. du Deffand, vol. iii. p. 148.

"Non, non, madame, je ne ferai point votre portrait; vous avez une manière d'être si noble, si fine, si piquante, si délicate, si séduisante; votre gentillesse et vos grâces changent si souvent pour n'en être que plus aimable, que l'on ne peut saisir aucun de vos traits ni au physique ni au moral." [Ed.]

To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Oct. 13, 1769.

I ARRIVED last night at eleven o'clock, and found a letter from you, which gave me so much pleasure, that I must write you a line, though I am hurried to death. You cannot imagine how rejoiced I am that lord North<sup>1</sup> drags you to light again; it is a satisfaction I little expected. When do you come? I am impatient. I long to know your projects.

I had a dreadful passage of eight hours, was drowned, though not shipwrecked, and was sick to death. I have been six times at sea before, and never suffered the least, which makes the mortification the greater: but as Hercules was not more robust than I, though with an air so little Herculean, I have not so much as caught cold, though I was wet to the skin with the rain, had my lap full of waves, was washed from head to foot in the boat at ten o'clock at night, and stepped into the sea up to my knees. *Qu'avois-je à faire dans cette galère?* In truth, it is a little late to be seeking adventures. Adieu! I must finish, but I am excessively happy with what you have told me.

Yours ever.

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To GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 16, 1769.

I ARRIVED at my own Louvre last Wednesday night, and am now at my Versailles. Your last letter reached me but two days before I left Paris, for I have been an age at Calais and upon the sea. I could execute no commission for you, and, in truth, you gave me no explicit one; but I have brought you a bit of china, and beg you will be content with a little present, instead of a bargain. Said china is, or will be soon, in the custom-house; but I shall have it, I fear, long before you come to London.

<sup>1</sup> Lord North had appointed Mr. Montagu his private secretary. [Or.]



I am sorry those boys got at my tragedy. I beg you would keep it under lock and key ; it is not at all food for the public ; at least not till I am *food for worms, good Percy*. Nay, it is not an age to encourage any body, that has the least vanity, to step forth. There is a total extinction of all taste : our authors are vulgar, gross, illiberal : the theatre swarms with wretched translations, and ballad operas, and we have nothing new but improving abuse. I have blushed at Paris, when the papers came over crammed with ribaldry, or with Garrick's insufferable nonsense about Shakspeare. As that man's writings will be preserved by his name, who will believe that he was a tolerable actor ? Cibber wrote as bad odes, but then Cibber wrote the *Careless Husband* and his own life, which both deserve immortality. Garrick's prologues and epilogues are as bad as his Pindarics and pantomimes.

I feel myself here like a swan, that after living six weeks in a nasty pool upon a common, is got back into its own Thames. I do nothing but plume and clean myself, and enjoy the verdure and silent waves. Neatness and greenth are so essential in my opinion to the country, that in France, where I see nothing but chalk and dirty peasants, I seem in a terrestrial purgatory that is neither town nor country. The face of England is so beautiful, that I do not believe Tempe or Arcadia were half so rural ; for both lying in hot climates, must have wanted the turf of our lawns. It is unfortunate to have so pastoral a taste, when I want a cane more than a crook. We are absurd creatures ; at twenty, I loved nothing but London.

Tell me when you shall be in town. I think of passing most of my time here till after Christmas. Adieu !

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TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry-hill, Tuesday, Nov. 14, 1769.

I AM here quite alone, and did not think of going to town till Friday for the opera, which I have not yet seen. In compliment to you and your countess, I will make an effort, and be there on Thursday ; and will either dine with you at your own

house, or at your brother's; which you choose. This is a great favour, and beyond my lord Temple's journey to dine with my lord mayor.<sup>1</sup> I am so sick of the follies of all sides, that I am happy to be at quiet here, and to know no more of them than what I am forced to see in the newspapers; and those I skip over as fast as I can.

The account you give me of lady \* \* \* was just the same as I received from Paris. I will show you a very particular letter I received by a private hand from thence; which convinces me that I guessed right, contrary to all the wise, that the journey to Fontainebleau would upset monsieur de Choiseul. I think he holds but by a thread, which will snap soon. I am labouring hard with the duchess<sup>2</sup> to procure the duke of Richmond satisfaction in the favour he has asked about his duchy;<sup>3</sup> but he shall not know it till it is completed, if I can be so lucky as to succeed. I think I shall, if they do not fall immediately.

You perceive how barren I am, and why I have not written to you. I pass my time in clipping and pasting prints; and do not think I have read forty pages since I came to England. I bought a poem called Trincalo's Trip to the Jubilee; having been struck with two lines in an extract in the papers,

And the ear-piercing fife,  
And the ear-piercing wife—

Alas! all the rest, and it is very long, is a heap of unintelligible nonsense, about Shakspeare, politics, and the Lord knows what. I am grieved that, with our admiration of Shakspeare, we can do nothing but write worse than ever he did. One would think the age studied nothing but his *Love's Labour Lost*, and *Titus Andronicus*. Politics and abuse have totally corrupted our taste. Nobody thinks of writing a line that is to last beyond the next fortnight. We might as well be given up to controversial divinity. The times put me in mind of the Constantinopolitan empire; where, in an age of learning, the subtlest wits of Greece contrived to leave nothing behind them, but the memory of their follies and acrimony. Milton did not write his *Paradise Lost* till he had outlived his politics. With all his parts, and noble

<sup>1</sup> In the second mayoralty of William Beckford. [Or.]

<sup>2</sup> The duchess of Choiseul. [Or.]

<sup>3</sup> Of Aubigné. [Or.]

sentiments of liberty. who would remember him for his barbarous prose? Nothing is more true than that extremes meet. The licentiousness of the press makes us as savage as our Saxon ancestors, who could only set their marks; and an outrageous pursuit of individual independence, grounded on selfish views, extinguishes genius as much as despotism does. The public good of our country is never thought of by men that hate half their country. Heroes confine their ambition to be leaders of the mob. Orators seek applause from their faction, not from posterity; and ministers forget foreign enemies, to defend themselves against a majority in parliament. When any Cæsar has conquered Gaul, I will excuse him for aiming at the perpetual dictatorship. If he has only jockeyed somebody out of the borough of Veii or Falernum, it is too impudent to call himself a patriot or a statesman. Adieu!

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TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington-street, Dec. 14, 1769.

DEAR SIR,

This is merely a line to feel my way, and to know how to direct to you. Mr. Granger thinks you are established at Milton, and thither I address it. If it reaches you, you will be so good as to let me know, and I will write again soon.

Yours ever.

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TO GEORGE MONTAGU, Esq.

Arlington-street, Dec. 14, 1769.

I CANNOT be silent, when I feel for you. I doubt not but the loss of Mrs. Trevor is very sensible to you, and I am heartily sorry for you. One cannot live any time, and not perceive the world slip away, as it were, from under one's feet: one's friends, one's connections drop off, and indeed reconcile one to the same passage; but why repeat these things? I do not mean

to write a fine consolation ; all I intended was to tell you, that I cannot be indifferent to what concerns you.

I know as little how to amuse you ; news they are none but politics, and politics there will be as long we have a shilling left. They are no amusement to me, except in seeing two or three sets of people worry one another, for none of whom I care a straw.

Mr. Cumberland has produced a comedy called the Brothers. It acts well, but reads ill, though I can distinguish strokes of Mr. Bentley in it. Very few of the characters are marked, and the serious ones have little nature, and the comic ones are rather too much marked ; however, the three middle acts diverted me very well.

I saw the bishop of Durham at Carlton-house, who told me he had given you a complete suit of armour. I hope you will have no occasion to lock yourself in it, though, between the fools and the knaves of the present time, I don't know but we may be reduced to defend our castles. If you retain any connections with Northampton, I should be much obliged to you if you could procure from thence a print of an alderman Backwell. It is valuable for nothing but its rarity, and is not to be met with but there. I would give eight or ten shillings rather than not have it. When shall you look towards us ? how does your brother John ? make my compliments to him. I need not say how much I am,

Yours ever.

END OF VOL. II.











